MAY 1987

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

NEW ZEALAND $5.95 (inc GST)*
$4.50*

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
BOB ANSETT
TAKING ON CANBERRA

AN UNDERCOVER LOOK AT SEXY DENIM

OFF-ROAD RACERS: GETTING HIGH ON SPEED

DESPERATELY SEEKING SECLUSION
OUR GUIDE TO GREAT R&R

SPOTLIGHT ON RAE DAWN CHONG

ANIMAL LOVERS
ALL CREATURES SMALL AND HORNY

SPECIAL 100TH ISSUE!

CHANEL N°5

PARFUM AND EAU DE TOILETTE.

CHA401/85

PLAYBILL

This month we've really got something to celebrate. We've reached 100. Yes, Australian PLAYBOY has hit a century. Since February 1979, 100 issues of your favorite men's magazine have hit the news-stands around Australia. That's 100 amazing Playmates, scores of sizzling pictorials and thousands of first-class features. We hope you'll join in the fun by stepping down memory-lane in our 100 issues review compiled by former Australian PLAYBOY features editor **Tony Love**.

What better Playboy Interview subject to help us celebrate our success than hard-driving business mogul Bob Ansett. We sent **Peter Olszewski** to quiz Australia's rental car wizard on beating the fringe benefits tax, buying an airline and excelling his famous father. Meanwhile, **David Rensin** was firing 20 Questions at delectable Rae Dawn Chong, the earthy actress who introduced the missionary position to early man in *Quest For Fire*. **Norman Seeff** took the sensual shot of Tommy Chong's little girl.

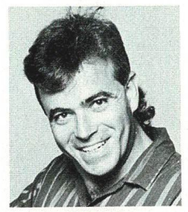
While Seeff was snapping Rae Dawn, lucky old **Kerry Morris** and **Steve Wayda** were doing their best to keep up with Anna Clark, our gorgeous 100th centrefold. Photographer **Richard Fegley** was out there, too, shooting a collection of beauties in and out of their denims for our *Jean Dreams* pictorial.

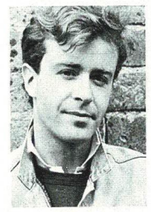
Motoring editor **Rob Luck**'s been hanging around Griffith researching his *Off-Road Racer* feature. You may have thought they got their highs on pot down Griffith way, but Luck discovered four-wheel-drive is the going thing these days. For a total change of pace, **Susan Kurosawa** presents *Desperately Seeking Seclusion*, a guide to the world's best hotels for some decent R&R. And if you are serious about getting away from it all, don't forget to check out **Vitek**'s *Travel Packages*, a fashion feature on co-ordinated luggage, clothing and accessories for men on the move. If you're worried about how to pack, what to take and what to leave at home, dip into **Gareth Powell's** hilarious *Get Packing*.

Still on the go, we present **Gary Witzenburg**'s *Night Moves*, an advice-packed piece on how to ease down on the road safely when you're driving after dark. The illustration comes from the pen of **Montxo Algora**. And if you are on the road at night, look out for rabbits in those bushes. Who knows what they're up to! Well, actually, **Colin Bowles** knows exactly what they're doing and he presents a humorous account of how birds, bees and, in fact, the whole animal kingdom does it in *Animal Lovers*. The frisky artwork is by **Nigel Buchanan.** Canny cookery is the subject of **Herbert Livesey's** *Tin-Can Galley*. With a series of simple but effective recipes he shows how to perk up frozen pizza, rejuvenate canned soups and put a whole new charge to punk food. Thanks to **Richard Izui** for the photography. And with Livesey's tips in mind, you have no excuse not to entertain members of the opposite sex to dinner at your place. We just hope you can come up with a guest as delicious as Jan Jardine. Her powerful *Woman At Work* pictorial was photographed by **Leslie Turtle.**

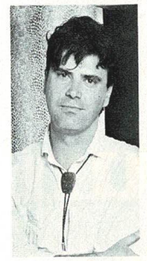
In the up-front columns, **Cynthia Heimel**'s Women essay ponders why dames like men who are difficult, dangerous and bad as hell. **Asa Baber** profiles a new breed of woman on the Men page, and in Against The Wind, **Craig Vetter** advises the first lesson for any technorookie is to learn to love your word processor. On the Booze page, **Richard Beckett** recommends dining and drinking Greek style.

Hey, there was one more thing. What was it? Something from the fiction department? Oh, yes, now we remember: **Michael Lubow**'s *The Little Blue Pill*, with artwork by **Bill Rieser** and photography by **Dave Jordano**, which takes a skewed view of a miracle — um, memory — pill. We just hope your month is as memorable as our special 100th issue. See you next time round.


LOVE

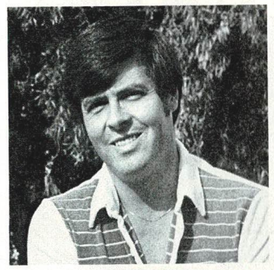

BUCHANAN

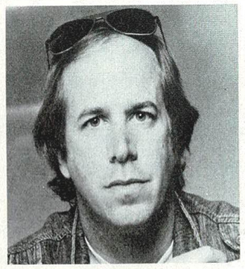
LUCK

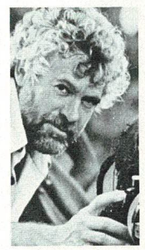

ALGORA

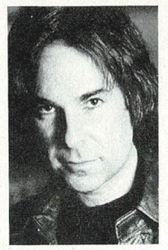
KUROSAWA

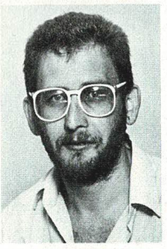
BOWLES


WITZENBURG


MORRIS

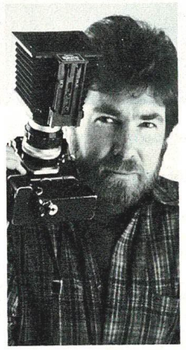

FEGLEY


LUBOW


OLSZEWSKI

POWELL

RIESER


WAYDA

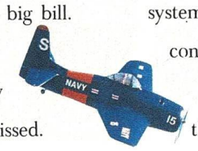
HEIMEL

You're young, flying high, when suddenly...

It doesn't matter how hard you try, it's never easy to keep track of your finances.

You can get hit with a big bill.

So you're forced to dip into your savings, and suddenly a regular payment can get missed.



Then before you know it, your finances are out of control.

Our answer is a complete financial system designed to get your finances under control in one place, at one time.

We call it Essentials,™ because that's exactly what it is.

A Keycard Savings Account that pays a high rate of interest, takes care of regular payments, like your car, and gets you cash, day and night, from Commonwealth Bank Autobanks.

For your other bills there's the option of a cheque account, free of bank charges, or free bank cheques.

For long-term aims, a high interest savings investment account, and priority consideration when you need a loan.

And for those who need a MasterCard, the Commonwealth Bank gives you up to 55 days interest free.

We'll also present you with a special folder, so you keep all your financial records and bank books together.

Essentials is flexible, so together we can structure the ideal package, not only to take care of your finances now, but to grow with you.

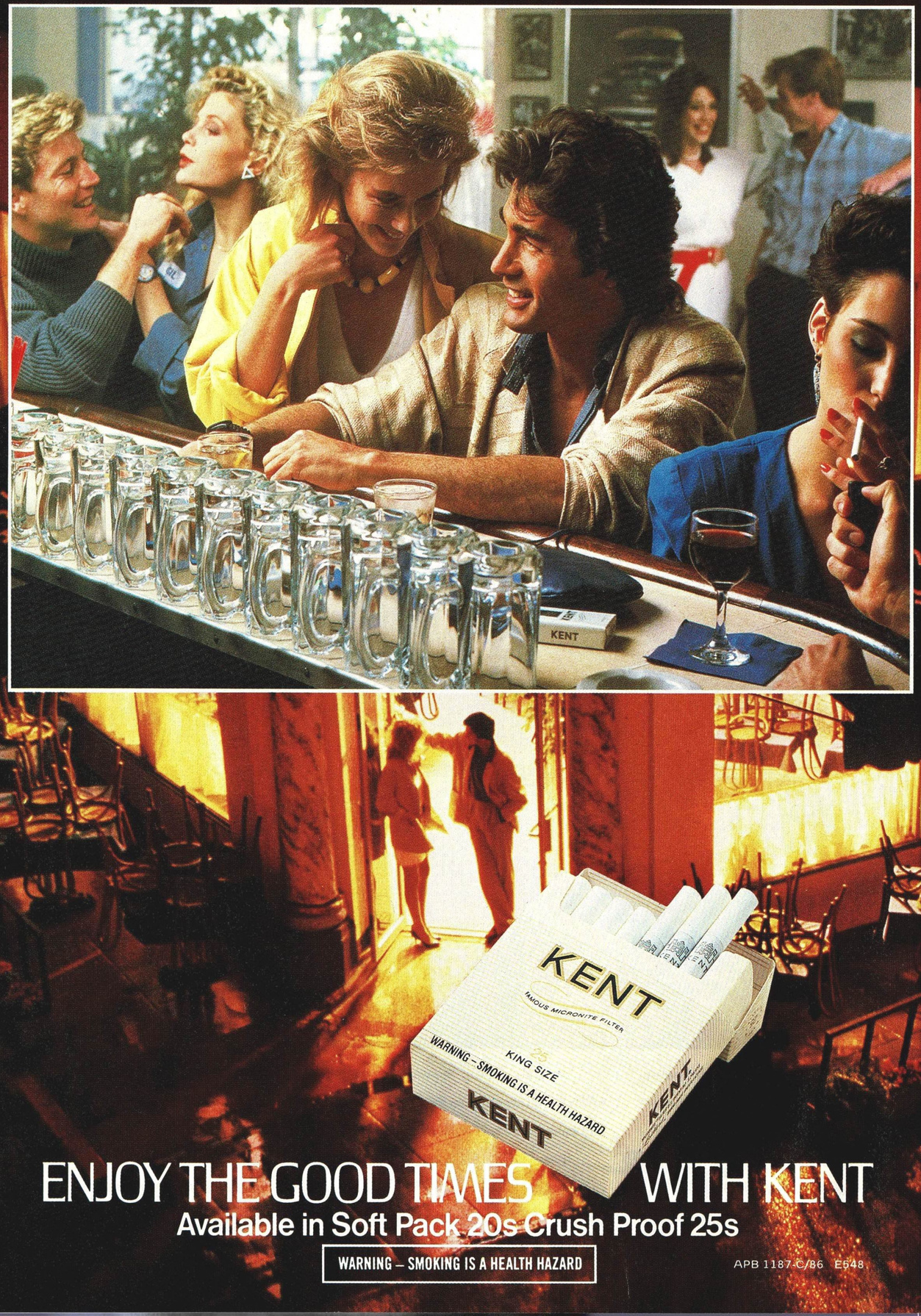
Fly along to your local branch of Australia's leading bank, whether you already bank with us or not.

And watch your finances take off.

COMMONWEALTH BANK.

Australia's leading bank.

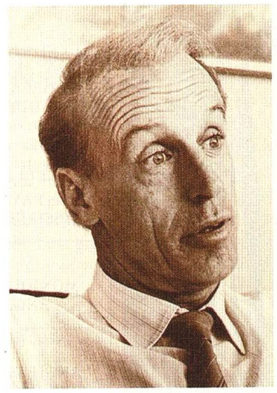
CB356



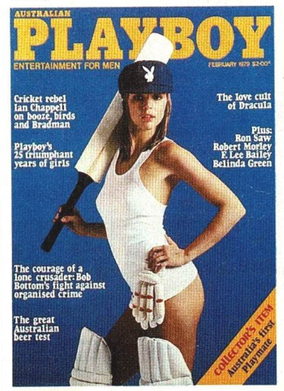
CONTENTS

DEAR PLAYBOY 9
AFTER HOURS 11
BOOZE 14
AGAINST THE WIND 16
WOMEN 18
MEN 20
SPORT 24
SHOWBIZ 26
DEAR GIRLS OF PLAYBOY 28

31
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
Aussie business mogul Bob Ansett drives his career further.



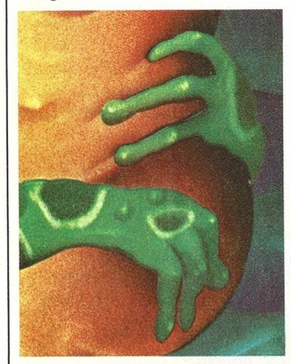
36
AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY HITS A CENTURY!
Come and help us celebrate. We're 100 not out!


AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
Cricket rebel Ian Chappell on boots, birds and Bradman
Playboy's 25 triumphant years of girls
The love cult of Dracula
Plus: Ron Saw Robert Morley F. Lee Bailey Belinda Green
The courage of a lone crusader: Bob Bottom's fight against organised crime
The great Australian beer test
COLLECTOR'S ITEM
Australia's first Playmate

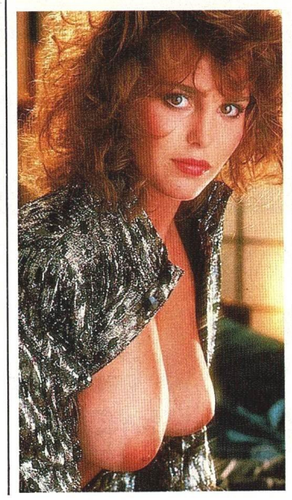
48
THE LITTLE BLUE PILL
Pop one and get the feeling. Fiction by Michael Lubow.

52
OFF-ROAD RACER
They used to get their highs on pot in Griffith. Now they're into four-wheel-drive speed.

58
ANIMAL LOVERS
Birds do it, bees do it. . . in fact the whole animal kingdom is at it.



61
ADVENTUROUS ANNA
Meet Miss May, Anna Clark, the travel agent's best friend.

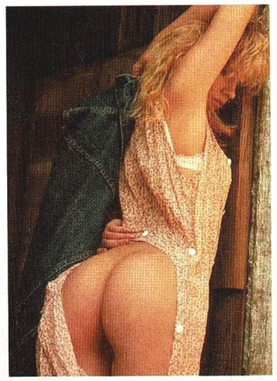


74
DESPERATELY SEEKING SECLUSION
Our guide to the world's best R&R.

79
TRAVEL PACKAGES
Co-ordinated clothing, luggage and accessories for men on the move.

82
NIGHT MOVES
How to ease down on the road safely after dark.

85
JEAN DREAMS
An undercover look at durable denim.



92
20 QUESTIONS: RAE DAWN CHONG
Tommy Chong's little girl fires off on screen nudity and doing dope.

97
WOMAN AT WORK
Jan Jardine doesn't just look like a million dollars. She's on her way to making a mint.

104
TIN-CAN GALLEY
From canned soup to frozen pizza, here's how to perk up punk food.

117
SEX
News and views from our resident sexpert Bettina Arndt.

MAY 1987 • COVER PHOTOGRAPH: RICHARD FEGLEY

A GENTLEMAN'S CHOICE.

CHANEL
FOR GENTLEMEN

CHA539/87USPNeedham

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

PHILIP MASON
publisher and editor-in-chief

EDITORIAL
SUSAN KUROSAWA chief copy editor; GRAHAM BARRY copy editor; ROB LUCK motoring editor; VITEK fashion editor; MIKE AGOSTINI sports editor; IAN TONKIN proof-reader; PHIL JARRATT senior contributing editor; A.D. AIRD, RICHARD BECKETT, RENNIE ELLIS, CRAIG McGREGOR, STEVEN SCHWARTZ contributing editors.

ART
TIM DONNELLAN art director;
JANE GOLLAN assistant art director;

ADVERTISING
LYNDA PRINCE marketing director; STEPHEN KAY, ANDREA OATEN senior sales executives; ANGELA DEANE advertising assistant; DAVID ARTHUR-SIMONS advertising production co-ordinator; victorian sales SANDY RICHARDS (03 51 1242); queensland CLAUDE OLIVE (07 391 6633); south australia JOHN WILLIAMSON (08 332 3322); western australia KEVIN O'KEEFFE (09 381 7440); japan RAYMOND F. FALK (tokyo 545 3977); usa DEFILIPPES CORPORATION (212 697 8185).

PRODUCTION
MONIQUE PASILOW production co-ordinator; ANGELA EVANS production assistant.

FINANCE
ANGIE DASKALAKIS administration manager; JOHN DALY accounts payable; MELISSA KELLY accounts receivable.

SUBSCRIPTIONS
PHYLLIS AGIOS subscription manager

PLAYBOY USA
HUGH M. HEFNER editor and publisher; ARTHUR KRETCHMER editorial director; PAUL JACQUET vice-president, international licensing; HARESH SHAH director, international publishing; MARIAN BUSSIE, JEAN CONNELL, JUDIE FELDMAN rights and traffic.

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY is published 12 times a year by Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 6566. Telex: 72964) on behalf of Frantonell Pty Ltd. The magazine is photoset by APTypographics Pty Ltd, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 7246), printed in Hong Kong by Toppan Printing Co (HK) Ltd and distributed by Network Distribution Co, Sydney (Telephone 02 268 0666).

© 1987 Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd © 1987 PLAYBOY as to material published in the March and April 1987 issues of US PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY Rabbit Head design and Playmate are marks of Playboy Enterprises Inc (US). All manuscripts, photographs and other material submitted to Australian PLAYBOY must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Contributions are submitted at the sender's risk and Australian PLAYBOY cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage. Articles reflect the personal opinions of the author and are not necessarily those of the publisher. Price in Australia $4.50, New Zealand $5.95* (inc. GST) *Recommended and maximum price only. Annual subscription rates: Australia $48.00; Overseas, $A58.00 (by surface mail).

DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

BEST OF ALMOST EVERYTHING

Congrats on your special feature *The Best* in the February issue. I agreed with most of your choices although I question the winner of the *Screen Chemistry* category. Okay, Ford and McGillis were pretty hot in *Witness* but not as steamy as Cruise and McGillis in *Top Gun*.

At least you got it half right. Kelly McGillis is one of the sexiest of Hollywood's current bumper crop of starlets.

P. O'R.,
Rose Bay, NSW.

The best movie snack in the world is a choc-top ice cream (not hot popcorn and Fantales) and the best chocolate bar is a Bounty (not a Mars bar). But otherwise you got it right.

K. L.,
Woody Point, Qld.

What's all this crap about Copacabana Beach in Rio de Janeiro being the best girl-watching spot on earth? Haven't any of you guys ever been to Noosa?

Jeff S.,
Noosa, Qld.

I find it hard to believe that the best honeymoon hideaway is in New Zealand (or New *Ziland*, as you so rightly put it) but I'm getting married this year and will be trying out Huka Lodge. So don't ever say your readers don't take you seriously!

E. G.,
Elizabeth, SA.

Having read right through your article *The Best* I went out and bought *Car* magazine and, yeah, it's pretty darned good. And I used Australian money to buy it. Our currency may be getting pretty worthless but it looks just as good as the Seychelles note you featured.

T.Y.,
Roma, Qld.

PLAYMATE PLUS ONE

Thanks for the stunning pictorial of Sydney sisters Florence and Elisabeth in the January issue. How about a double centrefold some time? Two Playmates for the price of one would be nothing short of incredible.

T. P.,
Doubleview, WA.

Has living in Doubleview gone to your head? — Ed.

GOOD MANNERS

You always manage to come up with an extraordinary array of women in Australian PLAYBOY but your February line-up was outstanding. Although I was most taken with the sumptuous body of Becky LeBeau, the ample charms of Heidi Fuller, the soft beauty of Jane Seymour and, of course, the glamor of Marilyn Monroe, it was lovely Missy Manners who really turned me on.

It's hard to believe that the plain little girl who appears in the photo on the front page of the pictorial is the same blonde dynamo who's featured in the following pages. Can't wait to see *Behind The Green Door — The Sequel*.

Allan R.,
Rozelle, NSW.

I've always thought women who appear in porn movies are really hard-faced dames (take Marilyn Chambers as a prime example). But Missy Manners from your February issue is a real doll.

It seems absolutely extraordinary that she'd give up a position in a senator's office to become a sex star. American politics must be pretty darned dull.

J. Porter,
Perth, WA.

SMALL FETISH

I've always had a bit of a fetish (only a bit of a one, you understand) for sexy underwear so it was a special treat to see that lovely Irene Sullivan (March Australian PLAYBOY) is a woman who understands such matters.

An encore please.

Garry H.,
Essendon, Vic.

We understand. Here's a bit of Irene — Ed.

HEIDI, HI!

Please say hi to Miss February Heidi Fuller for me and tell her I share her birthday, November 19.

P. D.,
Annerley, Qld.

We've told her. Now what? — Ed.

USED CAR SHARK ATTACK

Some people might think that Rob Luck was exaggerating slightly when he wrote his brilliantly funny *Used Carmanship* (March, Australian PLAYBOY), despite the cutting edge to the story which shows he knows just what he's talking about. I must admit I laughed out loud myself, particularly when I read the box *Teach Yourself Usedcar-speak*, but the fact is it all brought back many bitter memories of the time I tried to sell my car "on consignment".

I had placed an ad in the newspaper as a sensible person should, having first ascertained the market price of my car. Unfortunately there are very few punters out there who are willing to pay the market price for something advertised privately, and given the economic climate, there aren't all that many who will make an offer. What I did get was several calls from used-car dealers who, as a last resort, offered to sell the car for me, with a nominal percentage for themselves — sale or return.

I couldn't lose. So I eventually left it with one of the better known names (one who has recently been barred from trading, luckily for my successors but not for me). Of course four weeks went by without any sign of action whatever, and me without a car, so I finally went to get it back, none the worse for trying, or so I thought.

Imagine my horror when I saw the blank space where the radio/cassette player should have been, and the looks of feigned surprise on the faces of the salesmen. Yes, they'd had a rash of thefts only the previous weekend, and the police were on to it.

But of course once I'd departed the lot, that was the last bit of satisfaction I got and I had to give up in disgust. The police denied all knowledge of it. And reading Rob Luck's article I realise it was all par for the course. Needless to say I won't shed any tears for any indignant used-car salesman who loses his licence!

S.D.,
Wollongong, NSW.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

La Dolce Vita. Alfa 90

The Alfa 90. The car that exemplifies all the style, the luxury and the power that is Alfa Romeo.

A luxury vehicle that truly reflects La Dolce Vita, the good life!

The Alfa 90 epitomizes Alfa Romeo's 'driver first' approach to automotive design.

From the innovative mobile spoiler which automatically lowers or retracts to stabilize body lift, to the legendary, race winning, **all-alloy 2.5 litre 60° V6 engine,** the Alfa 90 delivers power and agility that is second to none.

Add **variable-ratio power steering, four wheel disc brakes** with a rear 'anti-lock' pressure regulator and the new **isostatic gearbox** to the standard features of **thermostatically controlled air conditioning,** central locking, 4 speaker digital stereo and a removable in-dash briefcase, and you have a luxury motor vehicle that sets new standards in automotive excellence.

And, of course, the Alfa 90 carries Alfa Romeo's 12 month unlimited kilometre warranty and 6 year anti-corrosion protection, ensuring that your investment will last for many exciting driving years to come.

ALFA ROMEO 12 PLUS
ALFA ROMEO'S EXCLUSIVE ALFA PLUS PROTECTION PLAN
• 12 MONTH UNLIMITED KILOMETRE WARRANTY
• 6-YEAR ANTI-CORROSION PROTECTION

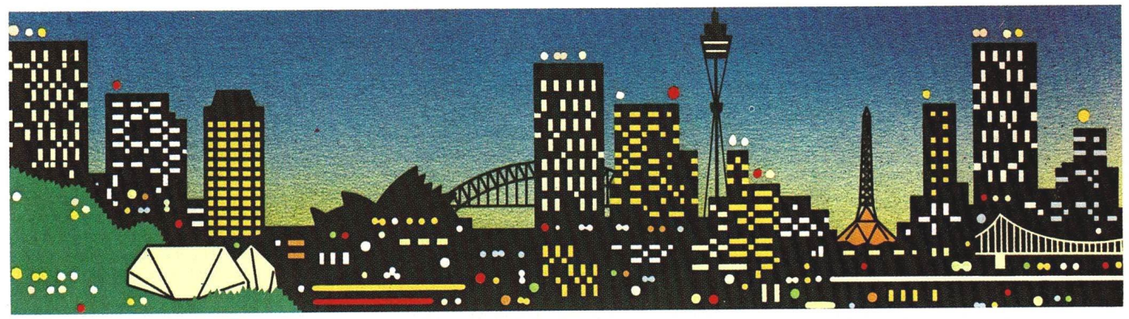
Experience the luxury and performance of the Alfa 90 at your Alfa Romeo Dealer today and experience the good life.

The Style. The Power. The Legend.

Alfa Romeo

LHV/AR 1039

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



RUDE REJOINDERS

You know what we hate? We hate all those clever dicks who try to outsmart stand-up comedians by interrupting their patter with usually unfunny heckling. But are they smart-arses, or are they simply masochists? After all, most of them are severely put down if they dare to try and talk over someone like Rodney Rude, who answers with advice about not going for a shit in case it lowers their IQ by too much.

The quick rejoinder is the defence mechanism of stand-up comics the world over. Here are a few of the most popular:

"What's your name? Bob? Mind if I call you Dick?"

"It's hard to believe that out of eight million sperm, you turned out the winner."

"Listen, I don't come down to the public toilets and hassle you while you're working."

Some of the more attributable put-downs include:

"I tried to call you earlier but they said you were walking your rat." (Johnny Carson)

"If Spam could talk, I guess you're what it would sound like." (Steve B. Smith)

"Nice body odor, lady. You smell like a landfill." (Billy Crystal)

"I could say something clever, witty and verbose. But you probably wouldn't understand it. Let's just say you're an asshole." (Robert Wuhl)

Life may not be fair, but there's nothing like getting even.

GETTING EVEN II

Increased security at international airports arising out of the latest wave of terrorist activity has led to tensions of a quite different kind. Customs officers at Colombo in Sri Lanka were required to pass through metal detectors before going on duty, and when their metal buttons set alarm bells ringing, security men demanded they remove their shirts.

Furious customs personnel then protested for the next four days by reporting for duty in mufti, until it was agreed they be screened in private rather than in front of the passengers.

Revenge can be overdone sometimes, however. When an off-duty security man was discovered in the customs hall they subjected him to such a thorough body search that he fainted and had to be taken to hospital.

SPORTS JOURNALISM IN THE '80s

During the recent cricket Test series, batsman Dean Jones became hot news and the Australian Cricket Board received many requests for interviews from the media. One of the weirdest came from a journalist just as Jones was about to continue his innings in the fifth Test.

The board's representative said an interview could be arranged when Jones finished his innings. "What time will he finish batting?" asked the earnest gentleman of the press. The board's reply has not been recorded.

HANDS UP, I HAVE A GUB

Even bank robbers need a certain level of literacy to be a success. Imagine the teller's dilemma when faced with a demand note in which a would-be crim threatened to blow the bank up with a "bum".

"The bum," said the note, "would go of (sic) whenever I won't (sic) it to, and I won't hesitate to kill anybody starting with you first." The note warned against using "markt (sic) money or explosive rubber bands" and further directed, "And you get of out thing alive. And whenever I leave act like nothing happen or else."

Our hold-up man got away with $4500. . . temporarily, it seems. He had scribbled the note on one of his mother's cheques, from which he'd cleverly scratched out her name but left her account number.

INSTANT HIGH

We will be running an article on aphrodisiacs and their zesty effects in a forthcoming edition, but if you can't wait that long, Peter Smith, assistant editor of Melbourne-based *Let's Travel* magazine, may well have found the answer with this sign in the lobby of Singapore's Orchard Hotel.

DOGGIE DISCRIMINATION

A judge in the United States has ruled that a dog does not have the right to sue an airline because animals are not considered citizens.

The pooch in question, 15-year-old, blind, deaf and arthritic Ari, was in transit when an oversight by airline workers left him marooned on the airline's conveyor belt while his owners were on the plane home.

His owner, a lawyer, tried to sue for $75,000, but the judge apparently felt that animals which use the streets as a public convenience could stand a little inconvenience at airports.

BROTHERLY LOVE

Blood certainly is thicker than water — especially when it's oozing out of your chest. Nathan Hicks, 35, told detectives that he'd fatally shot his brother, 33, in the chest because Herbert had used six rolls of loo paper in less than two days. Hicks said he had purchased an eight-roll package of toilet paper on the Saturday and he had become enraged when only two rolls remained on Monday morning.

We dread to think what Nathan might have done had Herbert forgotten to flush as well.

MISS PIGGY LIVES

The highway between Dunmore and Shellharbor, NSW, boasts an unusual road sign which shows the outline of an aeroplane and the inscription, WARNING: AERIAL POLICE PATROL. The impact has been blunted just the slightest by some wag, presumably an avid fan of the Muppets, who has spray-painted below his own version: PIGS IN SPACE.

HONDA *Progress with Distinction.*

POWERED by HONDA

WILLIAMS/HONDA
Constructors' Champion
'86 Formula 1
World Champion

In any motor vehicle class there's a formula for success.

With sports cars the formula requires a manufacturer to produce a model that outperforms its competitors, looks distinctively different, yet retains the features and comfort of its contemporaries.

Such a car is destined to become a classic…such a car is the Honda Integra SX16. A car designed and engineered around the serious driver.

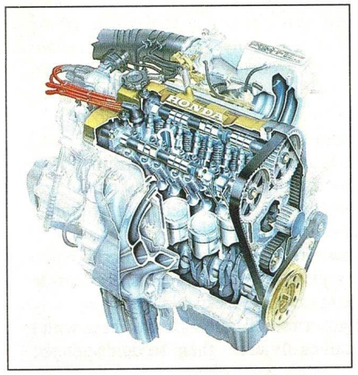
Born on the F1 Circuits.
As the only Japanese company to enter, and win, in the hi-tech world of Formula One, Honda took what they'd learned and designed a performance sports car. The specifications speak for themselves. 1.6 litre, four valves per cylinder. Programmed Fuel Injection (PGM-FI). Double overhead cams. All of which develops a very responsive 90 kW @ 6,500 rpm.

Transmission is a choice of a crisp, short throw 5-speed manual or a silky smooth, 4-speed automatic with lock-up torque converter.

Then there's power assisted rack and pinion steering. Anti-roll bars front and rear. Four-wheel power assisted disc brakes. A drag co-efficient of only 0.34. All running on high performance 195/60-14 low profile Michelin tyres.

Don't be misled by the sleek appearance.
The Honda Integra will carry four adults in comfort. And while ignoring the gimmicks and add-ons of over-competitive manufacturers, Honda have built in the sensible features that the enthusiast driver needs.

There's an analog instrument layout designed for the business end of motoring. There's a



Pioneer sound system – AM/FM stereo cassette. And luxury trim levels.

The total package is a sports car developed for people who know how to drive. Yet a sports car priced surprisingly low.

How safe is a car manufactured by a company that races Formula One?
How safe is a car designed by a company that performs structural crash tests on hundreds of vehicles every year? How safe is a car that rides on the most advanced suspension/brakes/handling geometry and components in its class?

It's Honda safe. Because when Honda build a classic, they want it to be around for a long, long time.

Honda Integra. The power of precision.

HONDA
INTEGRA
SX16

24 MONTH 40,000 KM WARRANTY
36 MONTH RUST PROTECTION PLAN

For further information contact
Honda Australia Pty. Ltd.
Melbourne 330 1222, Sydney 684 2399,
Adelaide 340 0733, Perth 458 9811,
Brisbane 275 2011, Darwin 81 3827

GNA-H1006

The power of precision

BOOZE

Entertaining Greek-style is a delicious, easy and marvellously boozy affair.

Despite the fact that a sizeable proportion of Australia's population is of Greek descent, outside of olives, anchovies and fetta cheese, not much has washed over the general population in the realms of eating and drinking.

I suppose in one sense it is because Greeks are as fond of a decent roast leg of lamb as any colonial-born Cornstalk.

And on the alcoholic side most of our Greek friends have taken to Aussie beer with great enthusiasm.

This is a pity because there are similarities of harshness in both climates which should have led to a far greater oral interchange.

One can only hope for much better things in the future

Anyway, to get down to the grog first (who doesn't?), over the years I've always found aniseed-flavored drinks not only to be pleasant and refreshing in hot weather but equally as good when the weather turns cool.

However, one of the troubles about them in this damned country is that, like many other aperitifs, they are cafe drinks — in other words drinks that should be taken sitting down at a pleasant table, either outdoors or at least in a room with a view. They are civilised, and don't seem to work when your mates are all knocking back stubbies, tinnies or whatever.

Probably the best known of all these aniseed-flavored drinks is the French Pernod 45, evolved after absinthe became too much for the government of that country of terminal alcoholics and was named as poisonous.

It is okay, I suppose, although even when broken down with a fair quantity of iced water, I've found it to be a more than slightly oily tipple. To my mind the Greek ouzo, which owes at least some of its origins to any number of both alcoholic and non-alcoholic drinks throughout the Middle East, is a far lighter and more agreeable drink.

It can be drunk neat, but it is usually poured over a few cubes of ice and further broken down with a little water. It is best drunk that way without any further embellishment, although like Pernod it has crept into a few crazy cocktails from time to time, without any good reason as far as I am concerned.

You can get rid of a pleasant, sunny, autumn afternoon quite easily with a few glasses of ouzo and a dish of black olives.

A few extra glasses and you'll probably finish up solving Australia's financial problems and the maladies of the world at large, to your own satisfaction at least.

Greek wine, at least Greek wine that is flavored with pine resin, is another matter. The more or less official explanation for flavoring white wine in particular with resin goes back to the days of the ancient Greeks when it was stored in porous terracotta wine jars known as amphora. It is said that to stop the wine leaking through the jars their insides were coated with pitch. This in turn led to a liking for that sort of general taste, and from that time on resin was added as a matter of course.

Although a couple of resinated white wines are now produced in Australia in limited quantities, to my mind they are even more peculiar than the true Greek styles, which I have to admit are an acquired taste. But once you do acquire a taste for them it becomes addictive.

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT KENNEDY

These days I cannot face a true Greek meal (and it can be considerably oily) without a bottle or five of the white product, although I must admit I'm not keen on Greek reds in any form.

The resinated white is also good to drink just by itself, possibly because the flavor is reminiscent of any one of the herb-fortified vermouths.

Because of this it doesn't cloy after a glass or two, as do many other white wines irregardless of their quality or country of origin.

And of course it marries well with Greek appetisers.

The best of these to my mind are the stuffed vine leaves which sometimes contain rice, at other times rice, meat, pine nuts and so on and so forth.

They are best bought either tinned (not so good) or freshly made from any reasonable up-market deli that you may care to check out.

However, one of the best snacks to go with a glass of retsina is a dish of freshly cooked prawns, Greek style.

If you can boil water (in this case wine) you can easily make them so don't get put off by the idea of cooking.

For four people buy a kilo of medium-sized green prawns, in the shell, the fresher the better. You will also need two crushed garlic cloves, a half-bottle of dry Australian white wine of none too brilliant quality, some fresh parsley, a little salt and half a cup of olive oil.

Put the wine, salt, garlic, parsley and olive oil in a saucepan and bring to the boil. Take the pan off the stove and add the prawns. Put it back on the stove and cook until the prawns turn pink (about five minutes).

Take off the heat again and allow the prawns to cool in the liquid. Put them in a bowl without the liquid and cool down even further in the refrigerator. Serve them in the shell with the retsina and you've got a civilised version of the good old RSL club beer and prawns night.

Although this is heresy (on a par with asking for Turkish coffee in a Greek restaurant), if you want to add more food of the *right style* for an evening or afternoon based on both ouzo and retsina, you can get any number of companionable snacks from your Lebanese takeaway to go with the grog. Things such as cheese or spinach triangles made with filo pastry, stuffed zucchini, small meat balls and so on. And if you're really lazy you don't even need to make the prawns yourself — just pick up a bag of the cooked buggers from your nearest fish shop.

And don't forget the olives. Try not to buy the supermarket bottled variety. Instead, turn once again to your friendly deli and ask for a tin of the splendid Greek Kalamata type. You won't regret it.

You can also get plain brined and herbed green olives from the deli in bulk which are far superior to any standard company line you may care to name. And there are a number of both tinned and bottled snacks which, while not being strictly Greek per se, are Mediterranean enough in style to make the afternoon even more delicious. These include tiny Italian artichokes in oil, baby octopus, squid and mussels. With luck you might also be able to pick up a jar of either mushrooms *a la Grecque* or vegetables *a la Grecque*. I must confess that I've always thought of mushrooms *a la Grecque* as hailing from the Paris end of Athens. Be that as it may, in both cases the vegetables have been put down in white wine, olive oil and some fine vinegar. And they are not harmed by being tinned or jarred.

Once having got through all that lot you'll probably be ready for a brandy, and you might just as well stay Greek at this stage of the proceedings. Metaxa brandy, which comes with a variety of stars on the label to denote the quality, has always been a splendid drink.

It has nothing in common with either the French cognacs or the finer Australian brandies. A powerful and dark liquor, it possesses a surprising underlying sweetness, which is just the thing to mellow off the proceedings. I always prefer to drink it as it is, with a decent cup of short black coffee, but some like it over ice.

Although I've drunk only standard versions of this brandy I gather that there is a liqueur type of Metaxa which can be up to 40 years old. But that is a drink for the very rich indeed.

To go with both the brandy and the coffee there are any number of Greek pastries (baklava being merely the best known and most generally available). These range from the honey and nut-filled filo pastry layers to harder, sugar-dusted, marzipan-tasting confections and small shortbread-style biscuits. All Greek pastries are for the very sweet of tooth; they seem to ooze sugar out of their very pores.

Too many of these sugary fellows can make you feel very ill indeed, especially as the brandy is also sweet.

But apart from boiling up the prawns, the whole business, from ouzo through to the Metaxa and pastries, is an easy way to entertain without having to do anything much, except remembering to get your shopping list right.

— RICHARD BECKETT

APB 1765-A BO-1

AGAINST THE WIND

The first lesson for the technorookie is learn to love your word processor.

I've been writing on a word processor for about six months now, and it's all right. Makes me feel kind of modern, kind of like, "Kill the pigeons, Edith, we're going to be using this telephone thing from now on."

It's a racy little machine, and if it makes me feel like I think too slowly, what the hell. I've always believed that, so there's no change there. And it hasn't changed my writing style either.

A lot of people told me it would make my sentences longer. It hasn't.

But then, I don't know how to make it do its real tricks, either. Right now it's a thoroughbred I take out and lead around the paddock going, "Nice horsey. . . easy now. . . oh God, DON'T DO THAT." Talking to it is probably a little silly, but I think you have to get machines on your side, and anyway, if you must know, I'm the kind of bloke who talks to pliers when I'm forced to use them.

Actually though, word processors were invented for people like me. I've never been that good on a typewriter, probably because whatever synapses connect brain to fingers are a little frayed in my case. So the only way I was ever going to turn out a clean copy of anything was on a machine that lets you go back and fix things easily. Even so, I can't produce a perfect version of anything, but I can come a lot closer thanks to the techies who came up with software like the one I'm working with right now.

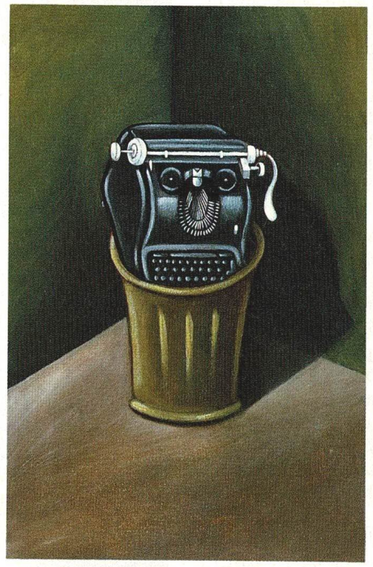
I actually went to school with a guy who wrote an early word-processing program. He wasn't a nerd either. His name was Frank and he was a first-class athlete, he had a thing for Elvis, and he was a good writer though he didn't write much more than he was forced to in the set English syllabus. He was a whiz at maths and he chain-smoked Camels, bought them by the carton.

Frank used to proof-read my essays before I handed them in. He was good at it, too; there was something about his mind that could look at things one digit, one letter at a time. He always made me sit in the room while he went over the stuff, and every now and then he'd get this pissy little tone and say something like, "Oh, please! How do you spell 'physical'?" Then I'd spell it my own particular way and he'd laugh and look at me as if I were a child who'd just pointed to his foot when you'd asked him where his elbow was.

In fact, Frank seemed to take some rotten pleasure out of the whole exercise, and every once in a while he'd make me get the dictionary down and he'd watch while I rooted through the Ns looking for a word that began with the letter P.

Frank got into computers as soon as he left school. Around the same time, I joined a house and garden magazine as a cadet journalist at about half the salary he was making. Then, while I wrote stories about bricks in your courtyard, Frank started work on a project connected with the defence forces that was classified. That was around 1966, and I was deeply into my role as a snot-nosed, liberal arts, anti-war brat, so I ragged him pretty good about his top secret job. I kept saying things like "This creative stuff doesn't pay shit. I'm going to have to get into death and destruction like you, Frank."

Makes me cringe to even think about it now, because 10 years later Frank told me he'd actually been manning a computer that took signals from reconnaissance satellites that were flying every night over North Vietnam.



Around 1968, Frank started a company of his own, which is when he began tinkering around with a word-processing program. I've always imagined it took him about 10,000 Camels, but he eventually came up with something good enough that one of the computer behemoths bought his little shop and moved him off to the big smoke which is where we more or less lost touch.

I think of him these days when I'm using this machine, especially when I'm running the program that proof-reads. I don't know whether this particular piece of software comes out of Frank's work, but it might have. It's a lot gentler at pointing out mistakes than Frank was, but it does seem to have something of his sense of humor. And not long ago, it made me laugh a couple of times.

The proofing program is essentially a wordlist. You fire it up and it prowls over your sentences until it finds a word that's not on its list — either because it's a typo, or a mispelling, or because it simply doesn't have that word — then it displays what it calls the "suspect word" along with its guess of what you might have been shooting for. Then it displays its own idea of a "suggested correction".

I ran it through a story I'd written about rock climbers. At one point I'd referred to the "silkiness" of one climber's style. The program hadn't seen that word before, so it said, "Silkiness?"

Then it offered a possible correction: "Silicon?" And I thought, Oh yeah, if it's smooth it has to be silicon — you machine chauvinist bastard! Then, when it came to a climb named "Cocksucker's Concerto", it said, "Cocksucker?" Do you mean "Corkscrew?" No, but darned close, I thought, if you want to think of a corkscrew as a sort of a corksucker.

In any case, Frank, the whole thing's brilliant. I mean it! This old dog appreciates a new trick now and then, no matter what they say. Now and then I do get a little nostalgic for all that yestertech. You know the stuff I mean: those old clunkers that you don't have to plug in, the ones that give you a printout on a piece of paper exactly as you hit the keys. And when you make a mistake, you just go back and strike the right character over the wrong one and let the reader choose between them. It's messy, sure, but there's a weird human charm to it that's just right for things like personal letters.

I mean, if my friends got a perfectly typed letter in the mail they wouldn't know it was from me, because a certain carelessness is as much a part of my signature as my signature.

Then of course, there's the simplest of all writing tools, and when you think about it, it's something of a miracle itself: costs around 20 cents, fits right in your pocket, each one holds 15 or 20,000 words, you can use it with one hand, you don't have to sit up at a desk, and when you make a mistake you just take a little piece of rubber and scrub it off the paper.

You can even chew on it while you sit around and think things up. And at least with me driving it, it's sure as hell not going to come up with anything like "silicon style" or "corkscrew concerto"!

— CRAIG VETTER

...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

Five smokes ahead of the rest

KING SIZE FILTER

Winfield

25

WARNING - SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

WV2-C3
CC 494/80

WOMEN

Good guys do finish last. Women want 'em difficult, dangerous and bad as hell.

That one, black leather vest, over there," I said. "Don't look now, he's looking at us."

Lucy swivelled discreetly. "Fourex T-shirt? You can't possibly be serious."

"No, no. There. The one with the broken nose."

"That's better. Yes, very nice. Very tasty. Looks like he'd beat you up if you asked him to. Even if you didn't ask."

"Trouble," I crooned across the room. "Come to mama."

And of course he did. And of course he had three ex-wives, had done time, brandished a serious cocaine problem, and thought that Michael Douglas was a much better actor than his old man had ever been in his life.

"I can't stand a man who thinks Michael Douglas can act better than Kirk," I said to Lucy. "Let's leave."

Of course I was kidding! Of course I wouldn't pick up a man with ex-wives and prison sentences and drug addictions in a bar! What do you think I am, some kind of masochist?

Well, anyway, I wouldn't have left with him. No way would I have walked into the night with such a stranger on my arm. But it is possible that if he had better taste in movie actors, hadn't doused himself with aftershave, had talked to me about his existential angst, looked misunderstood, called me "hot lips" and told me a good joke, I might have taken his phone number just on the off chance.

Do I hear the sound of a million men slapping their foreheads and cursing? Are many of you thinking "Women! You try and be sensitive, be good to them, give them equal rights and what happens? They revolve right out the nearest door with an ocker with tattooed knuckles!"

Not too long ago I was watching *Perfect Match* on TV and there was this adorable bloke on, looking for love. "I don't understand," he grumbled to the compere, "I wash their cars, paint their houses, pick them up after work, take care of their kids, and women don't like me."

"Oh, you moron!" I yelled at the TV, "why don't you just lie down on a platter and put an apple in your mouth?"

Yes, it's true, women are perverse. We like trouble. Some of us court it like hot-headed kamikaze pilots. Others of us are content to go once a year to a Clint Eastwood movie. But we all want it. It's the curse of our existence.

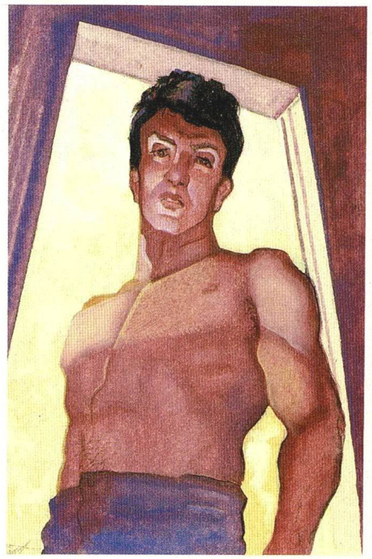
Several books on the subject have been written. Millions of hours of therapy have been spent. I should do a best-selling video on the subject and make a million dollars overnight.

There are reasons.

A man who will paint your house will cook you roast lamb. A man who will cook you roast lamb will want to watch you shave your legs. A man who will want to watch you shave your legs will hold your hand and cry at those sad TV commercials where old women in Italy get ISD calls from their children in Melbourne. A man who will hold your hand and cry at sad Telecom commercials will fall apart if you decide to leave him.

We can't stand this. It makes us feel all weird and responsible and claustrophobic, as if this man who paints our house can't tell where his own personality ends and ours begins.

A man who paints our house is a man, we feel, who wants to merge. A man who will look at us with eager puppy dog eyes when we are trying to get the bills paid. A doormat. Doormats are scary, they need too much.



We like someone we can collide with who won't fall down. We like resistance. There is nothing as unattractive as a man collapsing at one's feet. Someone who doesn't need us is a lot less scary than someone who needs us too much.

So we'll go for a bloke who will give us that crucial distance, who forgets to call, fails to buy flowers, has difficulty remembering our names. I know it's dumb but that's the way it is.

There's more: when we fall flat on our faces for the crazed sculptor who drinks himself into a stupor whenever possible, or the lecherous tramp who wants to put a bag over our heads, what it really means is *we* want to be that fellow.

We want to be the self-destructive artist who goes on such a bender that three full days are lost from his memory. We want to fuck everyone we see. But women don't do this. Or maybe they do, but then they're not cool.

Difficult men are considered cool, romantic, interesting. Difficult women are considered deranged, sicko, neurotic nymphos. So we see a fellow who is trouble, and we identify. All those secret subterrancan urges that we deny in ourselves are manifested in this man, and we fall madly in love with him, often not even vaguely understanding that we're falling in love with an aspect of ourselves that we've denied, hidden, blocked, felt terribly ashamed of, ignored.

Before I was a writer, I had a husband who was a painter, but a passive guy. He could hardly tie his own shoelaces. So I took over. I got his paintings off the floor and into frames. I sent him to art galleries. I made him go after dealers and buyers. I pushed this poor fellow mercilessly.

Meanwhile, when I wasn't helping my spouse, I was languishing in bed eating cookies and watching soap operas. I had no life of my own. I was living through my alleged better half. I couldn't figure out why I was depressed.

Then the penny dropped and I ended my marriage and started working. My ex-husband is still confused. I tell him women often submerge the stronger, more difficult, selfish, interesting parts of their personalities and live through others. He still doesn't understand why baking cakes isn't enough.

I have seen healthy women's eyes go limpid and their voices become husky with lust when bad boys are mentioned. If you don't have real excitement in your life, you'll go for it in bed.

Here's my proposed scenario for you good, sensitive, understanding guys. Say you've got a crush on an adorable girl named Gladys, but Gladys is mad for some guy who crushes beer cans on his forehead. Here's what you do.

Say "Gladys, haven't you always wanted to play the saxophone?"

"So?" she'll ask.

"Quit your accounting job, Gladys, you know you hate it. Get the bloody saxophone out of mothballs, and go for it. Start hanging around all night in smoky jazz clubs, practising licks."

"My hero," Gladys will say to you.

— CYNTHIA HEIMEL

It's Simply a Miracle!

Introducing the world's smallest, lightest, simplest camcorder.

Imagine. Movie-making so fun, so easy, it's simply carefree. That's the revolution in video photography offered by the new GR-C9EA.

At only 760 g, it's so small and light it's sure to fit into anyone's travel plans. It'll even fit in a handbag. And it's so simple to use, even a child can try his hand at making video movies.

The GR-C9EA can offer so much because JVC gave it some of video's most advanced electronics. Technology that ensures pictures of exceptional clarity and natural colour, while offering portability and ease of use the whole family can enjoy.

And since it's VHS, it's backed by more than 130 million VHS decks around the world.

Video photography made truly carefree – it's a miracle that could come only from JVC, the inventors and leaders in VHS video.

GR-C9 EA

VideoMovie

VHS C

JVC

INVEST IN QUALITY.

HAGEMEYER (AUSTRALASIA) B.V. MARKETERS OF JVC. PRODUCTS IN AUSTRALIA.

JVCH 3292

MEN

The sun's shining on a new generation of women and, hey, they want to be our friends!

There is something dead at the centre of most feminist rhetoric today. The ideas behind it are rattling like bones in a closet, and we sense that the keepers of this angry faith are mouthing cliches, not truths. Try this, for example:

"The other day a very wise friend of mine asked: 'Have you ever noticed that what passes as a terrific man would only be an adequate woman?' A Roman candle went off in my head; she was absolutely right. What I expect from my male friends is that they are polite and clean. What I expect from my female friends is unconditional love. . . " Anna Quindlen wrote this stuff in a *New York Times* column called *Life In The Thirties*. "I keep hearing that there's a new breed of men out there who don't talk about helping women as though they're doing you a favor. . . But from what I've seen there aren't enough of these men to qualify as a breed, only as a subgroup."

Can you hear the wind? Are you huddled in your subgroup? Are you staying polite and clean as the coldness settles around you?

Take heart, men. A sexual springtime is coming. I've seen a glimpse of it. The good news is this: The Anna Quindlens of the world are going to be passed by, left to sit in their ice palaces. The sun is shining on a new generation of women, and they are far more ready to be our partners and friends and compatriots than the radical feminists who have blasted us for years. In their very shrewd and practical way, this new generation has come to bury Anna Quindlen, not to praise her.

Yes, I'm talking about a New Breed: the generation of women who are in their twenties today. As I see them and meet them and get to know them, I am truly impressed. They are bright and beautiful, but best of all they are independent in thought and take nothing for granted, not even the insistent admonitions from some of their older sisters that the snows of disapproval must never melt.

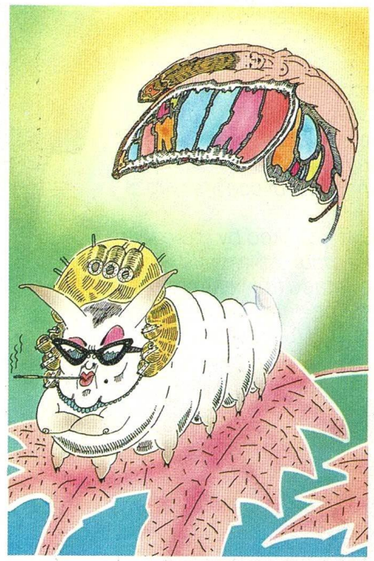
This New Breed is post-feminist. Blind faith in any rhetoric is not their style. Tough, rational, scarred, uncertain of what's ahead, they are in the process of examining feminism and adopting only those elements that are useful to them. They are, as a generation, one hell of a lot more fair to men. It's a welcome change.

Take The Jogger, for example.

The Jogger is 25. She is red-headed, quick-witted, athletic, timeless in her thought. She has a stubborn chin, clear green eyes, a long neck, very long legs. I met her first through a series of letters she wrote me about this Men column. We talked by phone, and when she came to town recently, we did her version of lunch: a run in the sun instead of a bottle of wine in a restaurant.

The Jogger has her degree, is on the corporate fast-track, makes twice as much money as I do, and has the stride of a racehorse. The next time, I'll bring my roller-skates and a clipboard, but nonetheless it was worth the strain and pain. I think The Jogger speaks for many women her age, and she has some challenging perceptions about feminism.

"I was born about the time feminism came on the scene, and I got very strong pro-feminist signals as a child. I remember in fifth class the teacher asked us to draw a picture of what we wanted to be when we grew up. Not one girl in my class drew a picture of a wife or a mother or homemaker. We were all career-oriented, even then.



"Nobody ever asked us what we wanted. We were simply told what we should be. It was assumed we'd take on a totally feminist perspective. It was assumed we wanted careers more than we wanted relationships, that we'd focus on business and let marriage and family happen later. The feminists thought they knew what was best for us. Sounds a little pompous, doesn't it?

"My generation is severely criticised by older feminists. I really resent that. I think they're missing the point. What are we supposed to do, mimic everything they did? We're in our twenties. We've watched our parents screw it up and we don't want to repeat their mistakes.

"My mother is a workaholic. I'm from the generation that nobody raised. My mother divorced my father, concentrated on her career, then suddenly married another man and left me to fend for myself. I mean, she just wasn't there one night. She took off and told me I couldn't stay with her, I'd have to live on my own. It was a very bad experience. If I ever have children, I'll never treat them that way.

"Sure, I run into sexism in business. I'd have to be blind not to see it. But I look at it as a problem to be solved. I don't get hysterical about it. When some male I'm working with tells me to go get the coffee, I see clearly that he's sexist. I get the damned coffee, go on to show him I'm very good at my job, get him to trust and respect me, and then I talk to him about his attitude. It's a very unemotional thing with me.

"I'm not interested in fighting the feminist wars. I'm much more interested in the question of choice. For men as well as women. Do we have the choice to do what we're really inspired to do? Male and female? If you want to stay home and raise a family, do you have the choice? If you want a career, is that option available?

"My generation doesn't see open choices ahead. We've led very insecure lives, divorce and trauma all around us, and there doesn't seem to be much security in the years ahead. We live off plastic and see an economy deeply in debt and a social security system that's going to hit us like a ton of bricks. We're being handed enormous obligations by the older generations. Why should we trust them when they tell us what to think? They're cutting off our choices and not even asking us about it."

We had a good run, The Jogger and I. She brought a new view to an old war. Yes, in some way The Jogger seems too good to be true, but she exists, and what she sees is not pretty.

"My generation is the new proletariat. Male and female. We get our credit cards and business degrees and health club memberships and mortgages and pretend we're in Fat City. But we're disposable. We're replaceable chips. This society will wear us down and use us up and then turn us in for newer models. We'll end up with no choices at all if we're not careful. Survival is going to depend on men and women working together. So we've got to stop fighting with each other."

I left The Jogger feeling that there was warmth after winter, spring after snow, and that the women of her generation were a special breed. I had seen the future, and it was sunny. — ASA BABER

NO WAVES-NO SURF!

waves MAGAZINE

NOW OUT MONTHLY

What's missing in your life?

The world's best fiction . . . the world's most spirited interviews with the world's most intriguing political, sporting, entertainment and business figureheads . . . the world's best guidelines on fashion, food and drink . . . the world's most sophisticated humor . . . and the incredible splendor of Australian PLAYBOY's beautiful women . . . that's what! There's no need for you to leave it to chance. For $48 (plus $10 for overseas subscribers) you can subscribe to Australian PLAYBOY and get it delivered to your doorstep each month. What better insurance policy is there for the best in men's entertainment?

YES I want to be entertained for the next 12 months by Australian PLAYBOY.

☐ I have enclosed a cheque/money order for $48 (plus $10 for overseas subscribers) made payable to Australian PLAYBOY.

☐ I would like you to charge my $48 subscription to Australian PLAYBOY (plus $10 for overseas subscribers) to my Bankcard. My account number is:

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

.....
(signature) (expiry date)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

STATE ..... **POSTCODE** .....

POST COUPON TO: The Subscriptions Department, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010.

Do you really think we can't hack a national football code? Big business interests say we can.

Let me lead you into a bit of fantasy. Imagine you're sitting in the highest chair of one of this nation's most diverse and powerful business empires.

Self-satisfaction doesn't even begin to describe your mood. Not only has your group recorded yet another dynamic year in almost all areas of trading from gas and oil to property development, but your current personal profile is higher than that of any other businessman in the country. And why wouldn't it be? After all, as of last week you have just won the final telling round in a titanic takeover battle with your company's greatest opponent, a conglomerate headed by a bloke not too dissimilar to yourself —an intelligent, single-minded and sublimely ruthless go-getter.

You've beaten him to a pulp and now you are ruler of all you survey and then some. The trophies on your boardroom wall attest to the corporate victories you've collected on your way to the top. But something niggles. And you know what it is. There is one frontier still to fall and it is the most enticing and treacherous of the lot. You know you can't resist it and you're prepared to throw your company's financial and professional might into the gamble of conquest.

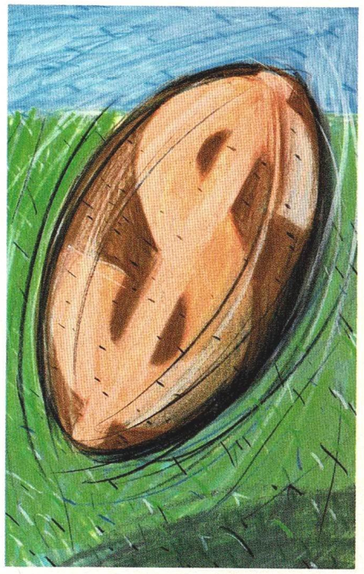
Here's the deal: you want to monopolise the Australian football scene by marketing one code at the expense of all others. In other words, do for football what you've done for brewing — kill off all rival products, leaving you with an unassailable national monopoly.

It can be done, you tell yourself; football is just another product like underwear or beer. You market it, advertise it, promote it and wrap it in an attractive bundle that appeals to the national ethos and, whammy, you've got another big seller on your hands. You own a fat enough slice of the Australian media to see that it gets a better than decent run in the press (and just think of how much "local content" time it will soak up when you run it throughout your TV network). Wrap the players in jerseys bearing your company logos, plaster the grounds with your advertising hoardings, sign up the stars for exclusive contracts to flog your products and you've got the whole deal gift-wrapped.

Eventually the punters will love it, and that goes for all the ones who once upon a time might have supported the rival codes. It's a bit like the old Model T Ford story — you can have any color you want, so long as it's black! The choice is limited but it's the only act in town so who's complaining?

The doubters can sling a thousand reasons why this won't work. What about local loyalty? Surely a bloke born and bred on a certain brand of footie won't change his loyalty. Like hell he won't! Sport in the '80s is just another product and the powers of marketing and advertising can bend consumers whichever way they want.

For instance, I grew up in a neck of the woods where our fathers, uncles and elder brothers were weaned on a local brand of old beer. It would have been tantamount to treachery to consider drinking anything else. In fact, the sexuality of anyone who drank the rival drop was often called into question. These days that loyalty doesn't exist. It disappeared in the beer wars of the '70s when the number of Aussie breweries was halved and the victors remained to dominate regional, state and national markets. Through the seduction of advertising, the outside product was slipped under our noses so sweetly that we abandoned those romantic notions of loyalty and tradition. We, like the herding animals we all are, went with the strength.



I've seen blokes come out here from the United Kingdom, steeped in soccer. Three months after stepping off the jet and settling into the community, they're following the major code, whether it be the Australian flavor or rugby league.

Sure, there will always be those who stick, but they can't get a conversation down the local pub, nor can they find much coverage of their sports in the newspapers or on the box. They either get sick of living in a vacuum and join the majority, or they become fringe dwellers.

Don't underestimate just how much sport means to the corporate king. The Foster's v Swan America's Cup eliminations battle wasn't merely a Fremantle waterfront skirmish. There was more than the price of a wet spinnaker riding on this one. This was Bond and Elliott circling each other in the opening rounds of the battle for Aussie beer supremacy. In the Bond corner was Swan, Tooheys and Fourex, and behind Elliott stood Foster's, Reschs, Carlton and company. Bond has left his indelible mark on the Cup but the other Cup (as in Melbourne) is now a Foster's sponsored affair, as is the Australian Grand Prix.

There are business interests out there drooling at the prospect of a truly national major football code. Advertisers as well as TV moguls have looked with envy at the situation in the US where one code of football dominates winter ratings. No confusion there, they say. With day and night matches you can rest easy that somewhere in some time zone of that wide land, somebody is watching a game of football.

We don't play (much) American football here, which brings us to the question of which code will win a "nationalisation" battle. The fact there are more Australian rules as opposed to rugby league states endorses the belief that the southern code would more than likely prevail. Take the Sydney Swans exercise, for example. Part of the reason it worked was because Sydney, as a diverse and heavily populated market, contained enough transplants from southern states to guarantee a minimum audience. These transplants were disproportionately professional people who came with the cash and clout to fire up their code in the new market.

The same is happening in southern Queensland this season as the new VFL franchise swings into motion. And Perth, with its deep footie traditions and parochial nature, is going positively ape now its sons are mixing it with the might of the VFL clubs.

So you haven't played Aussie rules and find the whole thought of following aerial ping-pong a cultural hurdle. So what! So do I. But that sort of handicap doesn't stop me enjoying US football, Pommie soccer or whatever. If the sport is the best available, the punters can grow to love it.

In America, as elsewhere, everybody loves a winner. Take a look around in a decade or two: chances are we'll all have forgotten the names of those other codes.

— A.D. AIRD

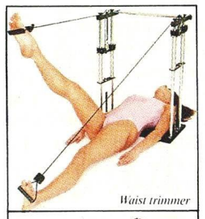
ILLUSTRATION BY DONNA CROSS

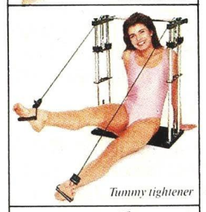
Now-99 ways to look your best

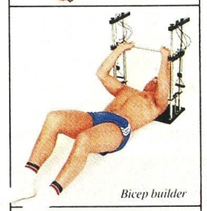
The revolutionary new MULTI-VERSAL gives you 99 exercises in one fitness centre - to keep your body looking great.

Scientific design to speed tone your body.
Multi-Versal helps you reduce weight, increase stamina and improve muscle tone with each upward and downward stroke. The unique adjustable tension levels let you see results as you grow fitter day-by-day. Designed by sports medicine experts to deliver everything you want in a home exerciser.

Easily stored compact design
Fits neatly into a closet and takes up so little room, even when exercising.


Waist trimmer


Tummy tightener


Bicep builder

Hip and leg toner

Tone up, slim down.
You'll never tire of exercising again with Multi-Versal's 99 different exercises. Each strengthens and tones a different part of your body. You'll enjoy immediate benefits from a regular daily exercise programme. Watch your tummy flatten, your hips and legs tone up, and every part of your body grow slim and trim as you build essential muscle groups.

5 Year Unconditional Guarantee
against defects in materials and workmanship. We'll replace or repair at absolutely no charge.

Training together
Husband, wife, father, son, mother, daughter. Now two people can enjoy working out at the same time, getting fit and trim together. And Multi-Versal is so quiet you can enjoy television or music while exercising.

FREE exercise instruction guide
Learn the fun and easy way to tone up. Exercises are illustrated so you can see exactly how to tone up your legs, stomach, chest — every inch of your body — just as you want to with muscles just where you want them.
Note: You must stand, sit or lie on the platform while exercising.

99 exercises for $99

Multi-Versal

Upper body strengthener

NOT AVAILABLE IN STORES
Do the same exercises as those available at an expensive gymnasium or fitness centre for a fraction of the cost.

14 DAY FREE HOME TRIAL
Enjoy Multi-Versal FREE in your home for 14 days. If you aren't convinced return it for a full, no questions asked, refund. No gimmicks. Multi-Versal works!

YES I want to enjoy Multi-Versal's 99 exercises to help me look my best and I look forward to having a trim, fit, and well toned body. Please send me the Multi-Versal for a 14 day free trial, at no obligation and with a full, no questions asked, money-back guarantee.

Post to: Multi-Versal Offer,
P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010
Courier deliver my Multi-Versal direct to me for $99 plus $6 delivery charge, for a total of $105. Or two for $204.
Cheque/Money Order payable to
Vismark Promotions enclosed or charge:
☐ Bankcard ☐ Visa ☐ Mastercard

Expiry Date_____ Signature X_____
Mr/Mrs/Ms/Dr _____
Address _____
_____ Postcode_____
Phone (____)_____

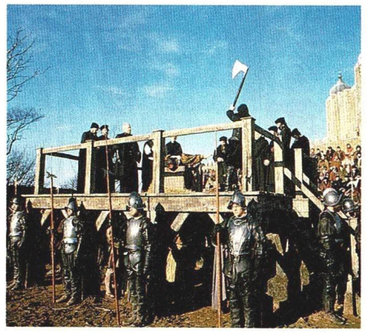
Multi-Versal

Terry Carr & Associates TC40001 RDU1/86

SHOWBIZ

Lady Jane loses her head but Neil Simon's Eugene hangs on to his innocence.

INVITATION TO A BEHEADING: **Helena Bonham Carter,** the girl nominated by **Rae Dawn Chong** as having the most beautiful lips in the world (and from her that's some praise) stars in *Lady Jane,* a lush historical drama set in Tudor England. Bonham Carter, great granddaughter of Britain's Liberal prime minister Lord Asquith and great-niece of distinguished movie director **Anthony** *(Importance Of Being Earnest)* **Asquith,** was nevertheless a complete unknown when chosen for the title role by world-famous theatre director **Trevor** *(Cats, Nicholas Nickleby)* **Nunn** in his cinematic debut. She went on to score the plum part in the world-wide smash *Room With A View,* whose runaway success has delayed the release of the earlier film. Lady Jane Grey was used as a political pawn in an attempt to secure the English crown for protestantism when the sickly Edward VI died prematurely. She was beheaded by Roman Catholic Queen



Lady Jane: the Lord Protector goes to the block.

Mary for fear she might prove the focal point of a Protestant rebellion. Historical dramas are as rare as Westerns nowadays, but this one has the same sort of credentials as *A Man For All Seasons,* which also dealt with the incredible fervor that made people die for religion and kill to secure other people's souls. Sometimes the dialogue misses the mood, but the look of it is authentic enough for it to be a box-office hit.

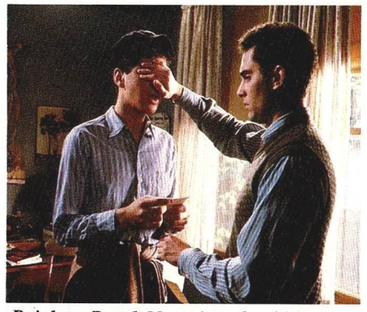
•

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER: **Richard Berry,** the writer and original performer of the rock classic *Louie, Louie,* has finally regained the royalty rights 30 years after signing them away. More than 1000 versions of the song have sold 300 million-plus records. From punks to university marching bands to TV commercials, *Louie, Louie,* has made everyone feel like yelling, "It's party time!" Everyone, that is, except poor old Richard Berry.

NEWSBREAKS: We hear **Little Richard** has converted to Judaism after bedside chats with **Bob Dylan** following his car accident. Richard first got religion during a tour of Australia with the Wild One, **Johnny O'Keefe,** when he looked up to heaven and saw a Sputnik circling the globe. . . **Mick Jagger** is working on his next solo effort, and preparing to tour with **Jeff Beck** and others. Hey, what's to become of the Stones? we ask plaintively. . . **Miles Davis,** who got our vote for the best jazz album of all time, *Kinda Blue,* is planning to record with **Prince,** about whom he says: "I admire Prince, 'cause he don't miss". . . **Bill Wyman** and **Graham Nash** are taping a TV pilot, *All The Young Dudes,* about the relationship between music and the culture of the '60s. So that's one Stone taken care of. . . **Susanna Hoffs** and **Vicki Peterson** of **The Bangles** have a steamy book in the works, for which they need a publisher, about "real sleazebags having a sexy slumber party where they decide to form a band". They're too nice for it to be autobiographical. . . For all of you who used to laugh your tits off watching the English TV series *Spitting Image* here's the record. Virgin in Australia has released this compilation of all your favorite spoofs including *Naming The Royal Baby, I've Never Met A Nice South African* and our personal best bits, *We've Got Beards (ZZ Top)* and *John And Tatum: The Young Marrieds.* As Mr Meldrum says, "Do yourself a favor."

•

JUST HOW SWEET WAS SIXTEEN? Hardly the right description, according to hit playwright **Neil Simon,** who gives us a slice of autobiography in *Brighton Beach Memoirs,* an hilarious Jewish comedy about growing up, growing apart and pulling together. The poor 16-year-old in question, Eugene (played by newcomer **Jonathan Silverman**), is beginning to wonder how



Brighton Beach Memoirs: should Eugene be exposed to a naked lady?

he'll ever manage to grow up at all, never mind become a baseball player or writer, or even get to see a girl naked, which are the main goals of his life. The problem is the competition, living as he does in a family of six scene-stealers: a father with two jobs; a mother who sends him to the store whenever anything interesting is about to happen; an older brother who tells him about but won't show him the birds and the bees; and a live-in aunt with two daughters, whose respective goals are a husband, a career on Broadway, and to go on being sick in order to get all the attention. Set in 1937, *Brighton Beach Memoirs,* Simon's second longest running Broadway play, ends on a high note, with the family about to be engulfed in hordes of Polish relations in flight from the war in Europe. What price family life!

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

capsule close-ups of current movies
by graham barry

Betty Blue *Diva* director Jean-Jacques Beineix's new heroine is sexy but psychotic. Ultimately depressing. ¥¥

Critical Condition Richard Pryor, guilty but pretending insanity, ends up running the hospital. Crazy! ¥¥¥

Jumpin' Jack Flash Spy thriller with lots of laughs and Whoopi Goldberg. ¥¥¥

No Mercy Steamy New Orleans, with Richard Gere as a cop, Kim Basinger as a Cajun and Jeroen Krabbe as a black villain. Hot stuff! ¥¥¥

'Round Midnight Doomed jazz giant finds redemption in Paris, but meets death in New York. ¥¥¥

Sid And Nancy Definitive statement on punk and love and lots more in the story of a Sex Pistol. Truly brilliant. ¥¥¥¥

Soul Man WASP student plays black to get a scholarship. Easy laughs but little substance. Rae Dawn Chong helps. ¥¥

Stand By Me Four boys between childhood and adolescence learn to stand up for themselves the hard way. ¥¥¥

The Name Of The Rose Mystery in a monastery with Sean Connery as medieval Sherlock Holmes. ¥¥¥

Three Amigos Camping up Hollywood myths with Chevy Chase, Steve Martin. They were never this funny apart. ¥¥¥

Tough Guys Ex-cons Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster find life too tame after 30 years inside. Prime acting. ¥¥¥

Travelling North Rumpole McKern just right in David Williamson's stage hit about ageing. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

Please help me survive

This Brush-tailed Bettong is in danger of becoming extinct.

Only a few are known to be living in North-Eastern Australia in two widely-separated areas, and very little is known about this rare small animal.

WWF Australia is committed to the conservation of our wildlife and it is vital that we carry out a survey of the Brush-tailed Bettong's habitat before it disappears forever.

Since its inception in 1978, WWF Australia has funded more than fifty projects for the protection of our wildlife.

The total disappearance of any of our wildlife would be a tragedy for us, our children, and our children's children. Our planet can't survive without wildlife.

You can help WWF Australia in the vital fight to protect our endangered plants and animals by completing this coupon and mailing it, with your contribution, to us today.

Please help before it is too late.

WORLD WILDLIFE FUND AUSTRALIA

To:
World Wildlife Fund Australia
National Office,
31 Market Street,
Sydney N.S.W. 2000.
G.P.O. Box 528,
Sydney N.S.W. 2001.
Telephone: (02) 29 7572

Yes I want to help save our endangered plants and animals.

☐ I want to become an Annual Member of World Wildlife Fund Australia for $25. I understand that I will receive a Panda Lapel Badge and adhesive sticker, Certificate of Support and Receipt and quarterly News letters.

☐ I prefer to be a Wildlife Supporter for $50. I look forward to receiving my special Badge and sticker, Certificate of Support, quarterly newsletter and colourful Conservation Programme Brochure.

and/or

☐ I would like to donate $..... to help conserve Australia's endangered plants and animals.

Please find enclosed cheque made payable to World Wildlife Fund Australia for the amount of $ _____

Or charge my Bankcard/Mastercard/ Visa Card with $ _____

Credit Card No: _____

Expiry Date / /19

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____
5H

DONATIONS TO WORLD WILDLIFE FUND AUSTRALIA ARE TAX DEDUCTIBLE.

Artistree XWW 4673

DEAR GIRLS OF PLAYBOY

Our lovely ladies of Playboy answer your most intimate queries.

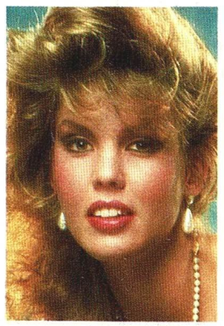
The question for the month:
How important is fashion when you are checking out a new guy?

Fashion is not all that important to me but I think a man should have some sense of how to dress. I'm turned on by men who are clean, fresh and confident with what they wear. If they have nice shoulders or a good bottom, it's okay to show off that part of the body as long as it's done with style. If a man feels good, he'll look good in what he's wearing. I like smart casual clothing but I'm not the least bit turned on by a guy in Stubbies, thongs and a T-shirt with a rude slogan. And, please, never ever clothing that's grubby!

Shannon Long

SHANNON LONG
SEPTEMBER 1985

I think it's very important. You can tell a lot from his clothes: if he takes care of himself. How he carries himself. It's a statement of what kind of guy he is. I look for a business statement. Suit. Tie. A well-kept man. Not the jeans and sweaty-T-shirt type. A well-dressed man would know what to wear in any situation. He'd know what was required of him — *even* jeans and a T-shirt. A clean-cut guy in a good-looking suit, foreign or locally made, does it for me.



Donna Edmondson

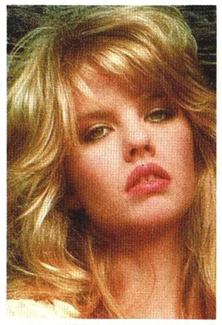
DONNA EDMONDSON
DECEMBER 1986

Men should dress to please themselves, not others. They should feel comfortable in whatever style of clothing suits their personality. There's nothing worse than a guy dressing in a certain way because that's how he thinks women want him to look. If he's extrovert, loud clothes are fine. If he's conservative, then a suit and tie would be suitable. Men should be themselves and always feel comfortable even if that means thongs and shorts. As for initial attraction, I like stylish dressers. As long as that's not fake. The way they dress must reflect their true selves.

R. Stephens

RENE STEPHENS
NOVEMBER 1985

Pretty important. Not too formal, though. I like a guy who looks clean and well shaved and takes good care of his hair. I like to see him in clothes that match. It really bugs me when I see a guy wearing a pink shirt with green pants. Gross! I love jeans and T-shirt. But the truth is, if I'm attracted to a guy, I don't care what he's wearing. I'm interested in his personality. If I see a gorgeous-looking guy in ragged clothes, it doesn't matter. I'm attracted to his looks, not his clothes. Fashion is important, but it's not going to make or break the whole thing.



Rebekka Armstrong

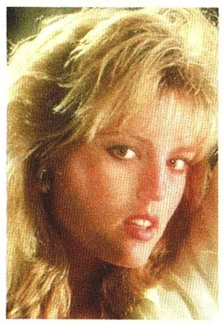
REBEKKA ARMSTRONG
OCTOBER 1986

Very important. I look at a man's shoes first. Both sneakers and nice shoes. Cowboy boots. Jeans. T-shirts. Casual stuff. Not the disco look. Fashion tells me about how a man puts himself together. It reflects his personality. It isn't foolproof, though. I've seen blokes whose fashion sense I approved of who turned out to be real jerks. Less is good, too. A man without a T-shirt who has good arms and shoulders makes a statement to me. In fact, I like the whole upper body, in or out of a shirt, if he has strong arms and shoulders.

Ava Fabian

AVA FABIAN
SEPTEMBER 1986

Very important and not important. Let me explain. I like a guy who's got his Armani on. I like the pants. I like the shirts. I like nice cologne. Those guys drive me wild. On the other hand, fashion isn't important, because my favorite way to see a guy is in a faded pair of Levi's — the straight-leg ones, with no shirt and no shoes. With wet hair. That is my ultimate fantasy look. I love it. It's hot. Oh, yes, cologne at all times! Smelling good and kind of hanging out. That is the look for me!

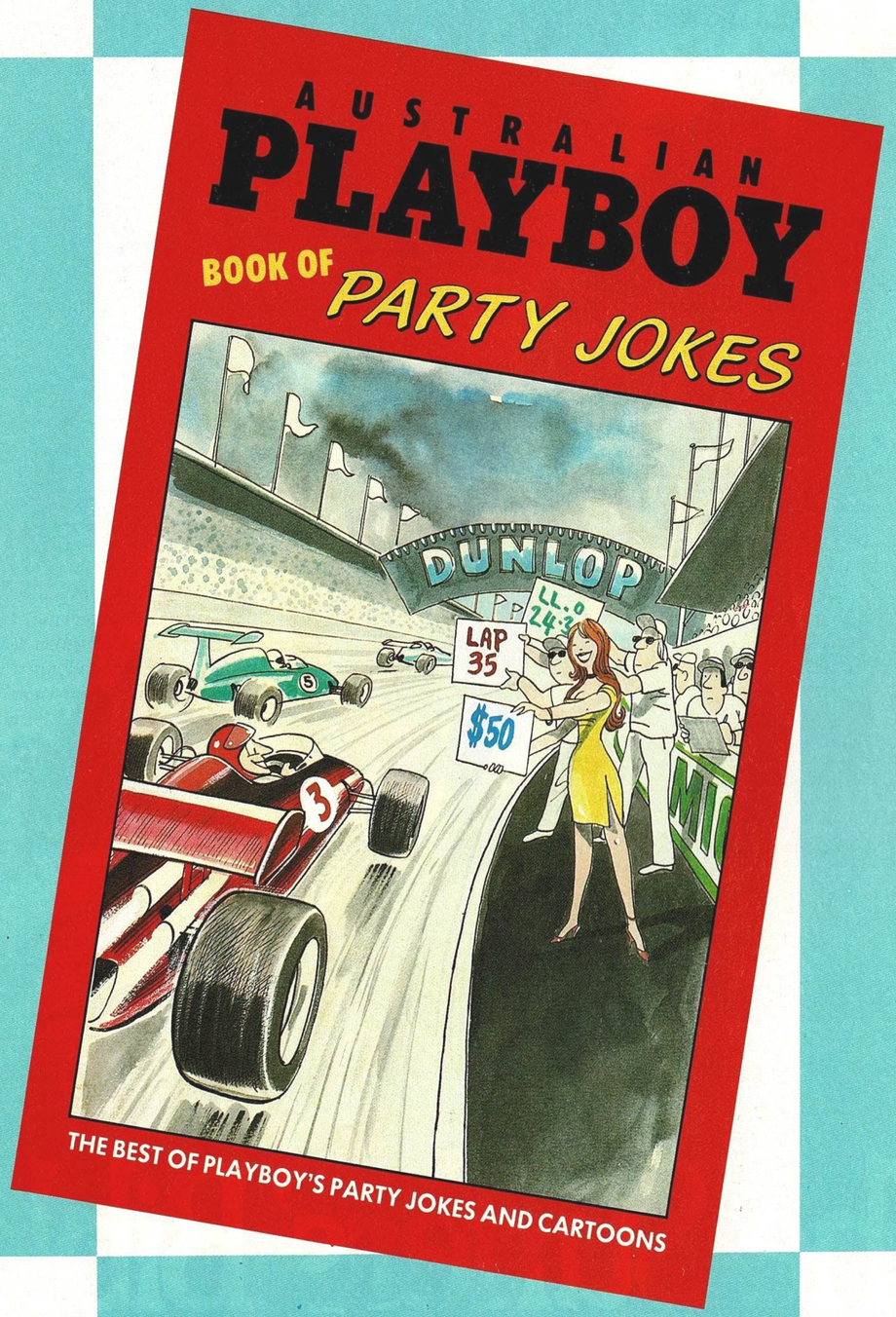


Lynne Austin

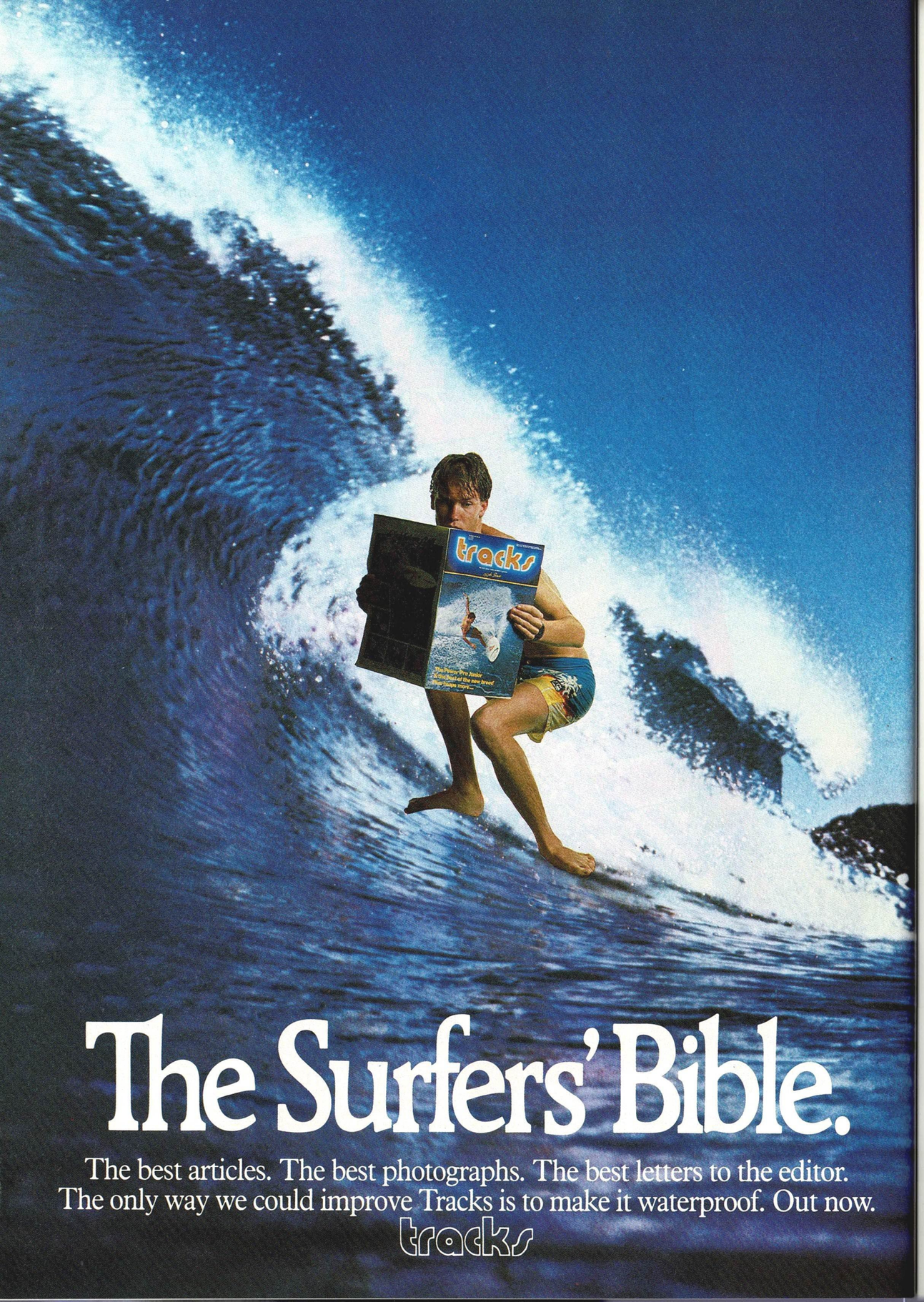
LYNNE AUSTIN
AUGUST 1986

Send your questions to Dear Girls Of Playboy, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. We'll try to answer as many of your intimate queries as possible.

You'll be the life of the party



Available at newsagencies while stocks last.


tracks
The Surfers' Bible.
The best articles. The best photographs. The best letters to the editor.
The only way we could improve Tracks is to make it waterproof. Out now.
tracks

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BOB ANSETT

A candid conversation with Australia's rental car wizard on beating the fringe benefits tax, buying an airline and excelling his famous father.

Sir Reginald Ansett's little boy Bob has grown up to be almost just like Dad — a business giant. But unlike his famous father, Bob Ansett, the Aussie with the Yank accent, has never been shy of appearing in public and consequently has become one of those rare creatures much loved by newspapers, a household name.

Young Bob has also parlayed his rental car business into a thriving international concern, and now, in the maturity of his business career, he's tipped to really hit the big time. The smart money says that over the next 20 years he will carve a bigger niche in the history of Australian enterprise than that achieved by Sir Reg. And, of course, that was pretty big.

Indeed, now that young Bob has well and truly hit his stride he's turning a little introspective: a few months back he launched his autobiography, written in collaboration with Robert Pullan. In Ansett's surprisingly pacy book he reveals some lesser known insights into his youth, tosses in a bit of family gossip, discusses with some candor his turbulent relationship with his father, and presents his blueprint for success, a glimpse of the Bob Ansett philosophy, complete with a grab-bag of motivational slogans.

But the most interesting aspect of Bob Ansett which is now beginning to emerge, both through the revelations in his book and his actions in the political arena, is that he's somewhat of a radical. Reading some aspects of his teenage hell-raising days in America is somewhat reminiscent of reading the work of such beatnik or counter-culture heroes as Jack Kerouac.

But while the young Bob Ansett's on-the-road ramblings echoed the activities of Kerouac and his mates, Bob never suffered the political confusions which gnawed at The Beats, and he never entertained a scintilla of sympathy for the Left. Once he'd sown his wild oats, tested his freedom and played his games with the sheriff, he settled down to work, to raising a family, and very firmly placed his political leanings in the right-wing camp. In 1964, when hippies began clashing with the establishment, Ansett had his jaw broken by a Lyndon Johnson supporter during a political argument (Ansett viewed Johnson as a liberal and was rooting for Barry Goldwater). When Goldwater lost the election Ansett pushed a golfball with his nose for a mile wearing a sign proclaiming: "I was for Barry — and I still am."

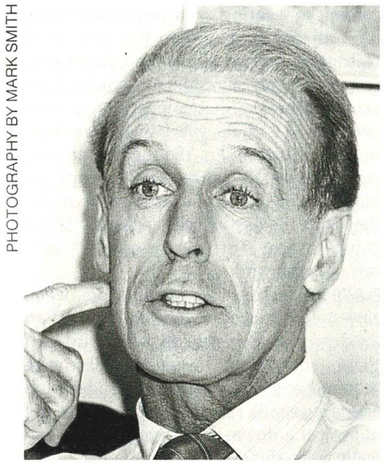
It's eerie talking to Bob Ansett today — his view that Australians must be more prepared to take their political destiny into their own hands echoes almost word for word the observations made by radical US author Hunter S. Thompson during his 1976 Australian tour. In the '60s the counter-culture set constantly chanted: "Smash the system." Today Bob Ansett calmly and logically says the system must go.

Bob Ansett left America because he thought socialism was setting in — now he's in Australia fighting what he views as the excesses of socialism and becoming a self-styled avenger of free enterprise. He's become one of the outspoken leaders of the "tax revolution" and has taken on Bob Hawke and Paul Keating in the courts. Without doubt, Ansett is becoming one of the symbols of a new political urgency that's emerging in Australia.

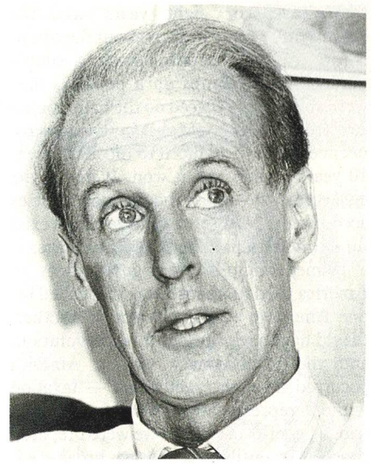
But he's no ratbag, nor is he in danger of becoming one. His head's firmly set on his shoulders and, with the slogan "export or perish" urging him on, he's creating a healthy international business set-up and is eager to show Australians, by example, that the job can be done. And pity the bureaucrat who gets in the way.

Australian PLAYBOY sent writer ***Peter Olszewski*** *to glean a few insights from the new knight of free enterprise.*

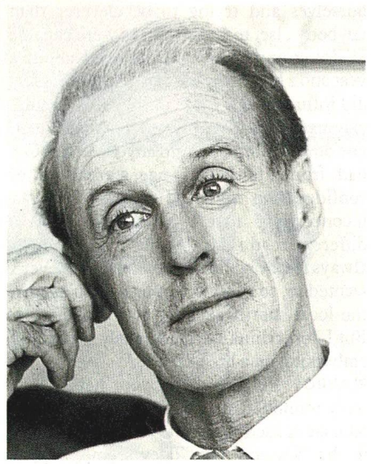
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK SMITH



"The revolutionary war in America occurred through taxation without representation which is what the fringe benefits tax is. Yet we were prepared to accept it. . ."



"I'm very unpredictable. My father didn't predict how I would react when he bought Avis and in consequence we got into a fight that should have been avoided."



"I don't have any aversion to nepotism. I do expect, however, and I have the confidence, that each one will not only pull their weight but they'll excel in what they're doing."

Olszewski reports: "I enjoyed stepping into Bob Ansett's comfortable office. From the moment I walked up the stairs to Budget's inner sanctum I was assailed by promotional material selling Ansett's latest baby — his book. There was a stand of the books in his waiting room complete with full-color photo of him. The reading material was a copy of his house magazine, Budget Profile Vol 14, No. 4. On the cover of the magazine was a photo of the cover of his book and the photo on the cover of his book is of course a photo of him. The first story in the magazine was an article about the book, complete with a coupon for a signed copy of the book for $29.95.

"No question about motive here. And that's what Bob Ansett's all about —he's out to flog his book, his services, his self, his notion of what's good for Australia. He does this with good-natured candor and stimulating pitches, and that's exactly how he conducted the interview."

PLAYBOY: Almost every Australian knows Bob Ansett the successful businessman, but few realise that the young Bob Ansett, living in the US, was a real son of a gun, involved in theft, smuggling aliens, brushes with prisons and sheriffs, and illegal entry into countries. In your book you seem to regard all this as a normal growing process, but don't you think in Australia it would be regarded simply as criminal behavior?

ANSETT: I suppose the time is relevant in my case. It was just after the war, the late '40s and early '50s, and America was going through quite considerable change. Kids growing up, particularly in the small country towns where I lived, were looking for adventure because we were somewhat bored. We just got into a routine of testing ourselves and trying to be cleverer than anybody else, to show that we were capable of doing anything. This covered about a year and a half of my life and, to some degree, did influence what was ultimately to be my character. It's probably not the way to do it, nor do I recommend it to anyone else, but I had, from a fairly early age, a great deal of confidence in myself. I suppose it is not inconceivable that I could have taken a different road than the one I chose, but I always felt I had the ability to do whatever I wanted to, so I found testing myself against the local sheriff exciting and challenging. But I don't think I ever seriously thought of embarking on a life of crime.

PLAYBOY: Reading about your hell-raising days reminded me of the way we Aussie teenagers used to regard young Americans in the '50s and '60s. They seemed bolder and we were somewhat in awe of them. From your boyhood over there, and your adult life here, I presume you would have some observations on the fundamental differences between Americans and Australians?

ANSETT: I don't believe kids today engage in the sort of activities I was involved with in the late '40s and '50s. But a big difference between Americans and Australians is the confidence of the American youngster. They are exposed to a system that really does help to develop personal confidence. We seem more introverted in Australia. We lack confidence. I can remember my first day of school in America — I was expected to stand up in front of the class of 40 and give a briefing on my past and what I proposed to do in the future. That was my first introduction to school and that's a fairly awesome thing.

PLAYBOY: Are Australians more cowed by authority than Americans?

ANSETT: No question about that. We tend to take the view, and I think our political system is a perfect example, that we elect a party to office and then we sit back and allow them to run their course, without making any further input.

We tend to turn it all over to someone else and wash our hands of individual responsibility. In America that's not the case. The community generally is encouraged to speak out on issues that might be contrary to the interests of government, or what the government policies are, and so it is with the school system and the industrial system. I must say governments here don't like what debate there is. My own experience in speaking out against some of the policies of the present government is that they've attempted to intimidate and defame me. They're not happy with it but I've grown up, I guess, in a more democratic society in that respect.

Another example of the US system, and it's quite unique, is that they have the facility, under their constitution, to take unilateral action to change the direction of government. For example, in California some seven or eight years ago, the community was up in arms about the cost of land tax and, through having a simple number of signatures on a petition, they were able to have placed on the ballot paper a referendum that said that in this instance tax needed to be reduced to the level it was 10 years earlier, and it won. It forced the government to adjust the taxation policies accordingly. Now those facilities don't exist for us in Australia. The fringe benefits tax is a prime example. If a government in America tried to impose a tax that called for one American to pay the tax of another, they'd have a revolution. A *real* revolution, and the revolutionary war in America occurred through exactly that — taxation without representation which is what the fringe benefits tax is. Yet we were prepared to accept it, until the debate was broadened. I think ultimately that this tax, in its present form, will be repealed.

PLAYBOY: In your book you wax enthusiastic about your early days of working in a petrol station, and your description of the service offered at that station makes me weep — because we just don't get such service these days. Have we entered the era of the new slackness?

ANSETT: People scratch their heads when I talk to them about my exposure to real service coming from a service station, and frankly that's what it used to be in America, a service station, because they took the view that there was no difference between petrol pumped through a Standard Oil outlet or an Esso outlet, or any other, that the only difference came from the quality of the service. Unfortunately, even in America now there has been a deterioration in the level of service that was once so important a part of business. But I learned nearly all the things I know about service from pumping petrol, the urgency of meeting the need to serve a customer quickly and smartly. In the service station, whatever we were doing, lubricating a car or something else, we would literally sprint to the pump block, get there out of breath to greet the customer because we realised we were there singularly for that purpose, to look after a customer.

PLAYBOY: Australians are either concerned or bemused by the Japanese worker's fierce dedication to his company, so it was surprising to learn that a leading Japanese executive expressed admiration at your executives' "win, win, win" attitude and wondered how to instil that into the Japanese work force.

ANSETT: It was a surprise to him, too, no question about it. The Japanese have that loyalty to the company but I don't think they have as yet expanded it to that commitment to winning in the marketplace. It's not that common in Australia either, I might add. It is more so in America, but it's a technique I've developed because I really felt that, given the Australian work ethos, it was the only mechanism I could establish to get people to commit to wanting to strive for excellence, built around competition. We seem to be reasonably comfortable with competition, so to create an environment which allows people to project that competition in their own way is, I think, a very important thing to do in Australia, in the service industry particularly. I've spoken to the people we have working for our business in Japan and they start the day off with a chant, "We're going to beat Toyota rent-a-cars," so it certainly can work.

PLAYBOY: In this era of yuppiedom, when new-style business executives like to flash the degrees they picked up at Harvard, you claim your best business skills were acquired as a service station attendant and operating a milk run. Are you simply trying to project a down-home image, or do you really mean this?

ANSETT: I mean it. It's not a difficult thing to run a business. All you have to do is find out what the customer wants, and then give it to them in an efficient way. You promote it creatively and make a buck out of it. You don't have to go to the Harvard School Of Business to find that out. In fact you might be better off *not* going to the Harvard School Of Business to find that out. I believe we saw emerge in America, probably over a period of two decades, a new breed of executives who were largely indistinguishable from one another. They all came up through this executive training structure, and they're very predictable. Everyone knew how they'd behave in any given circumstances because they'd all done the same thing. Well, I think one of my strengths has been that I'm very unpredictable. My father, for example, didn't predict how I would react to him buying Avis and in consequence we got into a fight that should have been avoided. And I think with this latest fringe benefits tax wrangle, that a number of government committees probably now look on me as a little bit of a maverick, and unpredictable in many ways.

PLAYBOY: But when you say your father didn't know how you would react when he bought Avis, you didn't predict how he'd behave when you initially discussed the car rental business with him. In fact, to be blunt about it, he double-crossed you, didn't he?

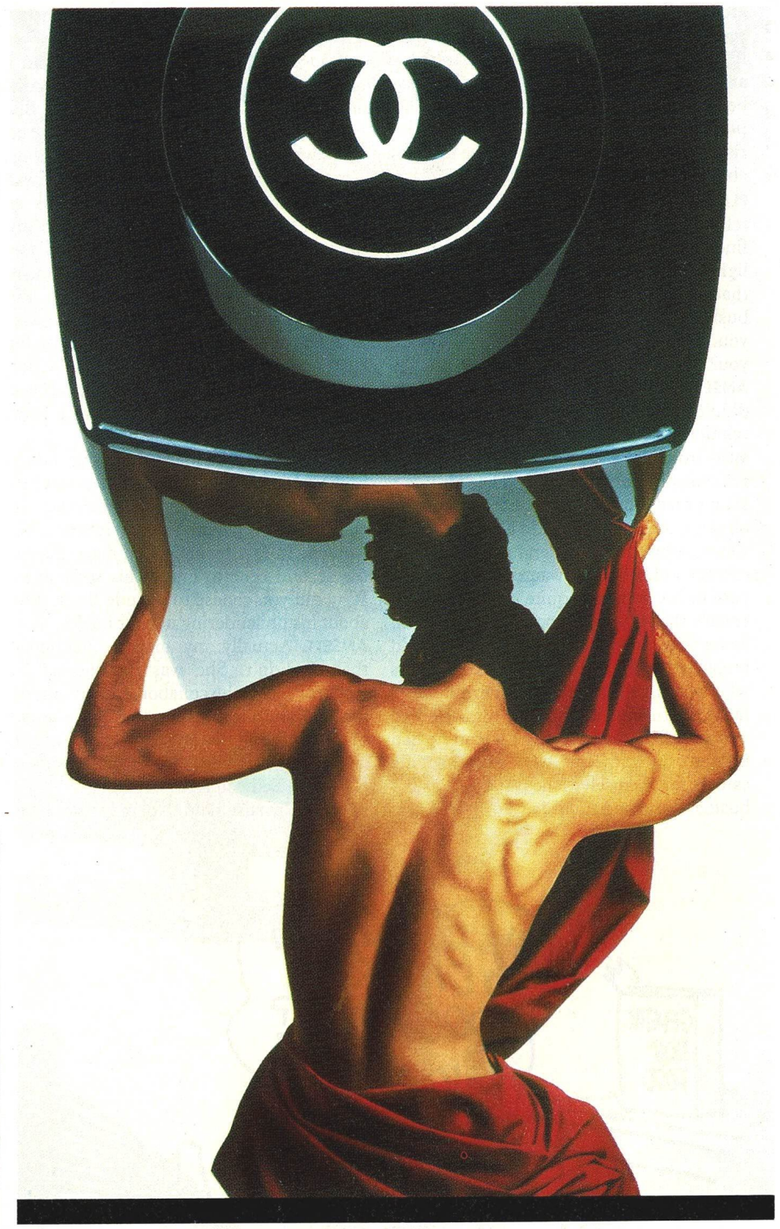
ANSETT: Yes. That was one of the things that caused me the most disappointment in my life. However, you don't dwell on those things. You go on with the next chapter.

PLAYBOY: But maybe you inherited your unpredictability from him?

ANSETT: Well, I wouldn't have done anything like that, because, in my view anyway, the way I conduct business is very open. My life really is an open book and I don't think in the 21 years of running this business that anyone could accuse me of being party to a deal that wasn't fair to both sides. I don't think a deal is a good one unless both sides walk away from it satisfied. You don't have to be super smart or slimy.

PLAYBOY: Many small businessmen profess to be frightened of the intricacies or perhaps the mysteries of big business. How did you step from small to big? How did you learn the secrets of big business?

ANSETT: I suppose things evolve. As you move through life your horizons move with you. Certainly if I was to step into this job, a company this size, walking in without experience straight from America as a chief executive of a company the size of Budget, I couldn't have handled it. But as the company grew, I grew, and so my skills, knowledge and experience broadened. You also find and bring around you people who have the specialty skills in finance, accounting and marketing and what have you, so that you create a team of people who specialise. It's not necessary that you know every single thing. You've got to have confidence in the people who are working with you, and you've got to have a cursory knowledge of the issues, and you've got to be able to apply common sense. The



greatest risk is to take no risk at all, and I agree that the people who seem to have flattened out or plateaued in their businesses and in their own lives are those who have been super conservative and are not prepared to take it to the next stage. Life is a risk, business is a risk. If you pause to worry about either, then you plateau.

PLAYBOY: A lot's been said about your relationship with your father, but we still find it extraordinary, particularly in the light of what you've revealed in your book, that even after you proved yourself as a businessman, your father double-crossed you. Why did he have this attitude toward you?

ANSETT: It probably relates to the fact we didn't have the traditional father-son relationship, because I grew up 16,000km away from him and I didn't re-establish our relationship until I was 31. Then, it was a slow process of building up an interest in one another. It was a time in his life when he was moving toward the end of his business career and I believe he wanted to expand the base of his company quite considerably to ensure that it was in good solid condition when he gave up the helm. In addition he'd remarried and had three adopted daughters who were in their teens. I believe it was a fairly confusing situation for him. He had two sons from one marriage whom he had little to do with but who were shaping careers for themselves, he was building his business, and he had his family in Mt Eliza. So it's hard to compare our relationship with one that most people think of as orthodox. That was the background and I don't think for a moment he deliberately did anything to stab me in the back. But nevertheless I felt that way because I looked upon what he did as a very personal thing. I'm sure it didn't even cross his mind he was doing that. He was looking at Avis as another subsidiary, one of many, and in any event I don't think he ever thought I was going to be good enough to seriously challenge the position Avis had in the market-place. Avis was a huge company, and we were very small, and probably for that reason he never thought his action would have any adverse effect on me. It was a bit of a misjudgement and, as I said, I was obviously quite unpredictable.

PLAYBOY: As a businessman your father broke what is often regarded as a cardinal office rule — never date your secretary. In your book it is claimed he had lots of other women. In fact he ended up marrying for the second time to one of his secretaries. Why did you choose to include the section about his philandering in your book?

ANSETT: Actually my mother mentioned that. I didn't. She was interviewed by Robert Pullan who collaborated with me on the book and she told that story. I was aware of it but I didn't place much significance on it because it was very early on in his career.

PLAYBOY: Did you love your father?

ANSETT: I'm sure I did. Not only that, I had great respect for him. I thought he was a unique individual and I suppose when one looks back through history at industrialists, *entrepreneurs*, his name will be ranked in the top 10. He's carved out an enormous niche for himself in the history of Australia for what he did with aviation.

PLAYBOY: In the past, while commenting on your father, you said you guessed he didn't go along with nepotism. But you, on the other hand, appear to have no such qualms. You've employed your brother, your son and your daughter. . .

ANSETT: And my wife. And both sons actually. They all work in the company. No, I don't have any aversion to nepotism. I do expect, however, and I have confidence, that each one will not only pull their weight but they'll excel in what they're doing. And they've done that. The company is big enough so that. . . well, with the exception of my daughter who is my personal assistant. . . but the others don't really report to me. They've got to win the respect of their seniors and their peers and they've all done that. It's worked remarkably well and I believe there's nothing more satisfying than having your family as part of a team of management who run a business. In many respects, they've got a difficult task because the expectations of them are far greater than of their colleagues.

PLAYBOY: You've got a reputation as a big-time operator who's not too big for his boots. The word is you're fair to deal with, and averse to ratting on people, but in 1982 you were involved in a "dirt slur". A manager of a small car rental business claimed to the press that Budget staff posed as customers, rented about 20 of his cars and took them to mechanics to try to prove they were unroadworthy.

ANSETT: Oh, that incident. I'm not sure if it even happened. I think it's more a figment of the imagination of the proprietor of that business. I certainly was unaware of it and when I made enquiries nobody in the company laid claim to having hired cars from them.

PLAYBOY: But you said back then that about six months before the firm made its allegations to the press, you had looked at "four or five of their cars", because you thought the company was for sale.

ANSETT: The company, as I recall, was interested in selling to us and we wanted to check some of their cars out, so that may have been so. Perhaps we did hire four or six of them. But certainly to be seen in the light of trying in some way to damage the ability of a small business to operate is contrary to our basic philosophy. We are not a predator in that respect at all.

PLAYBOY: At the time of that storm in a teacup you did say you were concerned that bad or unscrupulous small traders in the rental car market could harm the industry, that you were "terribly concerned for the safety of renters of these old cars".

(continued on page 114)

Fly JAL's better way to Europe.

Today, the JAL label on the executive luggage is fast becoming the symbol of the knowledgeable traveller.

Via the unique gateway through Tokyo, JAL daylight flights from Sydney, Brisbane and Perth fan out to ten major European destinations.

This way you can fly Tokyo-London non-stop. Similarly, for Tokyo-Paris. Other European capitals are only a one-stop flight away.

No other airline offers such a unique service.

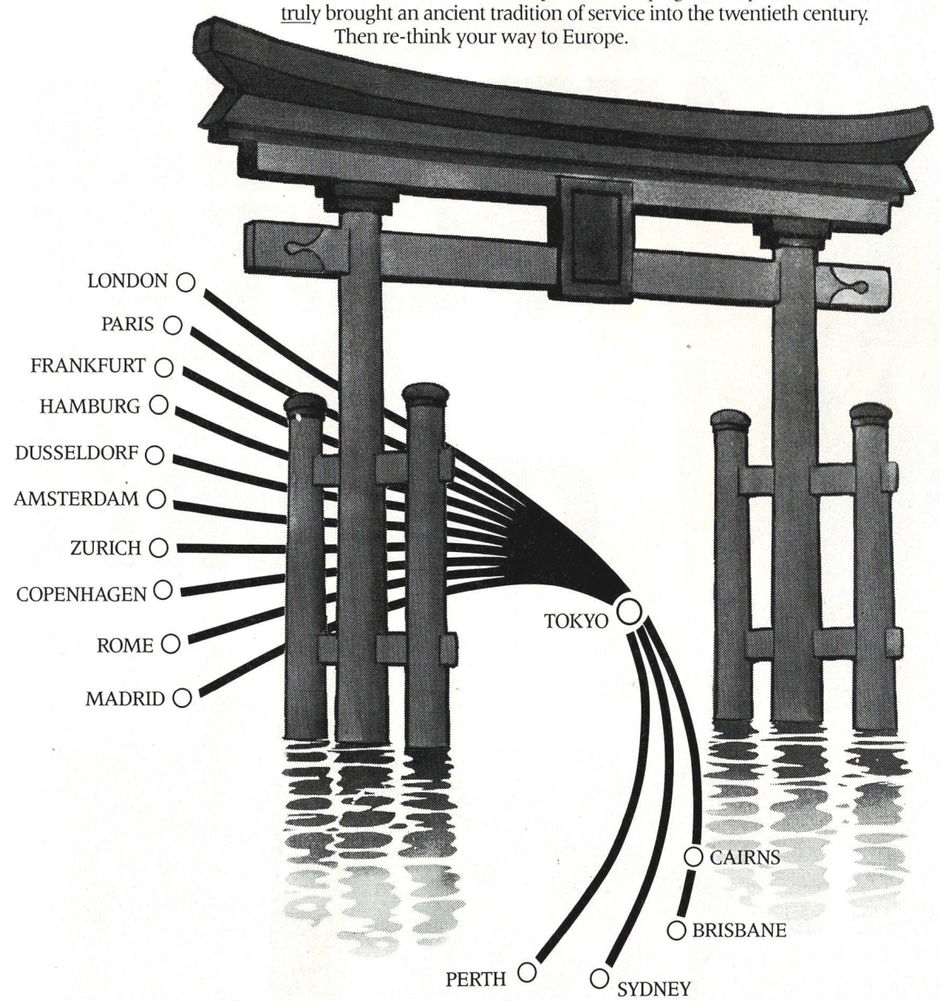
A quick look at a globe of the world (instead of an ordinary flat map) will show you why these JAL routes are so surprisingly direct. And fast.

A quick look at our Japanese and Western menus will show why dining-out on JAL is more like choosing a restaurant than just ordering a meal.

A quick call to your travel agent will show you a flight schedule that makes it logical to re-think your way to Europe: JAL's way (which can also mean a free overnight stopover in Tokyo, if you wish).

Add to all this, the sheer pleasure of flying the only airline that's truly brought an ancient tradition of service into the twentieth century.

Then re-think your way to Europe.



G642R TARB No. B131

JAL
JAPAN AIR LINES

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY HITS A CENTURY!

Come and help us celebrate. We're 100 not out!

Compiled by **TONY LOVE**

We've hit 100 and have yet to detect any signs of greying temples or furrowed brow. We figure it's the prime of our life, a top class not-out innings with many more runs to be posted on the board. But like all great milestones, it's also time to look back on what we've done, who we've spoken to, where we've been and all those charming young ladies we've revealed since the first knockout edition of Australian PLAYBOY hit the stands in February

1979. Take the trip back with us and we know you'll agree it's time to celebrate and break open the bubbly. If we had our time again we'd do it just like this:

1. February 1979 Don't let it be said we didn't start with a bang. Our first ever Playmate was a youthful Karen Pini, now known to lucky NSW TV viewers as the Lotto girl. In announcing the great Australian Playmate Hunt we also uncovered another future TV star, ex-*Perfect Match* hostess Debbie Newsome. Other names we're sure you remember from our premier issue are interview subject Ian Chappell, crime buster Bob Bottom, the late lamented daredevil Dale Buggins, and the gorgeous former Miss World Belinda Green.

2. March 1979 The very quotable Marlon Brando explained in the Playboy Interview why he's known as the man who changed the art of acting, and with show business in mind we profiled Mike Willesee, brought you a terrific pictorial of *No 96* actress Deborah Gray, and put 20 Questions to the then NSW Premier's daughter and *Young Doctors* star Kim Wran.

3. April 1979 Jack Thompson was just revving up on the road to superstardom and his steamy personal life, living as he then was with two loving sisters, fuelled enough fantasies for a controversial interview.

4. May 1979 If you're the sort of gentleman who prefers blondes, then you won't have forgotten this month. We spotlighted Marilyn Monroe's last five years, with the help of her aide's memoirs, and spoke to MM clone and that month's sexy cover girl, Wagga Wagga's own Linda Kerridge.

5. June 1979 From the sublime to the ridiculous: a larger-than-life Noel Ferrier showed his style as a very naughty king of the disco floor and financial buccaneer Peter Clyne showed us why he's still the tax man's nemesis.

6. July 1979 Don Dunstan, former South Australian Premier and one of politics' great victims, answered our questions. Jane Priest, the girl who kissed Prince Charles (but didn't land him) on Perth's Cottesloe Beach, put her case, and an article titled *A Little Something On The Side* glorified fringe benefits. That's history for you!

7. August 1979 TV tonight show star Don Lane gave us a very entertaining interview while a famous criminal lawyer read us our legal rights. We also showed you the kind of passing shots of Patti McGuire that aced tennis hero Jimmy Connors.

8. September 1979 Norman Gunston (alias Garry McDonald, or is it the other way round?) showed us how he's irresistible to, well, people who aren't men, if you know what we mean. And Playmate Kylie Foster, then a spunky 18-year-old, showed us she had what it takes to later be a star in TV's *Prisoner*.

9. October 1979 Pictorials took on an extra dimension with our first 3D nude spread, and Playmate Rosemary Paul wore nothing at all, not even any knickers, which stood her in good stead for a future famous advertising campaign. Meanwhile, bourne's radio maverick Derryn Hinch showed us how to have a dirty weekend.

10. November 1979 Playwright David Williamson proved he was no flash in the pan in a dramatic interview, while lovely Aussie actress Diane Cilento opened up in a candid profile.

11. December 1979 Sexperts Masters and Johnson gave a very frank interview, and in an absolutely outrageous encounter, the Monty Python team flashed their funny bones.

12. January 1980 Few of the '70s sex symbols could ever match Raquel Welch and our stunning pictorial tribute to her showed why. On a slightly more serious note, we looked ahead to Australia in the '80s and asked if there would be boom or gloom. The answer's still on the way!

13. February 1980 Fame and fortune were the keynotes to this month's issue. We went on a treasure hunt in the wastes of the Gibson Desert for Lasseter's Reef, traced the history of gold, man's most constant currency, and presented some hot fiction about an innocent billionaire. Also we profiled Little River Band and spoke to producer Margaret Fink about making movies Down Under.

14. March 1980 It was time to unveil the sex goddess of the '80s, Bo Derek. However, her mouthwatering pictorial didn't outshine the stunning and now famous prince-kissing Jane Priest, the Playmate of the Month.

15. April 1980 Miss World 1978 Silvana Suarez bared all in a series of erotic and surreal photographs, while Erica (*Fear Of Flying*) Jong asked where all our sexual sense of humor had gone.

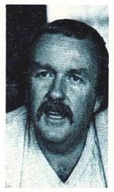
16. May 1980 As he made his way into Parliament, Bob Hawke gave us a landmark interview, where he said: "By the time you get an election, you may find Hayden-Hawke has been made into a position of strength in the Party." How's that again, Prime Minister? Rosemary Paul, now making it on TV in *The Restless Years*, was named our first Playmate of the Year.

17. June 1980 US Playmate Of The Year Dorothy Stratten was hailed as one of America's most beautiful women, but her career soon came to a dramatic and tragic end when she was shot by her husband. Her life became the subject of the controversial Bob Fosse movie, *Star 80*.

18. July 1980 We took you hobnobbing with the rich and famous: for starters, Kim Wran appeared on the cover and in an elegant pictorial, then we tracked down racehorse magnate Robert Sangster and joined him in the winner's circle.

Lynda Stoner

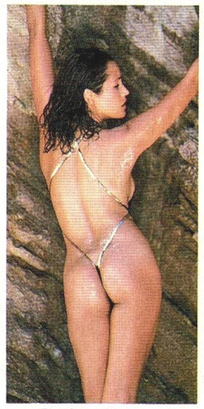
Karen Pini

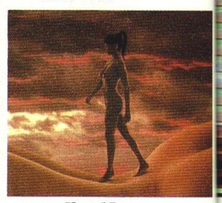

Mike Gibson

Dorothy Stratten and husband

Joe Bugner

Bob Hawke


Barbara Carrera


Karol Lopez

19. August 1980 Australia's greatest sex symbol of the decade just past, Abigail (now starring in *Sons And Daughters*), appeared in all her glory. Then for something a little different, we looked at what 10 top people, from Hawke to TV star Paul Cronin, throw out in their garbage.

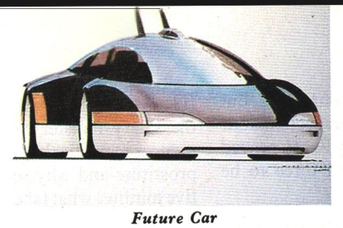
20. September 1980 Bo Derek returned with another spectacular pictorial and Alan Bond talked about his America's Cup challenge. From the other side of the tracks, NSW prison escapee Raymond John Denning spoke out about being on the run.

21. October 1980 Gough Whitlam criticised the unions but blamed politicians as the real cause of strikes while Barry Humphries unveiled his treasury of Australian kitsch.

22. November 1980 The Vietnam War was simply not going to go away for many men and our controversial article *I Died In Vietnam, The Government Just Forgot To Tell Me* opened up the Agent Orange can of worms.

23. December 1980 Linda Kerridge finally showed us her Marilyn Monroe lookalike secrets, and we presented the tempting Gianna, mistress of Princess Caroline of Monaco's hubby. Meanwhile Australia's most successful cat burglar squawked about his trade secrets.

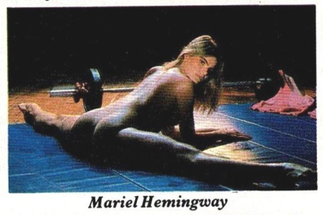
Marilyn Chambers

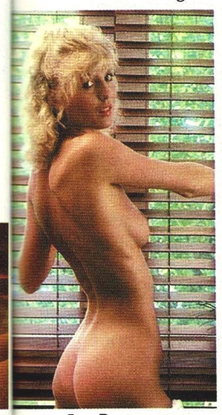

Future Car

Rosemary Paul

Mark Richards

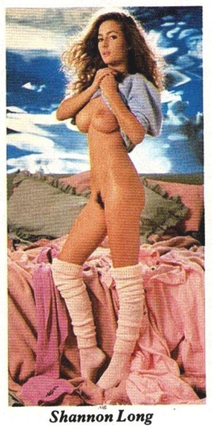
Virgina Hey


Mariel Hemingway


Lyn Barron

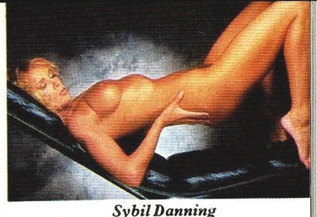
Karen West

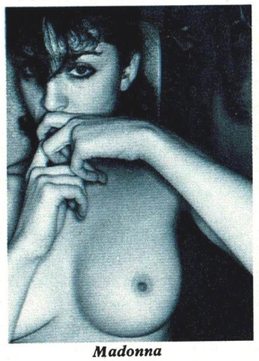
Barbara Bach


Shannon Long

Linda Kerridge

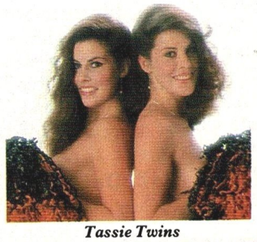
Joan Collins

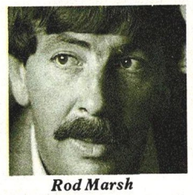

Sybil Danning

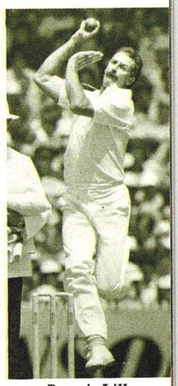

Madonna

Grace Parr

Nastassia Kinski


Tassie Twins


Rod Marsh


Dennis Lillee

Road Warrior

Abigail

24. January 1981 A sad month for John Lennon fans: a month before he was shot down outside his New York digs he gave (with his wife Yoko Ono) one last extraordinary interview on life, love, sex, rock'n'roll and why the hell everyone wouldn't stop pestering him about the good ol' days.

25. February 1981 Beatles were in the news, and our pictorial essay of Barbara Bach left no doubt why Ringo Starr was beating to the tune of a different drum. Cricket speedster Dennis Lillee bounced a few back in a fiery interview, while at the movies we reviewed that cult classic, *The Blues Brothers*.

26. March 1981 *No 96* star Deborah Gray turned up (beautifully) on a Pacific island paradise, while we were all stuck at home wondering which city was the best, Sydney or Melbourne. We were also poised at the dawn of the video age and asked whether it would be the next electronic revolution. By the way, it was!

27. April 1981 Paul Hogan discussed the art of being a working class comedian, while his partner in ockerism, John Singleton, talked about his own brilliant career. Karen West was named our second Playmate Of The Year.

28. May 1981 The controversial Miss World, Germany's Gabriella Brum, had been forced to abdicate because of the nude shots we showed you this month. And we broached a still touchy subject: were police verbals sending people unnecessarily to jail?

29. June 1981 While delving into crimes and their results, we discovered rape cases in Australia were increasing by 10 percent a year. We also posed the question whether sports' promoters were cutting their own throats by demanding too much blood money from their charges.

30. July 1981 Time to look beyond The Pill in our discussion on birth control in the '80s. Australia's greatest living historian, Manning Clarke, looked into the future in the Playboy Interview, saying there was "a real possibility for a Bob Hawke to be prime minister of a centrist movement".

31. August 1981 In our great tinnie test, Tassie's Cascade Pale Ale came out tops. In the beauty stakes, the Girls Of The Gold Coast lent a special fizz to this issue. We also gave you a delectable tribute to the vivacious Valerie Perrine, star of *Lenny* and *Superman*.

32. September 1981 George Negus, greying and reluctant sex symbol of *Sixty Minutes*, told us he was prepared to make a "mug lair" of himself for "this strange television program", when all he probably wanted to do was gaze longingly at our very wild pictorial of Bo Derek in the role of Tarzan's Jane.

33. October 1981 We introduced you to lovely and leggy Playmate Lyn Barron who stayed long enough in the limelight to catch her own rising star, Hollywood boy hero Chris Atkins.

34. November 1981 Seeing the rest of the country was going to be looking for

Melbourne Cup winners, we profiled one of our own, number one horse trainer Tommy Smith. Then we turned our heads west to interview Ralph (Mr Orbital Engine) Sarich and to taste the wonderful Girls Of The West. Then you knew why young men were always being told to head in that direction!

35. December 1981 We took a very private look at some beautiful women this month. Firstly, the amazing 51-year-old Vikki La Motta, wife of ex-bruiser Jake; then exciting Swedish actress and one of James Bond's many conquests, Maud Adams; followed by our own girls of TV, including Karen West, Lynda Stoner, Gaynor Martin, Rosemary Paul and Karen Pini.

36. January 1982 Australians had begun looking toward 1988. Eminent writer Geoffrey Dutton suggested our best Bicentennial present would be to finally cut our ties with the Queen in that year. We also reported on Manila's status as Asia's top tourist spot.

37. February 1982 We reviewed the stoned age and brought you up to date with everything you ever wanted to know about marijuana. Then for an extra hit we gave you a bombshell of a pictorial with John Derek's blondes — Ursula Andress, Linda Evans and Bo — together for the very first time.

38. March 1982 Albie Mangels of *World Safari* fame made us envious with a wide-ranging interview. Fortunately Mangels stayed out of trouble in most countries he visited, unlike Aussie Mike Barrett who did four years in a Malaysian jail on a bum drug rap. Mike's profile made a sobering read which several future tourists failed to heed.

39. April 1982 Lyn Barron was named Playmate Of The Year, and it was time to unveil divine *Dallas* star, Victoria Principal. We also brought you an exclusive interview with kidnapping, brain-washing and bank robbery expert Patty Hearst.

40. May 1982 Our wild cover shot of Aussie actress Lynda Stoner was one of your favorites. Inside, Lynda answered 20 Questions, TV's *Masada* star Barbara Carrera bared all and we investigated stunt cyclist Dale Buggins's suicide.

41. June 1982 Hollywood starlet Mariel Hemingway did her personal best to please us in a great pictorial, and we introduced the big, new '80s catch phrase (with a story to explain all), *Real Men Don't Eat Quiche.*

42. July 1982 *Mad Max II* was killing them and the girl alongside Mel Gibson, this month's sharp-shooting cover girl Virginia Hey, joined us for 20 Questions. But there was a real war in the Middle East, our Aussie boys were in it and we reported from the front line.

43. August 1982 Hungry for more? *Insatiable* porn queen Marilyn Chambers visited Australia and graced our pages, but to put women truly in perspective, our outspoken interviewee Wendy Bacon proved she was a legal and political force to be reckoned with.

44. September 1982 Football fever: first VFL supremo Dr Allan Aylett spoke in the Playboy Interview about a future national league, then we gave you a rugged profile of rugby league tough nut Tommy Raudonikis. We also pondered the then NSW Premier nifty Nev Wran's declining years.

45. October 1982 The scruffy Cheech and Chong duo bonged on in a high-flying interview, while we discussed the high-risk, big-money business of growing the green stuff. Moving into the fast lane, we asked whether Australia would ever get its own Grand Prix. Three years later Adelaide filled the bill.

46. November 1982 Somehow our interviews with cricketers often coincide with issues where we run beer tests. This month it was Rod Marsh, out from behind the stumps and in the hot seat, while Chappelli and Mike Gibson tested imported brews.

47. December 1982 How time flies when you're having fun: leading writer Craig McGregor examined the impact of the Whitlam era, 10 years after the PM's ascension. In contrast, fallen Charlie's Angel Tanya Roberts, now top cat in the movie *Beastmaster,* went wild. And so did you, over our breathtaking *Girls Of Noosa* pictorial.

48. January 1983 Australia's foremost sex authority Bettina Arndt joined our team this month and we bet your sex lives haven't been the same since. We know you reckon hers would have to be the best job in the land, but we also outlined 10 others to make your mouths water. By the way, the queue starts behind us for that vacancy for a pro beer taster.

49. February 1983 Okay, maybe you didn't score the perfect job, but you could still be *The Perfect Man* if you studied Erica Jong's article. For identity crises of another kind, we revealed the problems immigration authorities were having with passport forgeries that enabled the likes of the Mr Asia syndicate and Robert Trimbole to come and go as they pleased. And Yvonne Sutherland's sensational illustration of our article on the Aussie logging industry scored the prestigious Australian Writers and Art Directors Gold Award.

50. March 1983 Nothing like a good crime story to get you going, and nothing like the Azaria Chamberlain mystery to reveal the innermost workings of forensic science. Our story *The Dingo Didn't Do It* will probably never end. Nor will your fantasies of the spectacular Grace Jones, who appeared in a bizarre pictorial, *Jungle Fever.*

51. April 1983 This month we shook up the salary register to ruminate on why a pioneer in medical research earns less than a prostitute and why some guys can earn in five minutes what takes you a 40-hour week. In the Sex pages we introduced you to the newest female erogenous zone, the elusive G Spot. Still looking, huh?

52. May 1983 Surfing giant Mark Richards checked in, and while he was making waves we kept you up to date with the latest info concerning your favorite indoor sports with our definitive *Sex Survey.*

53. June 1983 Adherents of the "life begins at 40" philosophy would have been impressed by Karol Lopez's mature pictorial, (the lady herself was so impressed with the world of Playboy that she joined us as Promotions Director!) but all eyes were also rivetted on *Dynasty* star Pamela Bellwood who went native in darkest Africa.

54. July 1983 Our cups runneth over this month. The magnificently endowed Morganna showed us her 60 inch treasure chest while superstar Nastassia Kinski appeared in a kinky, erotic pictorial. We also offered our Lamborghini Countach wall poster for the first time and you've been sending in those orders ever since.

55. August 1983 There's probably never been a better ambassador for stunning Aussie women than golf's number one gal Jan Stephenson. She was right on par this month with 20 Questions. And we were right on course with *The Girls Of The Gold Coast* pictorial, too.

56. September 1983 Tassie twins Denise and Janette Robinson graced our cover and proved to be twice as nice in a sizzling pictorial. On a more serious note we posed the question of just how much longer Joh would last as Queensland's leader. Keep those answers rolling in!

57. October 1983 We got to know Australia's best known sports fan Mike Gibson in a hard-hitting interview. Then for something a little more appealing to the eye we showed you Hollywood's stunning tough gal Sybil Danning. You drooled and, yeah, so did we.

58. November 1983 Then you got one of our hottest presents ever, a fiery pictorial salute to redheads. We all took a good look at international poster girl and action film star Dorit Stevens. And famed Australian cartoonist Larry Pickering told us about his new career as a racehorse trainer.

59. December 1983 South Australian cricket star David Hookes lashed out in a controversial interview, while his World Series Cricket mate Ian Chappell joined Gibbo in a taste test of Lite Beers.

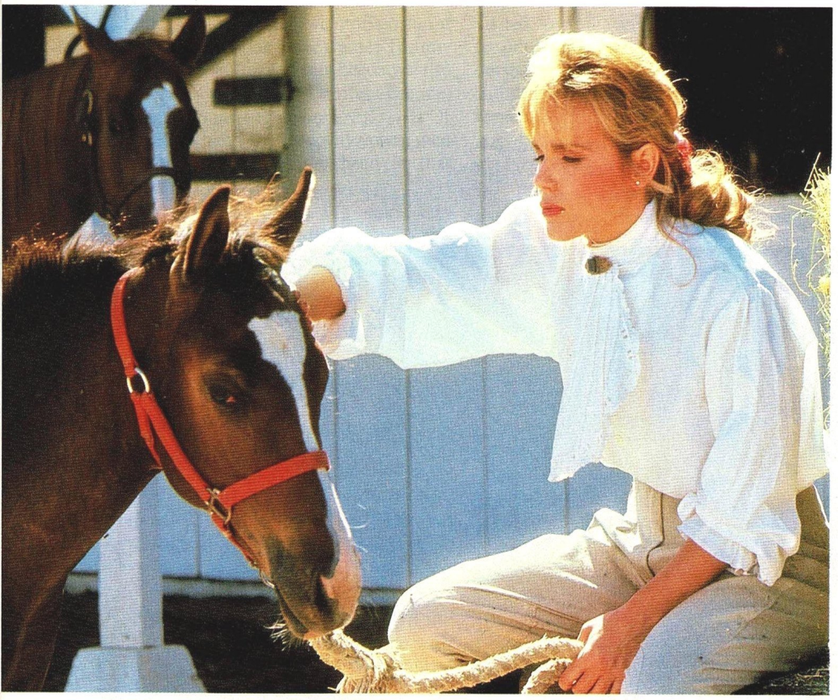
60. January 1984 All hell broke loose as you snapped up our biggest selling issue ever. TV and film star Joan Collins graced

(continued on page 108)

GRACEFUL LEE

Gorgeous Luann Lee is a heartbreak on horseback.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE WAYDA



Luann Lee doesn't waste time. Get a good look as she gallops past, because this lovely lady never occupies a space for long. After leaving high school she turned her attentions to the challenge of making it big. She wanted to be a singer, but not a poverty-stricken one. So she got down to business and found herself a high-powered position with a life insurance company. She moved on to become a national sales rep for a marketing firm, then became national marketing director for another. At which point she put money in the bank and, you guessed it, went back to singing. "Things have worked out wonderfully," says Luann.

Luann admits she's daring. "I had to be when we shot some of these pictures," she says. "That big, powerful horse tried to kidnap me! We jumped a few fences. But I respect power. That's a definite turn-on for me. Take guys, for instance. Those who tend to sit around will just sit around when they're with you. Athletic guys tend to be athletic with you. I like that. I like to be seduced — but only by a man who knows how to do it with finesse." Pet hate? Narrow-minded people. The ultimate turn-on? Hey, power, of course!

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVE JORDANO / ILLUSTRATION BY BILL RIESER

THE LITTLE BLUE PILL

Pop one and get the feeling.

Fiction
by **MICHAEL LUBOW**

MY TWO ASSISTANTS and I had just returned from a three-hour lunch at Riccardo's, celebrating the wrap-up of a big, new ad campaign that we had designed and produced under a crunching schedule. The legendary Dr D.L. Henry, our agency's biggest client, was waiting for us when we got back.

We found him in the large conference room, the one we called the cathedral. He was at the head of the table and, as we entered the room, he looked us over intently. I could tell he was about to drop something major on us.

We pulled out chairs and sat. I was closest to Doc Henry, on his right. Barbara settled into a chair across from Doc where I could see her. Nice view. If she weren't such a good art director, she probably could have made it big as a model. Blonde hair, long and loose. Big, green eyes. High cheekbones, great lips.

Next to Barbara sat Richard. Richard looks like a youngish headmaster at a boys' school in old England. He's our walking data bank, copy editor and producer.

The three of us make an unbeatable combination. I'm the ideas man and group leader. Barbara's the artist. Richard checks all facts, keeps us on track and gets the stuff produced. And Doc Henry is the overbearing hero of big business who controls the largest ad budget in the country. He began to talk.

"What I have here is the stuff of memories."

He smiled and opened his hand. Nestled in his palm was a small blue pill with a tiny number embossed on its smooth surface. "And I mean that literally."

Doc leaned forward, his face well over the shiny black-marble conference table, making a perfect upside-down reflec-

tion. I looked at the two Doc Henrys, one smiling at me, one underneath frowning.

He suddenly fired a strange question at me.

"Les, remember how it felt to play in a Grand Final? To kick the winning goal and walk off the field with millions of fans screaming your name? Of course not. You never played in a Grand Final. But what if you *could* remember how it felt to boot home those winning points? To remember the smell of your good old locker room, the liniment and sweat?"

He sat back, grinning. Then he held out that little blue pill. With his other hand he pinched it between his thumb and a stubby forefinger, picked it up and moved it in a slow half circle toward us. Then he popped it into his mouth and swallowed.

This is high drama in the ad business, friends.

"My company's neuroendocrinology people have been developing pills for some time now that can give you the *memory* of a particular experience. Not an illusory experience — we're not talking about a psychedelic or narcotic here. What it simply does is give you someone else's memory. A memory you'd *pay* to have.

"Take that footy example. We got a top fullback to lie back and remember his biggest moment. Paid him almost as much that day as he makes all year. But it was worth it. Our lab guys wired him up real good. Even tapped into his spinal fluids. And when his memory was going stong, our computers got its formula. It's just a chemical. Hell, we can make it by the barrel. And that was just the start."

From his pocket, he tossed another little blue pill on to the table. It bounced and spun and settled there on the glossy marble surface. Below it was a sharp, clear-blue reflection of itself. We all stared at it.

"We've got 25 memories in production right now. We'll have 100 by next year. Good memories: exotic cities, mountain-tops, jungles, space flights. We've got love memories and sex memories. We've got all kinds of sports memories: cricket, golf, football, tennis, you name it. The product's perfect. You three are the best creative team this agency's got. Dream up a way to sell this stuff."

•

One thing every ad person knows is that in order to find the magic selling idea that's waiting to be discovered in every new product, you have to test the product yourself.

The next morning, Barbara and Richard were in my office. On my desk were 20 envelopes. Each one contained a single little blue pill. On the outside of every envelope there was a label with a memory description, numbered to match the number on the pill inside.

"Well, guys," I said, "let's pick a memory and see how this idea of Doc's really works."

Richard reached for a sex experience with the French movie star Tasha Trieste. Barbara, always full of surprises, decided to take the football player's memory. I selected "Four-Day Holiday In Venice".

We tossed our pills back, swallowed and looked at one another. I said "We can break now. Let's work separately for a while. Then we'll get back together and go over some ideas."

They left without a word.

Alone in my office, I didn't feel like working. I spun my big chair around so I could look out the window. I put my feet up on the ledge and sat back. Nothing yet.

I began to daydream. The idea of holidays got me thinking about my last great trip. What a place that had been.

The buildings were weathered from a thousand years of sea mist and looked all the more beautiful for it. You travelled on narrow, stone walkways or moody green canals.

I remembered searching through endless back alleys for Marco Polo's house. I went

I've got to explain how I felt about Barbara. It's simple. I thought she was the most beautiful woman on Earth. She was a walking ice cream sundae.

under stained arches and through dark courtyards and finally, as it was getting dark, I found it.

But my sense of accomplishment soon faded. I realised I was totally lost. I tried to find my way back to the one spot I knew, the Rialto Bridge, but those twisting alleyways were a maze. The more I walked, the more lost I got.

I shivered remembering that feeling. I shivered more when I realised I'd never been to any place like that.

The pill, of course. I put my feet down and swung my chair around. The hair on the back of my neck was standing up. I hadn't felt this uneasy since that time I got lost in Venice.

A knock at my door snapped me back to reality. Barbara walked in, obviously in high spirits.

"Les, I can't believe it. I can remember everything. What a game. I could kick the ball miles. I was beautiful!" She got a mischievous look in her green eyes.

Now, I've got to explain how I felt about Barbara. It's simple. I thought she was the most beautiful woman on Earth. She was a walking ice cream sundae.

So what if I was married to a woman whose jealousy is only exceeded by her hot temper. So what if my wife's father and her two enormous brothers hang out with blue-jawed gentlemen who occasionally take unlucky associates of theirs for one-way rides in cars known for their boot size. So what? So plenty!

Again, I felt the hairs on my neck bristle. Better be careful. Keep it strictly business between me and Barbara. But that smile was getting hard to ignore.

"Les, I remember taking a shower with the guys on the team." She looked straight at me. "It was *fabulous*."

"Barbara, don't you like being a girl? You're so good at it."

She turned to leave my office and, with a tilt of her head, said over her shoulder, "Hey, I don't want to be a bloke. I just liked showering with them. You know?"

And she was gone. There I was, standing in my office, extremely turned on by Barbara. And my father-in-law and my brothers-in-law hate me as it is. My wife's not too wild about me either, come to think of it. And she loves revenge more than she loves anything.

Better just concentrate on getting the ads done.

•

The meeting we had later that day began slowly. Barbara's thoughts were still on the shower no doubt and Richard was not entirely with me, either. He was quiet about it, but I was pretty sure *his* thoughts were on Tasha Trieste. Tasha, bless her, was only 19 years old. Who could blame him for finding it hard to concentrate?

But we had to get the ads done, so I forged ahead.

I started by suggesting a possible name for the product.

"Let's not get gimmicky. The product is too good. Maybe all we need to do is just say what it is: a pill that gives you memories. Should the name have the word memories in it?"

They shrugged.

I went on. "Should it have the word pill in it?"

I knew that would bring Richard back to reality.

"No," he said. "Pill sounds like medicine."

I said, "So we wouldn't want to call it The Memory Pill would we?'

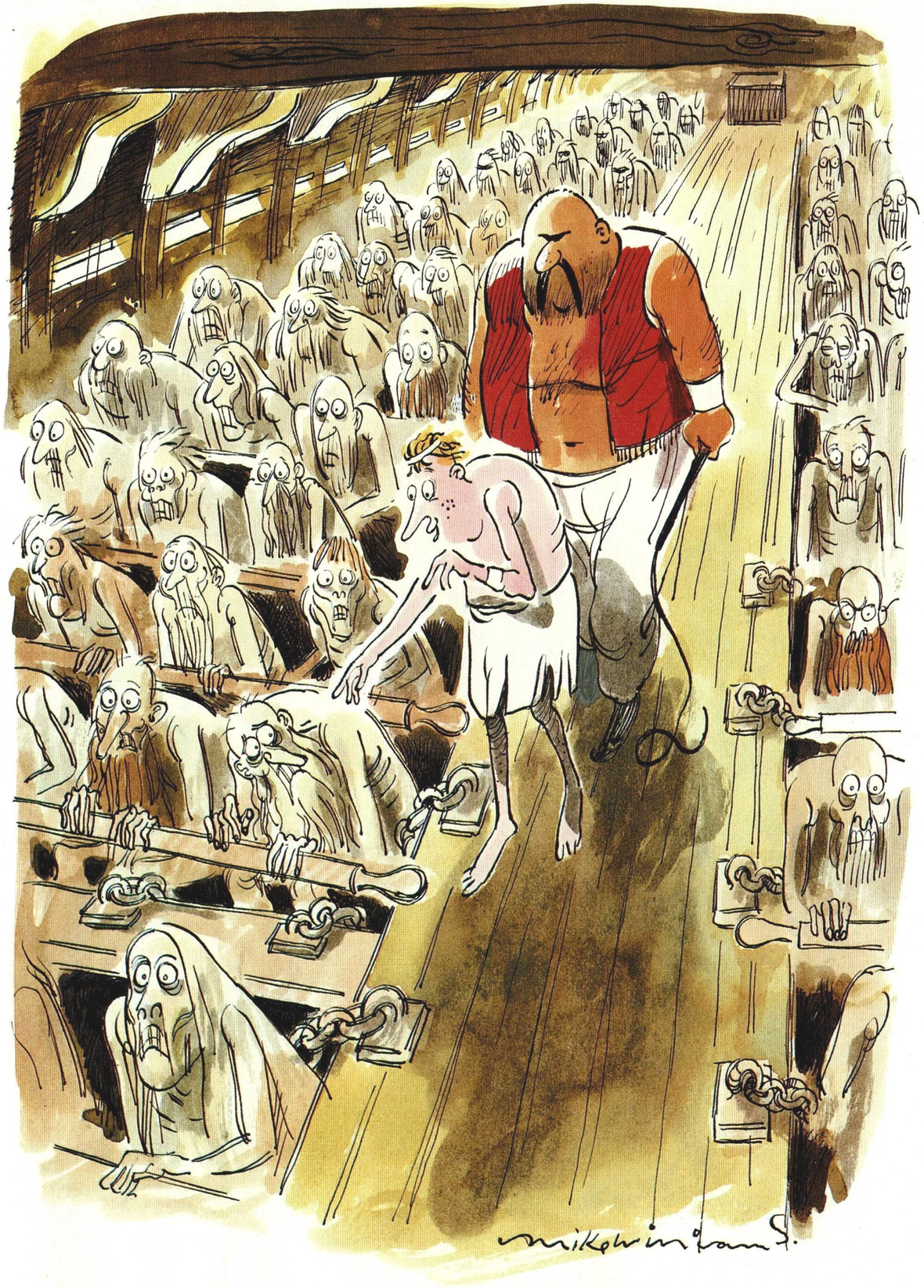
"That sounds like you take it if you've got trouble remembering things," Barbara said. "Know what I mean?"

She was right, of course, and Richard and I agreed.

We went around on the name issue for a while. Barbara thought we should just call it Memories, a one-word name she said would look good on the package.

She had a sketch pad on her lap, and she roughed it out for us with her marker. It was a nice design, but I felt we were missing something. Something was nagging at the back of my mind, something I'd seen that would help me find the perfect way to

(continued on page 78)



"Excuse me, is this smoking or non-smoking?"

OFF-ROAD RACER

They used to get their highs on pot in Griffith. These days it's four-wheel-drive speed.

THINK OF Griffith, NSW, and what are you reminded of? The Nugan Hand bank? Acres of "New Zealand tomato plants"? Robert Trimbole and other missing persons? If you answered any of these you are nothing more than a victim of

Motoring by **ROB LUCK**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROB LUCK

the sensationalist daily press. There is a lot more to this bustling Calabria Down Under than drug syndicates, "contract swimming" and Spot-the-Aussie, the shire sport the locals love to play in the main street.

No, there is legitimate agriculture, tourism, transport, and rural trade and distribution. And there is Les Siviour. Les Siviour is a rice farmer. This is not your traditional Asian-style, lampshade-on-the-head, crouching-in-the-paddy-field type of rice farming, but more your modern, mechanised approach to producing the long, white grain. Siviour and his dad run a sizeable underwater plot which would translate to about 1000 coolie-power in the old farming language.

But even though Siviour and his dad do a tidy trade in oriental constipation grain, he is locally known for something entirely different. Notorious would be a better word — locally notorious. You see, Siviour's other stock-in-trade is off-road racing.

Before you start asking "What the hell is. . . ", let me say that not all that many people know much about off-road racing. Part of the reason is that the sport is run exactly where its name indicates. Since there isn't all that much "off-road" area to be found just around the corner from Main Street, Metropolis, off-road racing is located far away from population centres.

The concept of the sport also verges on the bizarre. Basically, organisers go out and find a piece of virtually impassable terrain. The ideal terrain is as rough and rocky as you could imagine and is liberally scattered with creekbeds, ravines, washaways, blind crests, etc. The course is carefully laid out to incorporate as many obstacles as possible, and an ideal situation involves forests of unbending trees, invisible tree stumps, grass-covered boulders, sudden-death drop-offs, screes of corrugations, trench-deep potholes. . . not to mention the unexpected, the unpredictable and the downright suicidal.

It is virtually mandatory to locate the course in an area known for generating the maximum amount of dust so that course average speeds in excess of 100km/h can be achieved while flying totally blind in the choking camouflage of another competitor's smokescreen.

As an alternative to this approach, some organisers locate a course which is generally underwater or in a guaranteed rainfall belt so the whole exercise can be enacted in slimy, treacherous mud.

These days it seems to be pretty much essential for most courses to incorporate ski ramps. This ensures the competing vehicles get a little airtime along the way. Take-offs can be spectacular, but it is the landings that are worth watching. For while ski jumps are generally designed with a purpose-built touchdown zone, off-road ramps have built-in "eliminators". Some ramps feature unexpected turns in the landing zone, making for an extremely difficult manoeuvre

When it comes to performance, Les Siviour's machine towers over the competition.

The driver's office is built for business, not looks.

known as the mid-flight direction change. Others have holes, ditches, more ramps, etc. Some machines break up on impact, others penetrate the scenery. A few perform artistic gymnastics. Terminally.

Not surprisingly, off-road racing produces instant gutwrench for the greenie groups. Off-road racers know this well, so they opt for courses over private (farm) property. There dust and mud protect them from their natural predators. That and the fact the greenies can't drive well enough to access most of the spots on the off-road racing maps.

The ideal machine for winning one of these races would be something like a turbine hovercraft with the ground clearance of a tractor. These are pretty thin on the ground, so the dirtbusters have developed their own ideal. Since the idea is to get the weight down to the minimum and the speed up to the maximum, the perfect gadget is a "buggy".

If you've seen *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome* you know what a desert buggy looks like: basically, it's a cigar-shaped tube that two lobotomised occupants can squeeze into, with outrigger wheels to get as much suspension travel as possible. A souped-up engine is hung off the bum, and the whole thing is encased in a massive network of tubes, so when the thing falls over (which it does regularly), it just sort of barrels back on to its little legs again. Some competitors actually get a buzz out of this kind of thing and have developed appropriate jargon such as "triple endo" (rolling end-over-end three times), "tumble-wash" (rolling sideways in the mud) and the like.

This may sound dangerous, but it's mostly survivable (disappointing for the greenies). Even so, it takes a particular kind of individual to even want to participate.

To an outsider the ideal competitor would appear to be a millionaire who owns a car dealership, spare parts, engine, suspension and panel-beating firm, has recently undergone cerebral evacuation surgery, has a live-in chiropractor and a death-wish.

This is not the start and finish of the off-road racing lunacy. Bad enough that some moto fruit loops get their jollies in purpose-built off-road race cars, but there is a whole other genre of crazies who do this thing in production off-road machines — you know, the sort of device normal people buy for exploring the outback at crawling speeds and tooling up to the hobby farm and back at weekends. That sort of thing. But these crazies use this sort of machine to try to keep up with the auto space cadets in the buggies.

Which brings us back to Les Siviour, knockabout Aussie, bona fide earthenware farm-boy and off-road kamikaze pilot.

Spurning the motorised hornets as an off-road racing conveyance, Siviour settled on a 4WD rice burner (Japanese off-roader)

It is virtually mandatory to locate the course in an area known for generating the maximum amount of dust. . .

called a Nissan Patrol SWB (short wheelbase). The Nissan Patrol is a good-oh sort of off-road machine. In the serious off-roaders scale it rates about an eight/nine and is capable of going most negotiable places. But it requires special modifications to get up to off-road racing speeds.

Since it runs in the Production Class (Class 7) these mods are heavily restricted. Essentially the suspension springs and shockers can be changed (but not from original layout) and the engine can be hyperventilated by improving fuel delivery (cleaner flow, bigger carburettor, etc).

The engine mods lift the power output to about 110 bhp, which is no big deal in a big heavy 4WD sedan, but the real trick is in the suspension.

The Nissan Patrol is fitted with a thing called the Ultimate Suspension System. You'd better believe it. This consists of a set of Australian designed and proven high-lift, heavy-duty springs and shock absorbers. The product of an off-road techno-wizz, Ken O'Keefe of 4WD Equipment, a specialist off-road firm located at Minto in the epicentre of Sydney's off-road activity, this suspension was designed, torture-tested and proven by Australians for Australia which is now recognised as the toughest automotive proving ground in the world. The Ultimate Suspension Systems are so good that they are now considered *de rigueur* for all serious off-road racers in Australia, Japan, Europe, a growing band of winners in the US, and many other countries.

Not surprisingly, Fred Average has also figured out that a suspension system which offers about twice the travel and many times the load capacity and shock resistance of the standard factory system is also super-good for general off-road use. Which is why thousands of ordinary 4WD enthusiasts now beat a rocky path to O'Keefe's door.

And that's just as well because he needs the money to pay for the racing bills he runs up sponsoring his lunatic adoptive son, Siviour.

Like most sports these days, off-road racing is about money and winning. Success in racing means big wins on the showroom and workshop floor. Which is why people like Nissan (motor manufacturer) and 4WD Equipment (off-road accessories, suspension and race support) back people like Siviour. And his balls are on the line in more ways than one — and it's a toss-up which is most dangerous: the race course or facing the team manager who has just spent $10,000 to win nothing.

Siviour should worry. In the past two years he has completely dominated off-road racing in the Ultimate Suspension Nissan Patrol. The scorecard reads Double Australian Champion (Class 7) but does not reveal the full story. Siviour's colorful machine towers over most other competitors physically and performance-wise and usually comes home ahead of outright racing machines with unlimited horsepower on tap, ultra-lightweight bodies and bizarre suspension systems.

One competitor who tasted the Siviour brand of forceful driving was visiting American Rod Hall. His mega-modified Yankee Baja desert-buster stacks up against Siviour's Patrol at about the same level as an F111 against a Cessna trainer. Yet during a much-publicised demonstration tour of Australia, Hall found the eager Aussie knocking on his back door. Literally, that is — Siviour's Patrol came zooming through the blinding dust at one meeting to hammer his Rallyspeed bullbar against the Yankee's arse-end. The message was clear — move on, or move over. The Yank got the message.

With a rugged season of competition including the Wynns safari behind them, Siviour and mentor O'Keefe were crazy enough to let me loose in the race car for a test and photo session.

Siviour is a particularly rewarding operator for any cameraman as he knows only two speeds — flat out and out of control.

He loves to get air, and he isn't too fussy about his flight path. He figures he gets a better view of a corner by looking out the side windows, so he hits most of 'em sideways. Bumps, dips, troughs, trenches,

culverts, potholes and ditches are regarded as figments of the imagination.

Siviour's theory is to give it plenty and you might float right on over. Despite all this he rarely breaks machinery and almost never leaves the road. There was a notable exception when a 30cm thick tree leaped out of a dust-cloud, but Siviour just turned on a piece of steering lock and sliced the thing off near the base with the alloy Rally-speed bullbar. Spectators standing 30 metres away had to run for their lives to avoid being mown down by the rice-farmer's automotive caber-toss.

Siviour tried his best to destroy the thing during our photo session, then came in and handed it over. His briefing was short and unconventional: "Give it shit. It thrives on it."

I had a quick check around first. The car sits up high on its Ultimate legs so you can see all the under-gizzards.

The front end is the tricky bit. Hiding under the skirts is a veritable festoon of orange shock absorbers — two each side. Stamped "de Carbon", they are the state of the art in bump-busting devices — filled with heat-beating gas and hi-tech valving. The rating is designed by Australian specialists at 4WD Equipment, and the truculent French (who invented and manufactured the shock absorbers) now admit they are the best in the world. In fact Oz-spec de Carbon dampers are exported all over the world and used by the international race teams. This 4WD needs two per front corner to beat the bumps.

The front axle and differential also have a massive steel reinforcing structure welded underneath. This is designed to make it Siviour-proof on the big jumps. Generally it works, but in one of our photo sessions, Siviour touched the big mother down from astral altitudes and snapped the business end of the axle right off. The result was a wheel that lay down dead in the wheel arch and a tab for about four grand for parts. All in a day's low flying.

The driver's office is built for business, not looks. The standard interior has a set of the tricky Recaro full-supporting sports seats screwed in for driver and navigator. Full harness seatbelts are hung on to a massive Rallyspeed alloy rollcage designed to keep the occupants' specifications intact, should the machine fall on its head. The rollcage hoop sweeps up over the seats and there is a huge alloy mesh nailed to it. This is a cargo barrier designed to stop the heavy hardware that's stowed in the back from leaping into the front and mashing the fearless pilots. For normal racing, there are a couple of monstrous race tyres strapped in the rear deck in case of flats. But this machine also ran the Wynns Safari (5000km of hell-on-earth in nine days) and carried a lot of other gear that could smart if it hit an occupant.

In front of the co-pilot seat, there is another device used only in the Wynns — a computerised navigation system. For normal off-road events, the co-pilot uses a voice-activated microphone built into the crash helmets to shout things like left, right, shit and ohmygodmarymuthaofjesus-lemmeoutta. . .

Since no one particularly wanted the pleasure of a tour in the death seat alongside me, I was spared the abuse and left full opportunity to concentrate on the job. . .

Though road-registered and street-legal, the racer sounds throaty and purposeful when it is tweaked into life. Although a full 4WD machine, it is generally raced in 2WD (wet conditions excepted) to minimise drivetrain destruction. So it feels much like a normal car to drive — light steering, nice, clean turn-in, fairly smooth style.

All this changes when you turn on the power taps and let the monsters out of their underbonnet cages. Suddenly it becomes two tonnes of pure aggro. . . accelerating to the max in every gear slot will get the machine well up over 140km/h in fourth gear. On rough-as-guts, chopped and pitted, bare-paddock surfaces even! In fifth, given a wind-up, 170km/h is possible.

Give it plenty and you might just float.

At these crazy speeds the machine does a fair imitation of a jet-propelled bucking bronco. It is frequently well clear of the ground — sometimes feet clear, sometimes all four wheels. It ain't fussy how it takes off or lands, but you better be careful how you point it because a crooked touchdown will give you a short inverted fight and a pretty unpredictable landing.

Cornering technique is something else again. The machine is fitted with what the trade knows in buzz-talk as a "diff" or a "locker". This gadget locks the drive to the rear wheels to give forceful forward traction when the power is applied by dealing out shove to whichever wheel can get the most grip. A side-effect is that when you lift off the power, the monster wants to go completely sideways.

This might be pretty daunting for the average individual steaming down a narrow gravel track at 160 klicks with a right-angle turn just in front of a creekbed or a sheer drop-off or a cliff-face or a dirty big post-and-rail fence. But to the off-road racer this is his stock-in-trade.

The idea is to go flat out down the straight bits, and wait until the last possible moment to back off for the turns. If you start to turn at the same time as you lift the throttle, the whole machine will suddenly leap sideways. If you turn the tiller into the direction of the slide, wait a millisecond or two and then jump back on the throttle, you can just drive sideways right up to and around the corner.

The trick, of course, is the right number of milliseconds on and off the throttle. Do it wrong, and you get a choice of which way you knock down the local scenery. Basically, too little lift-off can give you a full frontal attack, and too much lift-off generates a high-speed rear-entry. Of course there are a few other components involved, such as wheel skill, balls, sense-of-timing, balls, knowledge of terrain, balls, and balls.

Fact is, the Nissan is just bloody brilliant. You can hang the big mongrel out sideways, then freeze it there, balancing tiller against throttle, for tight, fast cornering. A big advantage is that anyone in the vicinity gets rubbed out, and the exercise spreads a magnificent smokescreen curtain to make it as difficult as possible for pursuers.

The truly amazing thing about this machine is its suspension. You see huge gaping chasms in the track, you squint your eyes and cringe in your seat, you hear the awful impact. . . but the machine just raps right on over the top. No vicious spine-smashing impact, no fearful leap off the road, no loss of control.

The proof lies in the condition of the machine itself. A well-accepted race equation states that 1000km of racing is worth 100,000km of tough off-roading. Siviour's machine has done thousands of klicks of spare-it-nothing racing, yet never broken the suspension. And the body is tight like a showroom-new machine — no rattles, no clanks, no squeaks.

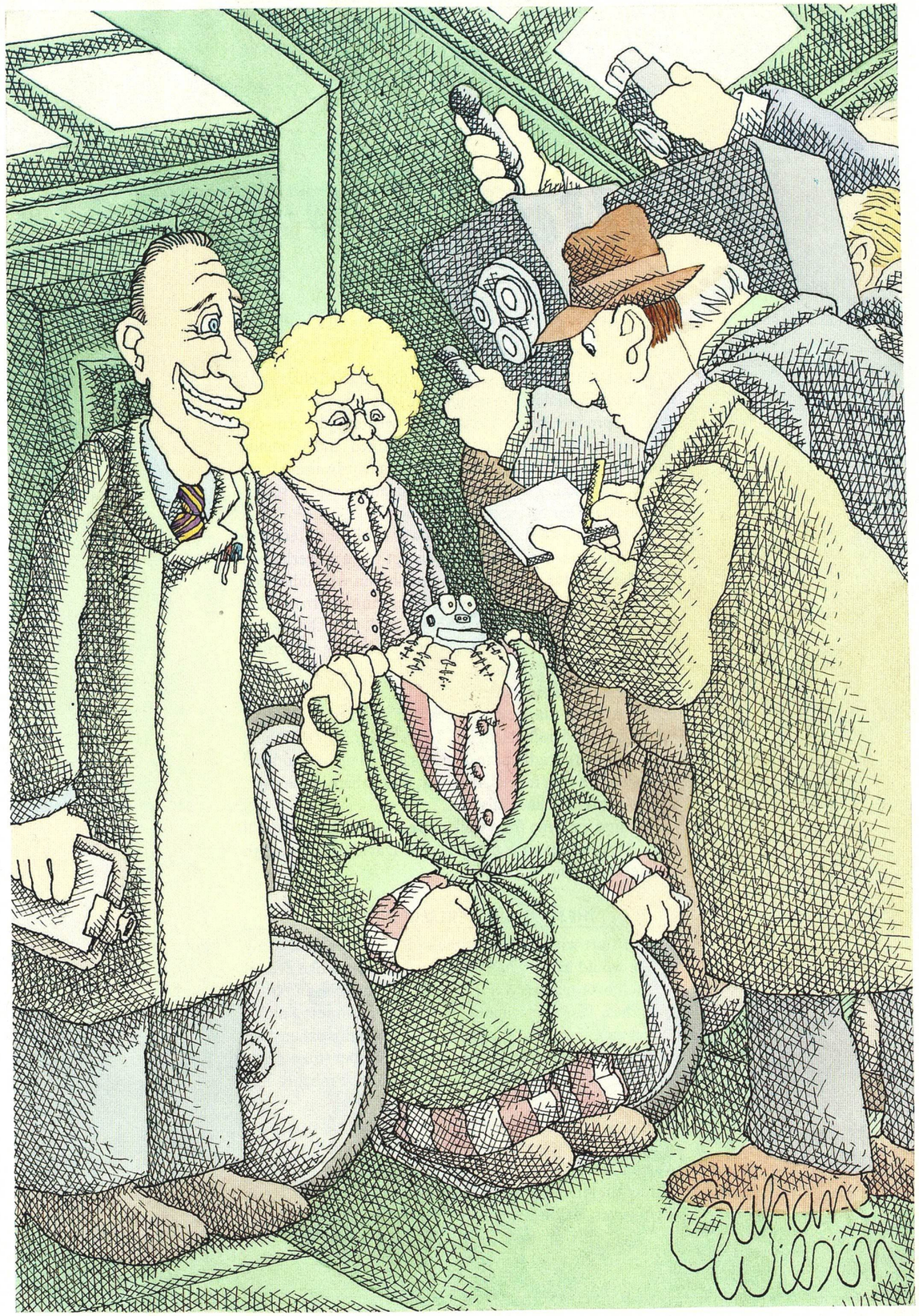
With no protection from springs and shocks, even a tough, flexible chassis like the Nissan's would be reduced to a bucket of bolts with this kind of pounding.

Siviour certainly does his best, but the machine takes the worst. Now, after two years in control of the off-road championship, this Patrol is to be grassed to make way for a new Nissan-backed fleet of the latest Navaras and Patrols, which are set to do battle with a whole spread of classes in the Australian Off-Road Racing Championship.

Siviour thought the old girl deserved a send-off, so he gave her one, in front of a packed park at the Outdoor Expo, Oran Park Raceway, Sydney.

He trundled the old kid over to the 1 in 3 test hill, a facing-the-sky near-vertical climb normally tackled at dribbling pace in low-range first gear. Siviour just kicked her in the guts at the bottom and pulled a giant wheelie over the top. All hell broke loose as this is not the done thing. But for Siviour, it was the only way to bow the old lady out. . .

Rice one, Les. . .



"Mr Ferguson would be delighted to tell you how happy he is with the mechanical head we've given him, only its little jaw is stuck."

Birds do it, bees do it. . . in fact, the whole animal kingdom is at it.

Animal Lovers

I REMEMBER THE DAY well. We had reached chapter 15 in our biology textbooks; it was headed "Sexual Reproduction". A class of sweating 12-year-old schoolboys huddled in the cramped and aromatic confines of the Science Block, eagerly awaiting their formal initiation into the arcane and steamy world of sex.

Instead we learned about rabbits.

It was a great disappointment. I was totally indifferent to the sexual behavior of animals (except when it overlapped with the activities of the sexy Swedish nun who inhabited the pages of the pornographic literature a friend had discovered in his father's tool shed). Back then the mating habits of bunnies seemed about as exciting as cross-pollination in an hibiscus.

These days I know better.

The animal kingdom is a world of primitive lusts, perversions and bestial longing. I have discovered that there are some pretty frightening deviants locked up in your local zoo: there are frog rapists, deer that masturbate in the park, and bi-sexual roman snails.

So come with me for a walk on the wild side, and you'll learn a few things your mother — or David Attenborough — never told you.

THE SECRET LIFE OF KERMIT THE FROG

Let's start with the last of the red hot lovers. Not many people would know what a sage grouse looked like even if they fell over one, so you'd probably be surprised to learn that it has, on average, about 100 sexual encounters a night. ("Beat me by one!" I hear you cry.) Despite this exhausting routine it seems to suffer no ill effects other than being shot at occasionally by the Royal Family. Probably just jealousy.

But this promiscuous bird is positively saintly compared to certain members of the insect world. The cockroach, for example, knows no less than 35,000 mating positions. (Under the sink, next to the U-bend, in the sugar jar. . .)

However, to find the benchmark of sheer, unshackled

Humor by **COLIN BOWLES**

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

lust, we have to fight our way through the bulrushes to the local pond. A toad may not be your idea of a good time, but when these little amphibians get together they sure know how to party. During the mating season hundreds of them gather in a selected ditch or pond for a mass orgy.

Unfortunately males often outnumber females by about five to one and fights break out in the battle to procure an available and attractive lady toad. Sometimes the situation can get completely out of hand and females occasionally drown under the weight of all the horny males clambering on top of them, an event rarely seen outside Sydney's Manly Baths on Christmas Eve.

If a male toad cannot find a female it will literally jump on anything else that moves — whether it's a mouse, tennis ball or another male toad. Owners of ornamental garden ponds have even been known to find their pet goldfish in the process of being carnally abused by one of these sex-crazed amphibians.

The frog behaves in much the same way. He even grows horny pads on his thumbs during the breeding season which he uses to help him get a firmer grip on the slippery female during mating. Once mounted he discourages other males who try to jump on with him by croaking and thrusting at them with his hind legs. (A performance you will sometimes see repeated at late night drive-ins.)

So perhaps being a frog could be better than being a handsome prince after all. But Kermit will never seem the same again. And I always thought Miss Piggy was the aggressive one.

HORNY DEER

I have some more bad news. The male deer, that supreme monarch of glen and dale, is a self-abuser. Quite shamelessly, he can bring himself to climax by rubbing his newly formed antlers against a tree or bush. So while walking through the forest, remember to look where you tread.

And while you're keeping an eye out for that deviant ruminant you'd better also watch out for the wild rabbit, whose favorite courting technique is to leap in the air and spray his partner with urine.

ROMAN ORGY

But our Grub Of The Month award must surely go to the roman snail. This slimy little gasteropod has both male and female sexual organs and when mating, two snails will frequently impregnate each other.

If you peer through the lettuce at one of these little devils in its carnal encounters, you will see one snail pierce the skin of the other with something called a spiculum amoras, or a love stick. Groaning with agony and ecstasy, the other strikes back with *his* love stick and before you know where you are you have a blue movie on your hands.

Not satisfied with this there is one species of snail that gets into group gropes in a big way and mates in bunches of six or more in a daisy chain.

And even if it leaves the disco on its own, this sexually resolute little creature can, as a last resort, screw itself. Better check the garden right now.

WHITE HONKIES

But now for the good news. You'll be pleased to hear that not all God's lowly little creatures behave in such a degenerate fashion. The goose, for example, is an inordinately faithful bird and will stick with its mate for life, sometimes for as long as 50 years, and on its partner's death is virtually inconsolable.

It will go looking for its dead partner day and night for weeks on end before finally sinking into a long depression. A bereaved goose will reject all other suitors, although he may sometimes settle down into a nest with another similarly bereaved male. There they will live out the rest of their lives, a couple of middle-aged poove geese.

Quite shamelessly, the male deer can bring himself to climax by rubbing his newly formed antlers against a tree or bush.

The mouse is similarly monogamous. She will mate with only one male and has a built-in device for protecting the family hybrid. Should she be raped by a passing Mickey while in the course of her day's foraging for cheese, she will automatically abort within four days of the violation.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION THAT EATS ROSES

Within the animal kingdom there exists the whole gamut of sexual behavior, and while some creatures carry on like rock stars, some are positively Victorian in their approach to propagation.

You will probably not be surprised to learn that the hedgehog is more timorous than most. Foreplay can last several hours, with the female spending most of the time grunting and backing away. It was once thought that they mated face to face, in order to avoid the unromantic effect of getting a sharp quill plunged into the genitals, but this is not true.

The female has to arch her back, spread her hind legs and flatten her quills before the performance can begin, and naturally it does not last long. After a couple of minutes the male — probably exhausted from the long process of seduction — gets up, promises to call, and leaves. They never meet again.

This love-'em-and-leave-'em philosophy is not for the albatross. The female will extend her courtship over a period of years before finally settling down with a partner. Although she may date many other albatrosses, she will not go back for coffee with any of them until she has finally settled on a partner.

Despite having eight arms, the octopus is not a compulsive groper. In fact, he has achieved a sort of finesse to his amorous encounters rarely seen anywhere outside Sydney's leading singles bars. During mating he removes a cartridge of semen from himself with one of his tentacles and demurely places it in the female, as if passing a cup of tea to the vicar.

But the Fred Nile gong for wholesome living goes to the greenfly. This little insect is capable of producing nine young in a day purely by her own efforts, without any help from the male of the species. In fact, many of the greenfly in your garden are Immaculate Conceptions.

Think of that the next time you spray your rosebushes.

THE HEAT IS ON

The animal world bears a startling resemblance to the human one in the unfathomable vagaries of sexual attraction. Take the ruff for example. The ruff is a species of sandpiper; the male has a distinctive plumage around the throat, hence the name.

During courting the males gather in one spot and go through some ritual, fairly harmless combat with their beaks. (The human equivalent of a bull session.) Fighting stops when a reeve (female ruff) approaches.

The males all lie down, spread out their ruffs, and wait. The female cruises the group and picks one of the males for mating by pecking him on the neck.

But this does not exclude him from further action. As with humans some ruffs do better than others, and sometimes reeves form queues for the stud services of one ruff and ignore all the others (who presumably stand around the keg and discuss the football).

Bitch dogs show a similar attitude. One bitch may show a particular preference for one dog from a variety of possible partners, although she may choose one as a companion, and another as a sexual mate.

This strange display of preference even extends to the lower orders of life, if the Queensland National Party will excuse the expression.

What I refer to here is crabs. Fiddler crabs, to be precise. In a colony of fiddler crabs, whenever certain females run across the sand they will catch the attention of all the other males in the colony, even if they are mating with another female.

So even if you're a crab, you've either got it, or you ain't.

(continued on page 110)

ADVENTUROUS ANNA

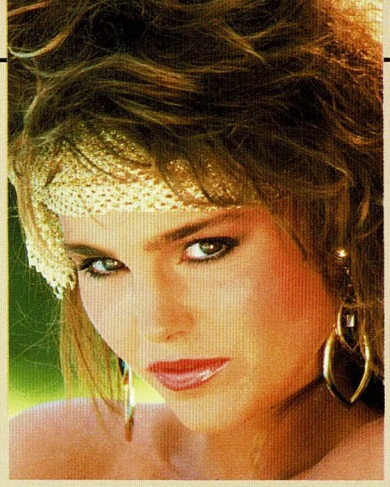
On the move with Anna Clark, the travel agent's best friend.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KERRY MORRIS AND STEVE WAYDA

Anna Clark loves adventure. Even as a young schoolkid she was full of spunk. She was booted out of three Catholic boarding schools (once for smoking in the bathroom, once for wearing the wrong socks, and finally for going AWOL while frantic nuns searched for her). When she was just 19 she took off alone to Europe for a two-month trip. "But I got very lonely there," admits Anna. "Without anyone I knew around, I seemed to lose my sense of identity. I ended up coming home earlier than I had planned." Now an older and wiser 20, Anna is on the move again. Australia one minute, India and Turkey the next. "The last thing I want is a firm itinerary," she tells us. "I learned a lot last time but this trip I'll have my young brother with me, which will make a big difference."

While Anna occasionally dates, right now she's happily non-involved with any particular man. "I like a guy who isn't clingy, but who also isn't too independent," she says. Anna is a practical miss who feels quite at home visiting clubs and bars alone. Sometimes she dances by herself, other times she'll be joined on the floor by different men. "Some of them I like," says Anna. "Some are a little bit too far out, but they're easy to avoid. I don't mind dancing by myself and just being part of the scene." And the future? "I never want to be an actress!" she exclaims. "I'd much rather be in business or be a clothes buyer for a department store. I'm even using my Playmate money to invest in stocks. I wanted to appear in Playboy just for the experience. I consider this another one of my adventures."

MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Anna Clark



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Anna Clare

BUST: 32"D WAIST: 23" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5'1" WEIGHT: 98 lbs

BIRTH DATE: 19·10·66

AMBITIONS: I want to own my own business involving fashion and travel.

TURN-ONS: Traveling, men who know how to dance + flirt well, being challenged.

TURN-OFFS: Stupid questions, being taken for granted or underestimated

FAVORITE BOOKS: The Little Prince, Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, all science fiction

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Kate Bush, Sting, Mr. Mister

FAVORITE SPORTS: DANCE!

IDEAL MAN: Knows how to dance and flirt and keeps a few things secret.

SECRET FANTASY: To one day write a book.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The townspeople stood in despair as the fire that had begun in a restaurant threatened to burn down the entire shopping district. Just then, a truck filled with shearers came speeding down a hill toward the fire.

The crowd moved back and the truck drove into the flames. The men jumped out and beat at the fire with their coats, miraculously bringing it under control.

The mayor was so grateful for the men's heroism that he awarded each of them a plaque and a cheque for $1000. After the ceremony, a reporter from the local paper interviewed the driver and asked what he was planning to do with the money.

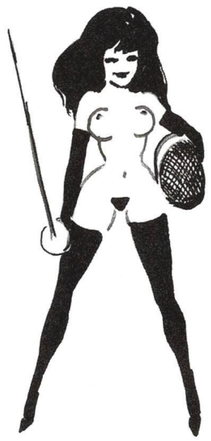
"Well, for a start," he replied, "I reckon I should get the bloody brakes fixed on that mother of a truck!"

The customer asked the chemist for a condom.

"I can give you a box of three," came the reply.

The man paid for the box, took one condom out and handed the remainder back to the pharmacist.

"I only want one," he explained. "I'm trying to quit."



One-upmanship was the name of the game at a recent Double Bay dinner party, and honesty was not necessary to win.

"Asia was by far my favorite destination," said one smartly dressed matron to the woman seated next to her, though she had never been out of Australia.

"Enigmatic and magical, beautiful beyond belief," she prattled. "And China, of course, is the pearl of the Asian oyster."

"What about the pagodas? Did you see them?" her tablemate inquired.

"Did I *see* them?" she gasped. "My dear, I had *dinner* with them!"

A sky diver and his instructor peered down at the fields below.

"There's nothing to worry about," the instructor said. "You jump, count to 50 and pull your ripcord. If that doesn't work, pull your reserve. There'll be a truck down there to pick you up."

The sky diver took a breath and plunged into the blue. After free-falling, he pulled his ripcord. Nothing. He pulled his reserve. A few cobwebs drifted out.

"Shit!" he said, shaking his head. "I bet that damned truck's not down there either."

The Sydney businessman checked into his Hong Kong hotel room, unpacked, showered and switched on the in-house video.

After watching a soft-porn movie for an hour he became pretty horny so he rang down to the front desk and asked for a girl to be sent to his room.

It was about 10 on a Saturday night and all the hotel's regular call-girls were busy. The clerk didn't want to disappoint the guest so he arranged for his sister, who worked as a waitress in the hotel's large Chinese restaurant, to go up to the guy's room.

"I haven't got much time," she announced as she bustled into his room.

"Oh, well," stammered the man, "how about a 69?"

"I'm not going to cook as well," came the tired waitress's retort.

Bill the milkman used to play around with some of his lady customers on his morning rounds.

One Wednesday at about 11 in the morning, he let himself in the back door of one woman's house, stripped off his pants in anticipation, and crept into her bedroom.

He was shocked to see the woman in bed with her husband who'd taken the day off work.

As the two men's eyes met, the quick-witted milkman put his hands on his hips and announced, "If you don't pay your milk bill, I'll piss all over you!"

The swimmer was ordered from the pool for pissing in the water.

"That's ridiculous!" the guilty lad told the pool manager. "Everyone does it, you know."

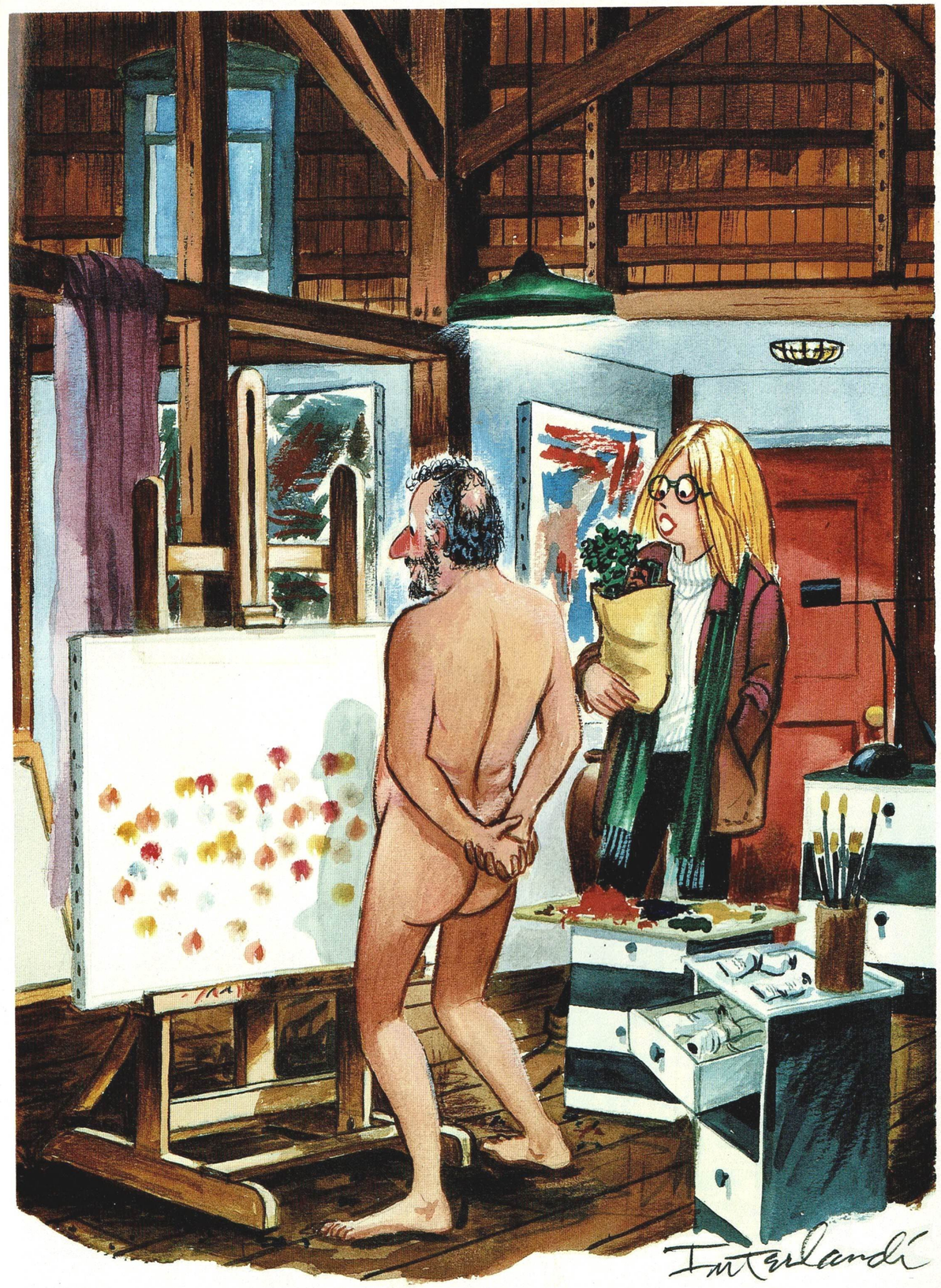
"That may be so," came the reply. "But usually not from the diving board!"

A gossip columnist reports hearing this exchange between two ageing rivals at the Academy Awards.

"You know, honey," the first boasted. "Lloyd's of London once insured my breasts for six million dollars."

"Really?" drawled the other. "What did you do with the money?"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



"Aside from it being a terrible waste of an erection, who'd want it?"

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT KENNEDY

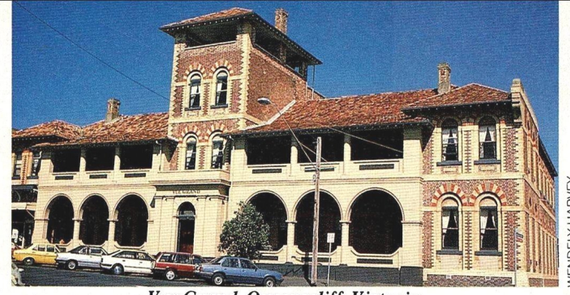
DESPERATELY SEEKING SECLUSION

Australian Playboy's Guide To The World's Best R&R.
Compiled by SUSAN KUROSAWA

While the Australian dollar continues to do its disappearing act, most of us are looking for the big value-for-money holiday bargains. And, yes, you can have seven days at Noosa for less than your weekly pay packet but, then, so can all your mates and their wives and their kids and, heck, even their cousins and in-laws. Just because it's cheap doesn't mean it's the sort of place you want to hang about on your precious R&R leave with the sort of people you were hoping to leave firmly behind. As with most things in life, it's a question of getting what you pay for when you travel. Leaving aside airfare deals, holiday packages and stopover specials, we've compiled an idiosyncratic guide to places where old-fashioned value has not been overlooked, where we're fairly sure you won't run into your next-door neighbor (and, hell, that's important if you happen to be with his wife) and where a generous serve of seclusion is virtually guaranteed. In other words, we're sending you away for a proper rest at hotels, guesthouses and resorts where the art of service is buoyantly alive and where you'll be pampered like a well-patted pet. Zip around Europe to 21 cities in 17 days or do a shoestring sortie to Bali if you must, but make sure you keep this article on one side. You're going to need to study it when you get back. Happy rest of your life!

WEEKENDS FOR TWO

Don't wait for your annual holidays to get stuck into some serious slothing. Australia offers a wealth of weekend hideaway retreats, many housed in lovely historic properties, where you can unwind, ramble around, engage in a dab of effortless recreation and eat indecently large amounts of good food. Strictly BYO (woman, that is). Throw in some fat books, her sexiest nightwear and your strongest vitamins. Here's a selection of Australia's best weekend escape venues: In Victoria, NARRABEEN (16 Steele Street, Cowes, Phillip Island 3922; tel 059-52 2062) is a cottagey guesthouse catering to just five couples. Wholesome food is served in the flower-filled garden in summer months; protected beaches are within easy access and the dusk parade of fairy penguins from sea to shore remains a must-see attraction. HOWQUA DALE GOURMET RETREAT (PO Box 144, Mansfield 3722; tel 057-77 3503) nestles some 200 kays from Melbourne in the thick of *The Man From Snowy River* country. As the name suggests, food is a serious business here. A maximum of 12 guests are treated to gourmet fare in a sylvan setting of willow-shaded river, baize-green pastures and rolling hills. There's a salinated swimming pool and horse-riding on demand. VUE GRAND (46 Hesse Street, Queenscliff 3255; tel 052-52 1544) is a lacy Victorian hotel just minutes from the



Vue Grand, Queenscliff, Victoria.

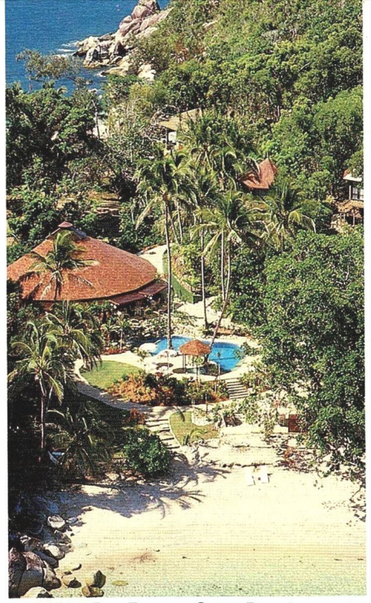
Wirrina, Clare Valley, South Australia.

WENDELY HARVEY

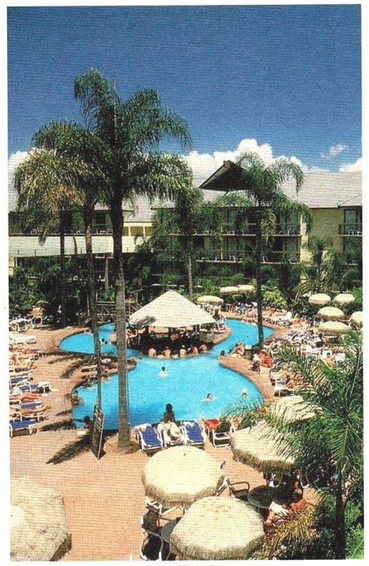
Attunga Park, Murwillumbah, NSW.

seaside at Queenscliff. There's an indoor pool and spa, big dining room with lofty ceilings and heavy furniture, and plenty of quiet nooks for serious relaxation. In Western Australia, head for **Rottnest Lodge Resort** (Rottnest Island 6161; tel 09-292 5018) which was built in 1881 as a boys' reformatory. All the deprivation that information may evoke has been swept away by spacious guestrooms, floodlit pool and new-wave food. A perfect base to breathe the scent of Rottnest Island pines, do a spot of snorkelling or scuba-diving or just flop on the white beach at nearby Geordi Bay. **Basildene Homestead** (Wallcliffe Road, Margaret River 6285; tel 097-57 2479) is a 75-year-old mansion built of local sandstone and polished jarrah. The interior is country colonial, even down to fuel-burning stoves, and the food runs to old-fashioned roasts, casseroles and pies. In South Australia, **Old Stanley Grammar School** (Commercial Road, Watervale 5452; tel 088-43 0013) features none of the spartan trappings the name may suggest although the old schoolboy graffiti in the dining room instantly reminds of the building's former life. These days four lucky couples can weekend it in style in the old dormitories. Wineries of the pretty Clare Valley are within easy access. **Wirrina Holiday Resort** (PO Box 63, Yankallila 5203; tel 085-59 4001) is on a larger scale than our other inclusions but deserves a guernsey for its idyllic setting on the Fleurieu Peninsula and its fine array of activities. Choose from golf on an 18-hole course, tennis on all-weather courts, a sauna or spa, a stint in the pool or solarium, hiking or horse-riding, fishing, and excursions to Kangaroo Island or nearby wine country. In New South Wales, you'll love **Peppers Guesthouse** (Ekerts Road, Pokolbin 2321; tel 049-98 7596) in the heart of the Hunter Valley. It's a colonial-style rural retreat featuring individually furnished guestrooms, delicious meals served in the formal dining room or on an airy, fern-packed verandah, a grass tennis court and heated salt-water pool, sauna and spa. Yes, there are roaring fires in winter for romancing and sipping good port. **Attunga Park** (Nobby's Creek via Murwillumbah 2484; tel 066-79 1455) sits on the New South Wales/Queensland border and accommodates eight guests in cosy homestead fashion. Attunga Park's within cooee of beaches, canefields, national parks, wildlife sanctuaries and the Gold Coast but most visitors choose to lounge by the solar-heated pool and roam around the farm. Food is a highlight here, and scrumptious hampers can be provided for private picnics. **Cleopatra** (Cleopatra Road, Blackheath 2785; tel 047-87 8456) is a prim Victorian-style retreat catering for five couples. The plump beds are definitely made for serious action and the fine food prepared by talented chef/owner Dany Chouet is equally seductive. At the height of summer, meals are served in the spreading gardens; the mountain air has the zing of freshly popped champagne and the tourist drawcards of the Blue Mountains are an easy drive away. Queensland's year-round tame climate and postcard-perfect beaches have resulted in a natural concentration of resorts-cum-retreats around the coastline and islands. For a luxury escape you won't find better than **Bedarra Bay Resort**

(continued on page 110)



Bedarra Bay Resort, Great Barrier Reef.



Settlers Resort, Surfers Paradise.

GET PACKING

The scene is Sydney airport. A traveller arrives at the check-in counter. He has three bags with him. He tells the clerk he wants one to go to Hong Kong, one to Dallas and one to Port Moresby. He is flying to Singapore.

The clerk carefully explains the airline cannot arrange to do this.

"Why not?" asks the passenger. "It's what you did with my baggage last time."

Although many frequent travellers swear this story is true, my guess is it's an urban myth. But baggage does get misdirected, mangled and ripped off in transit. Once it is loaded on to the conveyor belt at the check-in counter it moves into the twilight zone.

Some practical advice is in order. If you must use a suitcase and check it in, use my method (patent applied for) to guarantee it's not stolen. Buy an old, worn but serviceable, brown fake leather suitcase. Pack it with your worldly belongings and paste inside a large label with your name and address. Fasten the case and then lash it with a longish piece of frayed clothes-line. Now paint on the side with an unsteady hand: Mr Kushwant Singh, c/- SS Ugandan Palm, Freighter Services, Lagos.

Be sure to attach a discreet label showing your real name and address. Despatch to the destination of your choice and then cease worrying because, I promise you, it will get there with its contents untouched.

But what if you have baggage that you want stolen, for whatever peculiar reason (insurance fraud springs to mind)? Again the answer is simple: acquire either a real leather, designer-label suitcase or a brand-new, gleaming aluminium model. These are known by the *cognoscenti* as "steal me" cases. Label it with your address in Lausanne, Beverly Hills or Double Bay and send it via London's Heathrow Airport. Later you can collect your burgled, broken bauble.

These warnings are the result of bitter experience. If you travel frequently, you should know there are two distinct classes of luggage. The first kind are lightly constructed. They are a pleasure to carry. And they self destruct when you are crossing the lobby of a hotel, scattering your skid-marked undies

(continued on page 107)

ARNY FREYTAG

PLAYBOY'S GIRLS AT PLAY

It's a well-known fact that women do not thrill to the thought of camping in the bush with you and 14 of your mates. We do not want to boil the billy and make the corned beef sandwiches while we're supposed to be on holidays. We want to be pampered and made to feel thoroughly r-e-l-a-x-e-d. The holiday destination you choose need not be in the fabulously expensive five-star league. A tent for two on the beach is fine. Just make sure there's plenty of champagne on hand and the provisions run to more than baked beans. And as for ideal holidays, here's what four of our most popular Girls Of Playboy have to say on the subject. SHANNON LONG **(September 1985): "The best holiday for me would be spent on a tropical island soaking up the sun. I'd be with a special friend and the emphasis would be on having lots of fun."** FELICITY COLLINS **(October 1986): "My favorite holiday is visiting a small town down the coast from Adelaide. It's called Goolwa and I go there every couple of months, usually with a girlfriend, to totally get away. It's just a peaceful country town full of easy-going people and that's the sort of escape I like best."** GRACE PARR **(March 1984): "My favorite retreat is Phuket Island in Thailand. It brings back memories of crystal clear sea, panoramic beaches, spicy food and warm people. It retains a special place in my heart not just for the atmosphere but for the exciting time I had filming there for the TV mini-series *Vietnam*."** RENE STEPHENS **(November 1985): "Trekking around the Himalayas is my idea of the perfect holiday. If not the Himalayas, then some other remote mountain region well away from everyday life. Eventually I'd like to conquer a mountain of my own! That would be the ultimate thrill. Organised holidays don't appeal."**

LITTLE BLUE PILL *(continued from page 50)*

"I can remember pulling Tasha's lace undies down over her thighs. With my teeth," he told me.

advertise this product. When I feel like this, I like to do a thing I call under-thinking. I just lean back, put my feet up and let my mind go limp. I tried it.

First thing I thought of was Barbara. Then I thought of my father-in-law. I forced myself back to the little blue pill. And when I got there, the answer was ready and waiting.

"Guys, here it comes." I sat up, excited.

The thing that was nagging at me was an image I'd picked up in that meeting with Dr Henry.

I could still see that pill sitting on the shiny, marble conference table. I remembered Doc's pink face smiling at me, and right below it was the perfect upside-down reflection of his face, frowning at me.

But it wasn't Doc I was thinking about. It was the pill. There it sat, all shiny and blue, and right below, its perfect reflection. It almost looked as if there were two pills, one balanced on top of the other with the bottom one slightly darker, a little shadowy and mysterious.

Now, what does the word reflection mean? Sure, reflection is another word for memory. And that's how a $50 million ad campaign came to me in about 50 seconds.

I borrowed Barbara's sketch pad. I drew the pill and a big circle below it, which would be its reflection on a glass surface. I said to Richard and Barbara, "Reflect back to the meeting with Dr Henry. Remember this?" And I pointed to the mirror image I'd drawn under the pill. Then, inside that reflection, I quickly rough-sketched some Venice scenes. Canals with striped poles and little gondolas.

"Ah," said Richard. "A good reflection!" He smiled and eased back in his chair. He saw that we had it all but wrapped up.

I handed the sketch pad back to Barbara and said, "I think the name for this product should be Good Reflections."

"Perfect," she said.

I stood up and moved around my desk. "Our commercial should go like this. . ."

I was on my feet now, gesturing with my hands, showing how the camera would move in closer and closer.

"Open on the pill and its reflection. Bring in music, something nostalgic maybe, like *Memories Are Made Of This*. Voice-over says, 'Now you can reflect back to the best times ever had by people who have lived life's most exciting experiences. . .'

"Then the camera moves in tighter on the *reflection* under the pill. Inside that reflection we dissolve in scenes of the different memories: a montage of exotic landscapes, love scenes, famous football games as the announcer describes them.

"We fade out of the last scene, and we move up and in on the pill itself! Announcer says, 'At your store now.' And while the pill's just sitting there, a hand picks it up. We pull back quickly to see that the hand belongs to a pretty girl, who pops the pill into her mouth! In our second commercial, we'll show different scenes in the reflection and maybe end with a guy taking the pill. In others, maybe we'll show a *kid* at the end, or maybe a *celebrity*!"

I had to catch my breath. I get excited when I really start to cook. Then, in a calm voice I added, "To wrap up, we cut to the package and move in on it to read: *Good Reflections*. Music up and out."

When I was done, Barbara held up her sketch pad, and there it was, the last scene of the commercial I'd just described. The box said *Good Reflections* in bright blue. It was beautiful. So was Barbara's smile.

•

A few hours later, I was leaning back in my chair, feet up on the window, holding a big Scotch in my hand and feeling pretty good. Outside, it was beginning to get dark. Lights were coming on all over the city. Far below, the main street turned into a glittering flow of white headlights on one side and red tail-lights on the other.

Suddenly my door opened, and Barbara rushed in. She looked upset.

"I've got a problem, Les." She came all the way around to my side of the desk and stood close to me. "I'm afraid to go down in the lift. I can't leave the floor!" Her voice was tight, and her pretty face was pale with fear. Not quite panic, but I had a feeling that panic could be right around the corner.

I put a brotherly hand on her shoulder and said, "You've been taking the lift all along. What are you talking about?"

"I *never* take lifts, Les. Never!"

"Hey," I reminded her, "this is the 47th floor. How did you get here?"

She began to pace. I got that prickly feeling along the back of my neck again. It didn't make sense, of course. Barbara and I had come up in the lift this morning. And Barbara lived in a waterside unit on the 28th floor.

She sat down on the white couch, looking confused and scared. I poured some Scotch into a big coffee mug and handed it to her.

She took a gulp, winced at the burning, and looked at me. "Les," she said, her voice husky from the whisky, "I know exactly *why* I won't get in a lift."

"Forty-seven flights of stairs is a long walk, Barbara."

"Les, when I was a kid growing up, we lived in a very run-down building. Our unit was on the 19th floor. I remember coming home from school one day. I was in the lift by myself and about half-way up, the lights went off, and the car stopped suddenly."

She took a sip of her drink.

"I smelled smoke. I couldn't see a thing in the dark and I couldn't breathe. I wanted to get out. I just wanted to get out!"

She took another swallow and leaned back.

"After a while, I don't know how long, the light came on, and the lift started moving. The door opened and I walked out. There had been a small fire in the building, but it was put out and I was fine.

"I've never gone in a lift since. I just won't! Les, I can't leave here."

Her story made no sense. Barbara had grown up in the country. Suddenly, I realised what must be happening.

"That never happened to you, Barb. You know that, don't you? Sounds like it might've happened to your football player, though. Right?"

She sat quietly for a while, and it came to her, too.

"I guess. Hey, this is scary. I must have gotten more than the memory of his game. But Les, I'm not kidding, I *still* can't get in that damn lift."

"Just relax, honey. We'll work out something. Stay here and make yourself comfortable. I want to talk with Richard. I'll be back in a few minutes. Don't go away, okay?"

She nodded and sat there, looking like a lost little girl.

Richard's office was at the end of the hall. When I got there, I found his desk lamp turned off and his coat gone. He'd left for the day.

I went around behind his desk and sat in his chair. I picked up the phone and dialled. One ring. Another.

Suddenly, I heard Richard's voice on the line.

"*Bon soir,*" he said.

"Richard. It's Les. I've got a problem I want to talk to you about."

"*Moi aussi, mon vieux, moi aussi.*"

"Richard, I didn't know you spoke French."

"Les, I didn't know a word of French until this afternoon. Isn't it crazy? I think I could even read and write French now. It's kind of fun, but scary. Must be Doc's pill. The guy who remembered making love to Tasha probably knew French, and I got *his* memory of it."

"You feel okay otherwise, Richard? Any other unusual memories or anything?"

"No, I'm fine. I can remember pulling Tasha's lace undies down over her thighs. With my teeth, *mon ami.*"

Now that was something to think about.

"Les, are you there? Why'd you call? Are *you* okay?"

"Yeah, so far. I can remember my trip to

(continued on page 112)

Fashion by Vitek

TRAVEL PACKAGES

Co-ordinated luggage, clothing and accessories for men on the move.

Versatile grey forms the basis for a mix-and-match selection of elegant travel ensembles. Samsonite Oyster luggage from Kitchings Travel available in small ($159), medium ($209) and large ($269) sizes. Suit ($688), shirt ($288) and ties ($16), all by Merivale. Shoes ($120) from Gentry Cobbler and sunglasses by Jonathan Sceats. PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAMIEN McGRATH

Above: Travel co-ordinates in business-like colors to take you straight from airports to meetings with minimum effort and maximum effect. French of California cases in hand-size ($730), small ($850), large ($895) and suit carrier ($1090) from Hunt Leather in Sydney's MLC Centre. Blue cardigan ($100), checked shirt ($100), blue trousers ($135), white shirt ($120), grey trousers ($225), grey and white striped jacket ($150), grey belt ($20) and black belt ($25) from Mason's. Black slip-on shoes ($120) and black lace-ups ($120) from Gentry Cobbler. Camera by Nikon, Irex 100 sunglasses by Bolle, and toiletries bag ($49.50) from Kitchings Travel. **Below:** Take the urban cowboy look a leap forward by investing in high-flying leather accessories, sturdy bags and a go-anywhere Driza-bone. Patrol cases from Strandbags available in small ($75), medium ($110) and large ($140) sizes with matching camera bag ($40). Driza-bone coat ($135), hat ($57), plain leather belt ($17.50), tooled leather belt ($47), khaki trousers ($44), riding pants ($50), checked shirt ($38.50), bolo ($6.80), tan riding boots ($162.95) and suede cowboy boots ($160), all from R M Williams. Hip-flask ($69.50) and document pouch ($29.95) from Kitchings Travel, and Bolle Irex 100 sunglasses from leading department stores and optical shops.

Above: Easy elegance is the key to this grey-toned travel partnership. Pierre Cardin's shoulder bag ($159) travel bag ($219), suit cover ($298) and suitcase ($379) from Cardin shops in Sydney's Strand Arcade and QVB. Jacket ($150) by Plot, leather trousers by Bizonte ($320), shirt ($95) by Mason's, shoes ($120) from Gentry Cobbler, Irex 100 sunglasses by Bolle, and money belt ($26) from Kitchings Travel. **Below:** Louis Vuitton cases and bags are the Rolls-Royce of travel gear, the sort of exquisitely chic companions to take you from safari in East Africa to lolling about the Riviera and just about every travel possibility in between. Carry-all ($734), hanging wardrobe ($1223), soft case ($1293), hat box ($1398) and hard case ($2621) from the Vuitton Shop, Sydney. Suit ($450), cream silk shirt ($110) and orange shirt ($70), all by Clifford Gordon, shoes ($120) from Gentry Cobbler, Irex 100 sunglasses by Bolle, and Aramis and Eau Sauvage colognes in travelling sizes.

NIGHT MOVES

How to ease down on the road safely after dark.

DRIVING AFTER DARK is a night game with rules that are different from those of daytime motoring. You can't travel as fast in the dark (and shouldn't) and you can't spot the cops if you do. Night driving is also fatiguing, and there's always the danger of dozing off.

There are two ways to deal with the danger of low visibility at night. The first is to reduce your speed to a point at which you can be certain you can stop within the range of your headlights and your reactions. The second is to improve how well and how far you can see. Some people's eyes are simply better than others' at seeing in the dark. Even healthy eyes require several minutes to adjust. But the eyes' most difficult time is during that transition period at dawn or dusk, and that's when you should be the most careful. One idea is simply to sit in the darkness of your car for a

Motoring by
GARY WITZENBURG

You're in the blue car, and out of the night comes the red car, drifting toward the centre line with its high beams on. Focus on the edge of the road and ease to your left, leaving the other car as much room as possible as it passes. Then flip on your full beam to compensate for any reduced vision.

ILLUSTRATION BY MONTXO ALGORA

minute or two. Another is to put on sunglasses for a few minutes before starting out to let your eyes adjust to low-light conditions. But it's foolish to drive at night with dark glasses on, because they reduce what little light there is before it reaches your eyes. We know the Blues Brothers did it — but look how many cars they destroyed.

Some professional rally drivers recommend high-quality anti-glare glasses with a slight yellow tint. Yellow increases the apparent brilliance of what you're seeing, while enhancing details and filling in shadows without reducing the total light transmitted by more than a few percentage points. Be sure to try a pair on before you buy, since mellow-yellow vision is not to everyone's liking.

It should be obvious that another important factor contributing to savvy night driving is a clean windshield. A dirty one can cut visibility up to 25 percent. Streaked and smeared by bugs and bad wiper blades, it brings on blinding, eye-fatiguing glare. The need for keeping the outside of your windshield clean is obvious, but many people forget to clean the inside. This is especially important for smokers and those whose cars are so new that the various plastics inside them are still curing and giving off chemical vapors.

Next come your headlights. Most new cars are equipped with quartz-halogen lamps. Some are better than others, and all need to be properly aimed. Government standards and cost considerations make original-equipment lights inferior to the better after-market units, however; so if you do much night driving, consider upgrading your headlamps with some high-output ones or adding a powerful driving light.

Once your night vision is maximised, you may need practice in using it properly. Professional instructors report that most of us focus too closely on the road in front of our cars instead of far ahead, especially at night. When your focus is gliding along this way, you don't have to look at objects up close, because that part of the road has already been investigated by your sharp focus and found to be free of hazards.

The next step, especially on two-lane roads, is learning exactly where your wheels are (relative to your view of your car on the road) and how to use all of your lane when necessary. This is also easier than it sounds. And there is often an apron along the edge that can be used in an amergency, though it may be a little rough.

Most drivers are rightly afraid of dropping a wheel off the edge of the road. The proper — and easy — method of recovery from that is to keep your eyes straight ahead, where you intend to go. Second, don't over-react. Take your time, with small and gentle movements of the steering wheel, and coax the tyre back up on to the bitumen.

What does all this have to do with night driving? Consider the oncoming car. Its driver may be sleepy or drunk. He forgets to dim his headlights. You flash yours to remind him, but it does no good. The glare gets worse, and you lose sight of the centre line. What if he crosses it?

First, never look directly at oncoming lights. Focus your attention on the left edge of the road, as far ahead as you can see, and begin easing toward it. Use peripheral vision to keep track of your position on the road, then ease back toward the centre line. That way, you give the other driver as much room as possible, while keeping your visual concentration away from his headlights.

Then flip your beam back on as soon as he passes to help compensate for your temporarily reduced vision, since your eyes may need as long as eight seconds to recover fully from a bad case of headlight glare.

Use your full beam whenever you can, but be aware that they're on and dim them right away for other drivers, cyclists, even pedestrians. Don't wait for the other guy to dim his first. If he doesn't, flash yours once or twice to remind him. But don't get mad and leave your full beam on if he doesn't dim his, because that only blinds you both. In steady traffic, try an occasional flip to full beam and back to get a quick look at what's farther up the road.

If you do catch yourself nodding or dozing for even a split second, the only real answer is rest. Even a half hour of sleep works wonders.

If you see one headlight coming, you should assume it's a car with the other one out. Look for some kind of reflection off the grille. It could be a motorcycle, but don't count on it. Treat it as a car, and be ready to move to the left. Another common hazard is a vehicle with no tail-lights. But by not overdriving your lights, you should be able to see red cat's-eye glints off the vehicle's government-required rear reflectors.

High beams in a driver's mirrors are blinding and fatiguing, so always remember to switch to lows when approaching from behind or following another vehicle. It's easy to get blinded by your side mirrors, but don't readjust them. Just lean forward for a second. Some cars also have tinted outside mirrors, which help a lot.

One thing a lot of people don't realise, is that once they've loaded their car for a trip, the rear end has sagged from the weight and they've lost their headlight adjustment. They find themselves aiming for the trees — not to mention blinding other drivers. Unless your car has automatic load levelling, we recommend installing air shocks to bring the tail back up. Also, whenever you stop for petrol at a self-service station and wash your windshield, clean your headlights as well.

When night visibility gets even worse due to fog, mist or driving rain or even snow, slow down to compensate and increase your level of concentration within the field of vision remaining. High beams will reflect back at you, so use only your lows — and/or fog lights, if you have them. Use the middle of your lane (or the centre lane of a three-lane freeway), so there's room on both sides to dodge around anything that may loom up out of the night. You may want to follow another vehicle's tail-lights as a guide, but don't blindly follow them off the road if the driver ahead screws up.

Glancing at the treetops can help you anticipate curves: when they blend together, there's probably a bend coming up. But don't get lulled into following trees, telephone poles or even guardrails in bad conditions as sometimes they veer off sharply one way or the other.

If you find yourself on newly surfaced bitumen at night, without any centre or edge lines to guide you, read the left edge. Otherwise, if the road suddenly curves to the left you may not notice in time and end up off the other side.

Finally, let's discuss the most obvious night-driving danger — falling asleep. "Sometimes I get out and run around my truck," says long-distance truckie Phil Thompson. "But that's good for only about 15 minutes, and I can't stop and do it that often." The many other stay-awake tips we've heard range from cold water in the face to singing along with the radio to keeping one's eyes moving and playing mind games to stay alert.

Unfortunately, though, *nothing* — including coffee — works for long when you're tired. If you do catch yourself nodding or dozing for even a split second, the only real answer is rest. And the longer the trip, the more rest you need. Even a half hour of sleep works wonders to refresh the body and brain without delaying a trip very much.

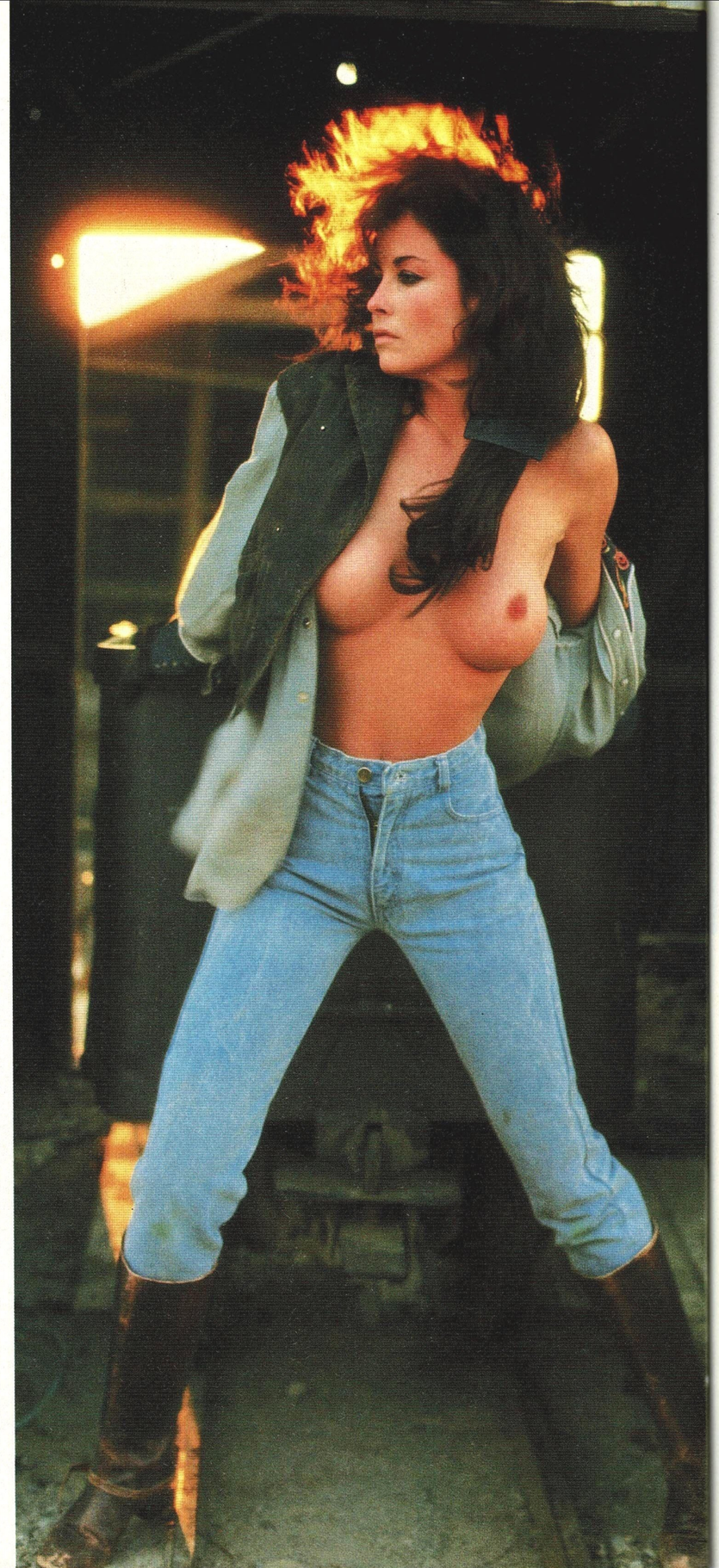
Following a study of late-night drivers on Germany's autobahns, one German work psychologist came up with these recommendations: a five-minute break after the first hour, another 10 minutes after three and a half hours, 20 minutes more after five hours and a full hour's rest after seven hours at the wheel. He also recommended no more than 10 hours of driving in any one night.

Truck owner/operator Dan Campbell, like everyone else with whom we talked, strongly recommends *never* pressing your luck with fatigue. "It's a gamble," he warns. "If you snooze, you lose. And if you lose, you lose everything. It's not worth the risk."

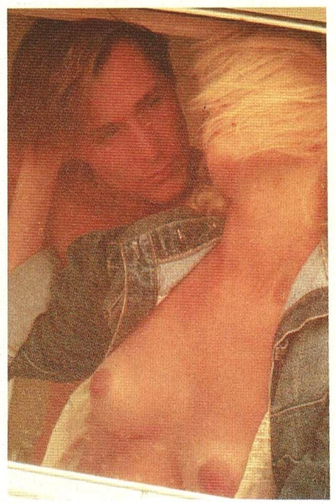
JEAN DREAMS

An undercover look at durable denim.

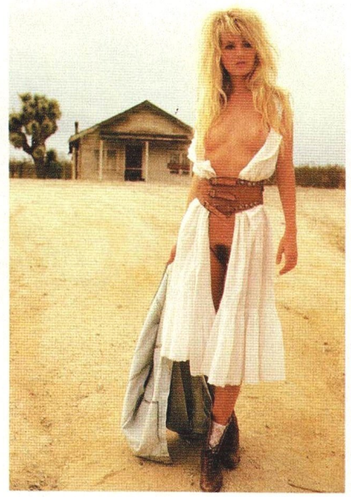
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



Not long ago, the fashion capitals of the world discovered that something very special happened when women started to sheathe their legs and holster their hips in denim jeans. The ads for top-line manufacturers such as Levi's, Just Jeans, Calvin Klein and Wrangler are undeniably sexy. A pair of tight jeans on, well, a tight arse kindles a cool fire. We thought it was time to turn up the heat by going undercover on designer denim.



So what's the deal with denim, anyway? Sure, it's the sturdiest fabric ever made. Yes, it breathes. Yes, it's comfortable. Denim wears (and wears out) well. It looks great, moulds to your shape, forgives the lumpish and celebrates the slender. But when did it become sexy? Why, when women started wearing it of course.



Country girls wear clothes without regard to how they are fastened. They like to feel the hot, dry breeze of the bush. But how do country girls keep their skin from drying out? Why are there no rough spots?

Boy, we've had it. To hell with the rest of the farm chores. It's hot. We're tired. Maybe we'll hit the city and become urban cowgirls for a bit.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN SEEFF

20 QUESTIONS: **RAE DAWN CHONG**

The woman who introduced the missionary position to ancient man fires off on screen nudity, doing dope and being Tommy Chong's little girl.

Rae Dawn Chong's first picture, at 19, was Quest For Fire, where she introduced ancient man to the missionary position. Her most recent film is Soul Man. In between, the daughter of comic actor Tommy Chong has graced Schwarzenegger's Commando, Jagger's She's The Boss video and Scorsese's After Hours, as well as The Color Purple, Choose Me and Beat Street. We asked ***David Rensin*** *to do for money what we'd gladly do for free: meet with her. "I found Rae Dawn in the kitchen," Rensin recalls. "She grinned, she giggled and said she was a big fan of 20 Questions. Then she asked if I could score some tickets to the Amnesty International concert."*

1.

PLAYBOY: Are good looks a curse or is that just a myth propagated by good-looking people?

CHONG: They can be a curse. However, unattractive people are much more obsessed with looks. In Hollywood, unattractive and powerful people can be the most cruel about looks. Especially people who do casting. Last night I saw Charlie Sexton, the young musician. He's so good-looking. I don't think I remember listening to a note of his music until I'd heard about seven songs. And then I thought, "Oh, yeah, music."

2.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe yourself to a blind man?

CHONG: A lot of times I act like a blonde. There's a lightness about me. I'm very open-faced. I have sort of round features, but they work somehow. I smile a lot. I have a wicked sense of humor. And I have a good mind, but I don't like to bore anyone with it. And I love to laugh. I've got a mass of curls, this smooth skin that's a neat color, and I'm all lips, teeth. I'm just a bunch of smiles.

3.

PLAYBOY: Who has the best set of lips you've ever seen?

CHONG: My favorite lips on a woman — Kim Basinger. She's got killer lips. And on a guy, Charlie Sexton by far. He's been mentioned twice. I'd better mention my boyfriend quick before I get kicked out [*laughs*]. He's got the best lips that I've leaned into lately. Mick Jagger, of course, has the most famous lips, but I don't think they're the prettiest. The most beautiful belong to Helena Bonham Carter. Like Genevieve Bujold's, her mouth is so attractive and alluring.

4.

PLAYBOY: You've done lots of screen nudity. Does it bore you yet?

CHONG: Yes, totally, absolutely, 100 percent. Even seeing a boob or a guy's butt is just boring. We've all seen it. We go home to it, we *are* it. The art of eroticism is suggestion. *Last Tango In Paris* was probably the last successful movie where it was just out there. A classic on every erotic front. *9½ Weeks* was a bust. I'm anxious to do a real erotic script with no sex in it. You can seduce an audience without taking anything off, just like you can seduce a man without taking anything off, without even touching him.

5.

PLAYBOY: You went pretty far in the full-length video for Mick Jagger's album, *She's The Boss*. How do you remember the experience?

CHONG: Oh, God, it's almost like porn on my part. I hated the whole love scene. That was always a bone of contention. But I was stuck in the middle of nowhere with these guys, Mick and the director, Julien Temple. I was always promised it was going to be dark lighting. And when you get going they take advantage of you. On some level I should have probably stopped and said, "Look, this is just too much." But then, thinking in terms of the context of my character, she would have done it. It was just too bad that we didn't have candlelight. What can I say except that I did it. I'm not embarrassed. It wasn't totally disgusting, and it wasn't *Inside Rae Dawn Chong*. It was no worse than what Sonia Braga did in *I Love You* or anything else, and we certainly don't think that she's a dreadful whore. We think she's brilliant. So I'm not going to say, oh, it was just terrible and awful. It was what it was.

But I learned something. If I work with a director who wants to do some sex scenes, I hope that he would understand if I say, "Let's make this hot, let's not make this gross."

6.

PLAYBOY: Was Jerry Hall there during the love scenes?

CHONG: No. She was far away. I don't think she knew or would have gone for it. I don't think she read the script [*laughs*]. But I don't think Mick was sneaking it — their relationship isn't that healthy (or unhealthy) where she would stand by and watch it. She's very jealous, and probably rightfully so, though I never gave her anything to be jealous about.

7.

PLAYBOY: You once said you wanted to meet Sting. You have one minute with him. What do you say and what do you do?

CHONG: I guess I'm getting busted on this one. I once had five minutes with Sting, so I'll tell you what really happened. I looked at him and said, "I really like your music and you're great." He had on sunglasses so I couldn't enjoy what I like best about him — his eyes. It was raining. He walked to a window. I said, "Oh, it's raining." He said, "Yes, this weather suits me." And then he turned around and said, "Well?"

He's totally cool and he's the greatest guy, but I wish I'd never met him. What can you do in five minutes with somebody? Strip him naked, not talk about anything, and let's last tango it for about a day or two or three, and that's it. With someone like Sting it almost has to be sexual. Mind you, he'll probably hate reading this because he'll think, "I've got so *much* to say." People know he's a heavy dude; he's got a lot more to talk about than his latest records. But who cares? You want them to get down on their knees and say, "I love you." But they never do anyway. They always have wives, girlfriends and ex-wives. Nah, I don't want to ever meet anybody I really care for.

8.

PLAYBOY: Your dad's professional doper persona parodied the attitudes of his baby boomer peers. However, today's teens seem to have serious drug problems. Do you think your dad's generation is responsible?

CHONG: I grew up in that very pro-experimentation '60s environment. But my father or his group never said yes, it's cool to do drugs. What they said was cool was that desire for experimentation; do what you feel, so you learn. I'm frightened for my kid's future and what the kids are going through today because it's more a result of degeneracy than experimentation. Nancy Reagan's got a big job, because the problem is that the kids do drugs now because the world is in trouble. The United States is in trouble. There's nothing honest about our administration. So why should the kids be honest? Kids today are not motivated to do drugs for the same reason that my father

was. It's more a numbing of their senses. It's out of despair. But what my dad did was something that bound his generation together. Not so with kids today. That's scary. Ask any average 16-year-old about any issue, and they'll look at you and go, "Well, what's so important about that, man? Give me another Madonna record." Passivity is killing us more than drugs. The kids don't care. They don't fucking care. So they kill themselves.

9.

PLAYBOY: What are the advantages of growing up in a '60s environment?
CHONG: My inhibitions are not rooted in guilt. I sometimes suffer the consequences of that because I'm much more free-thinking and I don't judge. Also, growing up with all these different races inside me makes for some really bald truths. I don't need to belong to a group, and that's really a strong thing. I pity people who need to belong to a group for their roots. Your roots should be in your soul. My upbringing freed me. I don't feel guilty because I make mistakes. I feel good, because that's life.

10.

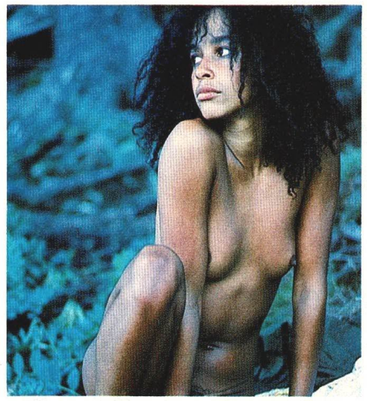
PLAYBOY: Where do you draw the line?
CHONG: I have moral inhibitions. I wouldn't hurt somebody because I wouldn't want anyone to hurt me. I wouldn't take somebody's boyfriend away. I don't believe in killing things or people. [*pauses*] But I'm not a vegetarian. I'll kill a cow for sure. Kill that chicken! Just call me Mahatma Chong [*laughs*].

11.

PLAYBOY: Defend Cheech.
CHONG: Cheech? The great thing about Cheech, and what people will discover, is that he's wickedly talented. I used to go on the road with Cheech and Chong when I was a kid. Cheech would be the first one to throw a washcloth at the stewardess, then everybody would follow suit. He and my dad used to use my sixth grade class for background sessions on their albums. And Cheech would get us all into a sound booth, and then fart in the room and close the door and leave us in there. We would be dying.

12.

PLAYBOY: How much trouble do you have getting roles because you aren't white?
CHONG: Any role where they're resistant to my skin color, that's fucked. They're afraid it distracts. I really wanted to go up for the Daryl Hannah role in *Legal Eagles*, and I heard that Robert Redford's people were not interested. Now this could be totally wrong, but I heard that they weren't interested because of the black/white thing. And I would have fucking aced that role —I'd be so good opposite a major male star as a romantic interest. Also, when I went up for *American Flyers*, the part was for either a 30-year-old American Indian, or a 30-year-old blonde. When I walked in, I hadn't read the script. Also, I was wearing all leather. And I had my hair zapped out. I looked like Mad Max, not some docile Indian woman from the Midwest. The second I met John Badham, the director, I knew I was dressed completely wrong. But my kid, who happens to look like me, only he's white and blond and very beautiful, ran between my legs and jumped up on to Badham's piano and said, "Oooh, a helicopter." And John Badham's attention went from looking at me and probably going "Oh, God, she's really wrong for this," to "Wow, look at this great, beautiful kid." That moment was all I needed to keep going and get the part.



Rae Dawn: Teaching primitive man the missionary position in Quest For Fire.

13.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite muscle on Arnold Schwarzenegger?
CHONG: [*laughs*] His stomach. He's got a gorgeous stomach, just beautiful. Every muscle on Arnold's body is sickening, he's so perfect. It's not so much that he's the largest or the hardest or the most outrageous, it's just that he's in proportion.

14.

PLAYBOY: Who has had an influence on you?
CHONG: Buckminster Fuller was a real guiding force. Also Baba Ram Dass. I read his book, *Be Here Now*, when I was 11. It saved my arse completely. My father was a great influence spiritually, because he's such a buddha. I'm a real believer in power. The people who are very powerful have had what I call conscious deaths. Their egos have died a couple of times in their lifetime. Once you've had that, no one can hurt you anymore.

15.

PLAYBOY: Have you had a personality death?
CHONG: Yeah. My son had a brain dysfunction that almost cost him his life. At the same time my relationship with my husband fell apart, and I hadn't worked in two years. I had five cents to my name, a kid in intensive care, and a husband who was worthless. And when everything is the shittiest it can possibly be, you die. There's nothing to hold on to, so you surrender and say okay. It was really hard on me, and if I wasn't blessed, I would have probably gone over the edge and become horrible. But instead, I remember just looking through a window. One pane of glass was very clear, and one was very opaque. And I flashed that life was like that. It's all perceptions. I could get hung up on the bullshit, or the clarity. I've never looked back since then.

16.

PLAYBOY: But seriously, what's Whoopi Goldberg *really* like?
CHONG: I love Whoopi very much. Not only is she busting a lot of stereotypes, but she takes a lot of responsibility off of me. Whoopi is blazing a trail for black women. For just black *anything* that's successful. She's not a white-looking black woman. She's getting everybody's consciousness ready, so when someone like myself, who is milder on a lot of levels — and yet I think could be just as deep and just as intense —comes along, no one makes it such a big issue. Then I can just get on with the fucking stuff. I can just bank my millions and be happy that I am who I am.

17.

PLAYBOY: What's the toughest item of clothing for you to buy or find?
CHONG: Well, I'm a shopper extraordinaire. But I have one of those bodies that things fit right on. I don't really have much trouble. I was going to say mohair underwear. And cruel shoes.

18.

PLAYBOY: Any male fashion trends of the '80s that you wish would disappear?
CHONG: Men liking other men! [*laughs*] I guess white socks with bell bottoms. Skirts.

19.

PLAYBOY: *Quest For Fire* was your big break. How do you research a role as a prehistoric woman?
CHONG: We studied a bunch of chimpanzees. In London there's these great parks and private estates. There's a couple of families that own gorillas. I don't understand the English fascination with primates, but who knows?

20.

PLAYBOY: We'd like to thank you for introducing the world to oral sex in that film.
CHONG: That wasn't oral sex. I was putting something on a wound which happened to be in that area. However, the director was being very cheeky and definitely tricked me into doing the first head shot. I did, however, introduce the missionary position, and a lot of people have thanked me for that.

"Mmm. . . love the cologne you have on tonight, which magazine did you tear it out of?"

Animal Lovers (continued from page 60)

The adder has two penises. He's left with the poignant dilemma of deciding which one to use.

ROE DEER, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Certain parallels may also be drawn when examining the courting games that animals play. Although the male of the species is traditionally considered the hunter and seducer, the habits of the roe deer give pause for thought.

When a doe catches the attention of a buck, she immediately goes off with the young male running after her, nose to tail, making a panting noise. (Sound like anyone you know?)

He chases after her and tries to corner her and it appears that the doe is unwilling to take any part in the proceedings. But investigations seem to indicate that the doe is deliberately enticing the buck, and all this running round stimulates him to mate.

Some creatures pay a heavy price for their sexual urges. Insects like the praying mantis and the black widow spider have a nasty habit of devouring the male after mating with him. The male empid fly seems to have found a solution to this problem. During courting he gives the female a gift, such as a small insect. Then while she is busy eating, he mates with her. This still happens in some Italian families.

FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR PHALEROPE

In some animals the traditional male and female roles are reversed. Take the phalerope, for example. The phalerope is a small wading bird that inhabits Northern Europe and America and it's into job-sharing in a big way. It's the female that does all the courting, and it's the male who stays home and vacuums the nest.

In fact the male phalerope is no more than a sex object. If he happens to attract the attention of two lustful females, he will cower submissively while they squabble over him. The winner takes him home.

The male mountain goat, despite his fearsome horns, is just as timid. To be blunt, his technique is pathetic. When he gets horny he indicates his availability by standing on a hillock, sticking out his tongue and bleating.

They've tried that for years in parts of Western Queensland and it doesn't work.

The rhinoceros may be an endangered species but it would have been extinct long ago if it were not for the female. The guys are seemingly hell-bent on following the dodo into history so it is always the she-rhinos who have to do all the work. The male will always resist her advances, and some determined rhinettes have been seen chasing an unwilling male across the African savannah for miles.

LOVE ON THE ROCKS

Perhaps the most startling sexual anomalies are found among the smaller creatures on the earth. The ostracod, one of the crustacean family, is a good example. It is no bigger than a cherry stone yet it can produce sperm up to 10 times its own length. Yet — and here is the ultimate cruel irony — they serve no useful purpose. The female ostracod, like the aphid, is partho-genetic and has no need of the male to reproduce.

An amazon molly is not an Irishwoman living in Brazil but a small black fish from the rivers of Mexico and Texas which also reproduces parthogenetically. However, it has to mate to reproduce offspring and as there is often only one male to 10,000 females, it usually copulates with a fish of another species. However, the act of mating only stimulates the eggs and the sperm is not required; all her offspring are born identical to her.

But the strangest love story of all concerns the sea anemone.

They reproduce by crawling over rocks and the pieces that are torn off their bodies by the sharp rocks and barnacles eventually grow into smaller versions of their parents. So you could say that it really is its own worst anemone.

A JUMBO COMBO

We often think of the human being as the pioneer in the world of science and medicine, but that is not completely true. Midwifery and sex changes are just two of the techniques that were perfected in the animal world long before man arrived on the scene.

Up until comparatively recently no white man had ever witnessed the birth of an elephant in the wild. Pregnant elephants usually retire into the bush just before the birth, accompanied by one or two females, to re-emerge a couple of hours later with their young. So what happens in the intervening period?

No one was quite sure until the mid-'50s when a Commandant Lefevre solved the puzzle while on an elephant training station in the Belgian Congo. He watched two elephants retiring into the bush and was able to get close enough to witness a cow elephant helping another female with a difficult delivery — by using her trunk as forceps.

Stranger still is the story of the cleaner fish, a creature that lives on coral reefs in the Indian and Pacific Oceans. They usually live in groups of 10, with only one male to each group. If the male should die, the oldest female changes to a male within a few hours, and starts mating with her old girlfriends a short time later. However, if another male should intrude during the transition period, he obtains dominance over the emerging male who then reverts back to a female.

Some have drawn comparisons with the professional tennis circuit.

SNAKES AND ADDERS

Ever since the serpent showed Adam the carnal delights of apples, the snake has been a symbol of forbidden sex. Is the snake maligned? Well, not really. This travelling phallic symbol has a few secrets of its own.

For example, the American garter snake thought of the chastity belt millions of years before the Knights Crusader took out their metal insurance policies on their wives. The male garter snake, after mating with the female, produces a secretion from its kidneys which it leaves in the female's reproductive organs. This later hardens to form a plug which prevents other males from mating with her.

(The male apollo butterfly takes this a stage further by actually cementing himself to the female until the birth of the young. WARNING: This can also happen to humans who do not take care to avoid the wet patch.)

The pride of the snake family is the adder, which has two penises. These are usually hidden away inside the body, but when he becomes aroused he is left with the poignant dilemma of deciding which one to use for the job. Does he employ them on a roster basis? Does he save one for best? We will never know.

But even this wonderful reptile would have to take off its hat to our very own kangaroo. The 'roo has three vaginas. This allows her to store sperm from a single mating for continual use, so that long after Skippy has been spread all over the bitumen by a passing road train, a little part of him can still live on. And on. And on.

THE UHAR

This of course has been just a short commentary on the sex lives of many animals you've heard of, plus a few you wish you hadn't. I hope it has proved instructive.

But no narrative on the sex life of animals would be complete without mention of the famed uhar penguin of the polar regions. The male uhar lives around the Arctic regions of the North Pole, the female in the Antarctic of the South Pole.

Every year they make the long journey to a group of islands near the equator, where they mate.

Their mating call can be heard for miles.

"Uuuuuuuuuhhhhhh, it was a long way!"

"But aaaaarrrrrr, it was worth it!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LESLIE TURTLE

woman at work

Jan Jardine doesn't just look like a million dollars. She's on her way to making a mint.

Jan Jardine is a woman with a mission. She wants to make her first million before she turns 30. That leaves just five years for this statuesque blonde to achieve her heady goal. "People laugh when I tell them," says Jan, "but I'm deadly serious and I've already started investing in real estate." Jan describes herself as a workaholic and she always has some new scheme on the go. "I dabble in quite a few business interests," she explains. "Often I get up at six and work right through until seven or eight at night. When I'm involved in a business project, nothing can distract me."

Weekends are sacred to Jan. She always clears her business agenda at around six on a Friday evening and won't touch work again until bright and early on Monday. "I try to fit all my play into Saturday and Sunday," she says. "I really live it up on Saturday nights and enjoy sleeping in next morning. If there's a special man around on the weekend, I'll devote all my time to him." And what would that special man be like? "A millionaire would do!" she laughs.

TIN-CAN GALLEY

From canned soup to frozen pizza, here's how to perk up punk food.

Food by Herbert B. Livesey

SO IT WAS one of those days. Fill in the blanks. And the last thing you want to do is go home and join the designer food grazing circuit. Yet you have to eat, and just because you lack the time and inclination to play Margaret Fulton doesn't mean you have to settle for devon and tomato sauce on a roll. By all means, open a can or defrost a package. But "fast" and "good" aren't mutually exclusive. A few extra minutes — even seconds — can transform the most pedestrian prepackaged food into a meal that arouses even the weariest tastebuds.

Poke through your bottles of spices. A pinch of dried hot chilli flakes perks up spaghetti or broccoli. A few drops of Tabasco or chilli sauce fires up soups and stews. And curry powder does wonders in yogurt or cream poured over chicken and lamb. Paprika isn't just a decorative, tasteless garnish on deli salads. It also comes in a zesty, hot, Hungarian version perfect for stews. What follows are some delectable, spiced-up, speedy concoctions, none of which take more than 30 minutes from cupboard or fridge to plate.

ZAPPED PIZZA

There's a supermarket pizza in the freezer, right? Crank up the oven to 220 degrees C. It has to be very hot. Remove all wrappings from the pizza. Drizzle a little olive oil over it and sprinkle with garlic powder, a few hot pepper flakes and oregano. Add whatever else you have on hand that suits your taste: sliced onions, capsicums, mushrooms, olives, sausage, ham or anchovies. How about smoked oysters from the Christmas gift package? Or asparagus tips? Or pineapple chunks? Who's to know? Slip the pizza into the oven, directly on the rack. If you use a baking dish, the crust won't be as crisp. Cook according to package directions, usually about 10 minutes.

CHILLI SURPRISE

Authentic, this isn't, but it doesn't take all day, either. Heat oil in a large frying pan. Add one chopped onion and one small diced capsicum. Cook and stir until soft, then remove to a bowl and reserve. Break up half a kilo or so of minced steak into the frying pan. Cook, stirring and chopping with the side of a spoon, until lightly browned. Pour off fat. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Return onions and peppers to frying pan. Add a can of either tomato puree or crushed tomatoes or an equivalent amount of tomato sauce. Sprinkle over a heaped teaspoon of chilli powder. (Optional: One teaspoon each of ground cumin, garlic powder and/or oregano.) If you have a small can of red kidney beans, drain and add them at the last minute, just to heat through. Chilli is ready when most of the liquid is gone.

MEXICAN SALSA

This is a no-cook, no-blend table sauce that fires up just about any cold or grilled

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

meat, fish or fowl. Chop up two ripe tomatoes and one small onion. Mince about one half cup of fresh coriander and one to three bottled hot chillies. (One chilli tangos on your tongue, two bug your eyes out and three will fuse your fillings.) Toss everything in a bowl. Add salt to taste and the juice of two fresh limes or lemons. If you can't get coriander, use parsley. It's a poor substitute, but better than nothing. When cutting the chillies, it's wise to use rubber gloves. Keep the juice and seeds away from your eyes.

SPICY SPAGHETTTI

Put on water for pasta. Heat a little oil in a pan and add a chopped onion and minced garlic. While it cooks, chop up a fistful of pepperoni or chorizo sausage. Add it to the pan. Throw in some sliced olives or mushrooms. Add a can of crushed tomatoes or a bottle of spaghetti sauce (about two cups). Sprinkle with salt, pepper and oregano. Simmer until the pasta is ready.

FREEZER NUGGETS

Walk on by the Golden Arches (otherwise known as McDonald's) or pick up some frozen chicken nuggets at the corner grocery. While they're heating up, assemble your own dipping sauces with whatever is on hand. Possibilities: (i) Swirl horseradish or five or six drops of Tabasco in a little cup of tomato sauce. (ii) Mix curry powder in plain yogurt or sour cream. (iii) Stir seeded mustard in mayonnaise. (iv) Combine soya sauce with a pinch of hot chilli flakes, minced spring onions and a splash of dry sherry or madeira. (v) To equal amounts of bottled gherkin spread and mayonnaise, add a dash of Worcestershire, Tabasco and the juice of a half a lemon. The sauces can be used with frozen fish fingers, too.

PRONTO PRAWNS

Melt 30g butter in a frying pan. Add 500g peeled and deveined green prawns and cook for about five minutes, tossing and stirring. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Remove the prawns to a plate. To the butter remaining in the pan, add two minced garlic cloves, a few chopped spring onions and the juice of one lemon. Stir and cook no more than one minute. Pour over prawns. Serve with rice.

HASH O'BRIEN

Use leftover boiled potatoes or canned new potatoes. Rinse and cut into chunks. You need a little less than two cups. Set aside. Heat 30g of butter in a frying pan until it starts to foam. Chop up one small onion, one small red capsicum and one small green capsicum. Add to the frying pan, cooking until soft but not limp. Pour in the potato chunks. Sprinkle on salt and pepper and a generous amount of paprika, preferably the hot Hungarian type. Stir to coat. If there is a piece of cooked chicken, beef or pork around, dice it and add it when the potatoes start to brown. If things start to stick, add a little oil.

QUICK TRICK

Heat a tablespoon of oil in a large saucepan. Cook a chopped onion until limp. Pour in chicken broth made by dissolving two chicken stock cubes in two cups of water. Bring to a boil. Add a handful of elbow macaroni or pasta shells and equal cut-up portions of any available fresh or frozen vegetables. If there is a piece of leftover cooked chicken or turkey in the fridge, cut it up and toss it in. The mixture should be almost as thick as a porridge. Bring to a boil, then immediately lower to simmer. It's ready in 10 minutes.

SARDINES DIABLO

Butter three large slices of rye, wholemeal or pumpernickel bread edge to edge. Put them into a toaster oven or under a preheated griller and lightly toast. In the meantime, open two cans of sardines, preferably skinless, boneless and packed in oil. Drain, then lay them on the toasted bread. In a small bowl, mix a spoonful of mustard with two spoonfuls of oil. Brush or drizzle the mustard-oil over the sardines. Sprinkle breadcrumbs over the assemblages. Place the open-faced sandwiches on a baking tray or in a shallow pan under the griller and cook until the breadcrumbs are brown. Devilish.

TUNA AND BEANS

Empty a 425g can of tuna packed in oil into a bowl. Drain a 440g can of mixed beans, rinse under cold water and add to the tuna. Add a minced garlic clove, a small chopped onion, a little oregano, a tablespoon of red wine vinegar and four tablespoons of olive oil. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, a pinch of hot chilli flakes and the juice of half a lemon. Toss gently. Minced parsley is the optional garnish. Three or four servings, but it keeps well in the refrigerator with a tight cover.

MEAN CUISINE

Frozen or packet dinners can be livened in many ways. To add a Chinese taste, stir a few drops of soya sauce into chicken or beef dinners. Oyster sauce jazzes up fish dishes. Minced hot chilli can be tossed with spaghetti or noodles. Oregano, garlic powder, marjoram or all three work in tomato-based sauce or over lasagne.

You get the idea. The previous recipes are only guidelines. A little imagination and a stock of interchangeable spices and condiments can turn the contents of those dusty cans and frozen packages into a tasty dinner or a memorable midnight nosh. Show a little flair. Improvise!

Without you, our aircraft would be flying blind.

As a Navigator in the RAAF, you'll work beside the Pilot and direct your aircraft on its mission. There are few careers in the world of flying more exciting and demanding.

To apply, you must be between 17 and 27.

Send off the coupon now for more information.

Post this coupon to find out more about your career as an RAAF Navigator to: RAAF Careers, GPO Box XYZ (in the Capital City nearest you).

Name_____

Address_____

Postcode_____ Telephone_____ Date of Birth_____

Highest Educ. level attained or being studied_____

Or phone an RAAF Careers Adviser on Adelaide 212 1455. Brisbane 226 2626. Canberra 57 2311. Hobart 34 7077. Melbourne 697 9755. Perth 325 6222. Sydney 219 5555.

NAVIGATOR RAAF

Authorised by the Dept. of Defence. AFAC 153. QP. 106 A

GET PACKING

(continued from page 77)

over the marble floor, much to the delight of assembled onlookers.

The second type are so strong and robust they defy the worst attentions of either English porters or Godzilla but will give you spring's first careless rupture if you try to lift them. And they eat up all your airline luggage allowance even when empty.

Having given you the bad news, what do I recommend? There are several options:

- A pilot's case. These were originally known as Jeppesen bags after the map-maker whose airport charts they were designed to carry. They look like oversized briefcases with the handle passing through the lid. They normally come in basic black but snazzy brown and refulgently rich burgundy are also available. The shopkeeper will swear to you they are made from genuine leather, which may very well be the case. They have the supreme advantage of being considered carry-on baggage by every airline, which means they need not be consigned to the aircraft hold to await who knows what fate. My first such case lasted 12 years and I have just treated myself to an upmarket number in brown with brass fittings. They carry just about everything except suits, are useful as temporary seats and camera stands, and are, to all intents and purposes, unbreakable.
- A suit bag. These come in tough nylon cloth, grotty plastic or impressive leather. Go for the tough nylon version; the leather ones are too heavy. Airlines have a curiously ambivalent approach to these. They consider them carry-on baggage most of the time but every now and then you strike a check-in clerk who'll insist only the slimmest of garment bags are allowable. If that happens, kick up a loud fuss. It usually works.
- An over-the-shoulder carry bag. These are available in all sizes and colors and may be used to stow away all those odds and ends that accumulate when you travel.

In theory, you will not be allowed a pilot's case *and* a garment bag *and* a shoulder bag as carry-on luggage. That is the theory. In practice, frequent travellers get away with it nine times out of 10.

It is difficult to explain the difference between carrying on all your baggage and having it in the aircraft hold. It is rather like the difference between travelling in style and being a member of the lumpen proletariat. And you will *never* be able to race off an airline hostie if you have baggage in the hold. Airline crew always get their bags off first and then zoom away to their hotel. Time is of the essence. If you want to continue the chatting-up process you started on the plane you are stuffed if you have to wait for your baggage.

There are several different methods

(continued on page 111)

BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS

$8.95 EACH

EXCLUSIVE POSTER OFFER

De Tomaso Longchamp Spyder

Incorporating seductive beauty with brute strength, this exclusive Australian PLAYBOY offer is definitely for the hot-blooded! These giant 1000mmx750mm erotic posters will set your pulse racing at only $8.95 each (including packaging and postage).

Lamborghini Silhouette

TO: POSTER OFFER,
Australian PLAYBOY.
P.O. BOX 746,
DARLINGHURST,
N.S.W. 2010.

I enclose cheque/money order for $_____ payable to Australian PLAYBOY.

Please send me the following poster(s).

Indicate quantity in box

☐ RED De Tomaso Longchamp Spyder

☐ GREEN Lamborghini Silhouette

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

_____ P/CODE _____

ALLOW 4 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY

CENTURY!

(continued from page 40)

September 1985: Madonna showed her talents extend further than singing and acting.

our cover and inside she unveiled why she has remained the most beautifully durable sex goddess of the '80s.

61. February 1984 When it comes to durability, no Aussie singer can match the talents of John Farnham, who spoke to us in a frank interview about his image, his voice, and his future as a hip rocker. Three years down the track he is bigger and better than ever.

62. March 1984 The future was Labor Minister for Science Barry Jones's pet topic in this month's absorbing interview, but all eyes were focused firmly on the present. Playmate Grace Parr was the attention getter this issue. Grace has gone on to other projects, including several movie roles, and stars in the Australian-made TV mini-series *Vietnam.*

63. April 1984 The message of love and peace, a major undercurrent in the Vietnam era, must have seemed shot to pieces in our startling article on crooks trying to make a buck out of former Beatle John Lennon's death.

64. May 1984 Corruption was also making a big name for itself in Australia, so we figured it was about time readers got the inside info on how it worked and what it cost. If you didn't get rich from our *Consumer's Guide To Bribery,* at least we brought you up to date with who was making the waves and the dough among our new order of pro surfers.

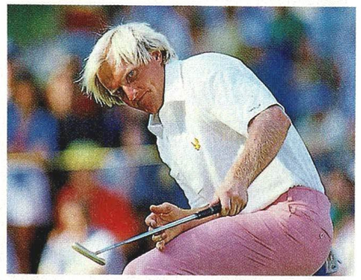
65. June 1984 Winning was this month's theme. We spoke to driving ace Peter Brock as he headed an Aussie assault on the toughest race of all, the 24 hour Le Mans; profiled the indefatigable Dick Smith, and went to the tape with promising LA Olympic sprint hopeful Darren Clark.

66. July 1984 Continuing on the theme of Aussies overseas, we introduced a new species this month: the new, improved, upmarket ocker who, led by Paul Hogan, had begun to seduce the US tourist market. Back at home, pugnacious National Party leader Ian Sinclair was getting into hot water in an outspoken Playboy Interview.

67. August 1984 Bo Derek sent the thermometer hurtling further upward with a stunning pictorial gleaned from her latest movie *Bolero.* And if you had any energy left after that, there was a complete guide to the LA Olympics, including 20 Questions with marathon man Robert de Castella and a powerful profile of our relay swim team, The Mean Machine.

68. September 1984 They don't come any tougher than VFL coach Ron Barassi, and in the Playboy Interview he told us what it takes to win at any cost. On the other hand, the costs are still being counted by our Vietnam vets, as our frightening story *War On The Home Front* showed.

69. October 1984 It was time for a touch of fantasy, and Anne Carlisle, the girl from cult movie *Liquid Sky,* provided a bizarre pictorial. For those with other vices there was a no-nonsense investigation into the effects of cocaine use, and Janet Street-Porter took a look at why Aussie women go mad for male strippers.



Greg Norman, November 1984.

70. November 1984 Madness is comedian Rodney Rude's business and this month he let us in on a few tricks of the trade. Meanwhile golf superstar Greg Norman featured in an eagle-eyed profile that proved his greatest shots were all ahead of him. And we had some great shots, ourselves, of *The Girls Of Melbourne.*

71. December 1984 Viv Richards is another man of many shots, and on the eve of a victorious West Indian cricketing summer Down Under, he gave us an exclusive interview.

72. January 1985 While most readers were getting over a tough bout with the New Year, boxing giant Joe Bugner outlined what was wrong with the Aussie fight game and how it could stage a successful comeback. Little did we know that the rejuvenation that followed would include Bugner himself.

73. February 1985 Renowned historian Professor Geoffrey Blainey caused a furore in our interview with his comments on racism in Australia. We also took you on a fun-packed bar and brothel crawl in the definitive *Single Man's Guide To Asia.*

74. March 1985 In an academic mood, it was time to make known the startling results of the first Australian PLAYBOY Campus Survey. We found most male students veering sharply toward conservatism, but that didn't stop them turning the pages (very slowly) of our own sexologist Bettina Arndt's frank and funny interview.

75. April 1985 Perth's stunning Susan Dean was crowned Playmate Of The Year and while she looked forward to a rewarding reign, we uncovered some disturbing facts in an investigation on the hundreds of people kept without trial in Aussie jails.

76. May 1985 *The Girls Of Sydney* adorned this month's issue. Not so pretty but just as endearing was then-VFL tough-guy Mark Jackson. Our feature queried *Is This The Smartest Man In Football?* and, well, you can guess Jacko's answer!

77. June 1985 You get all kinds in the music world: Prince's paramor Vanity graced our pages while, in an extraordinary interview, Boy George told us, "I know that unless you're happy inside, no matter how much cocaine you stick up your nose and money you have in your pocket, it won't help." We all know the rest of the story.

78. July 1985 By the middle of the decade the sexual playground was looking more and more like a disease-ridden minefield. We led you carefully through it in a timely piece on what's going around and how not to get it.

79. August 1985 One guy who's been well and truly caught in a trap is Peter Schneidas, Australia's most notorious prisoner. From his cell he wrote a frightening account revealing how jails can turn minor offenders into hardened crims.

80. September 1985 The girl on everyone's lips was Madonna, who showed her talents extend further than singing and acting. In partnership with that photographic delight, our own Shannon Long became the youngest ever Australian Playmate.

81. October 1985 In the run up to Australia's first Grand Prix, we put you in the fast lane through the eyes of Brazilian speed ace Ayrton Senna. At a more leisurely pace you lingered over a stunningly grown-up pictorial of Judy Norton Taylor, former TV cutie Mary Ellen of *The Waltons.*

82. November 1985 No need to convince you this was mega model Jerry Hall's month. We featured her on the cover and then inside with her alluring tribute to the all-time great pin-up gals from Bardot to Monroe.

83. December 1985 With things hotting up for summer it came as no surprise that after a close look at all aspects of the good life, we crowned Queensland as Australia's best state.

84. January 1986 Train-robbing Ronnie Biggs, however, didn't move north to Joh land after his brief stay in Melbourne where he'd lobbed after escaping his English prison. Instead he migrated to Brazil where we attended his outrageous party celebrating 20 years on the run.

85. February 1986 Freedom is not everything to everyone as we showed in our intriguing investigation of the secret world of B&D. And we interviewed the man who actually beat Dennis Conner to win the America's Cup for Australia, John Bertrand.

86. March 1986 We spoke again to Paul Hogan, a long-time friend of Australian PLAYBOY, on the Northern Territory set of his film *Crocodile Dundee,* where he announced: "It'll either be successful or hugely successful." No kidding, Hoges!

87. April 1986 Fame at the top Liverpool soccer club was something Aussie Craig Johnston worked bloody hard for and in his article he wrote about that hard slog to success. Switching footie codes, we spent a day with superdoc Geoffrey Edelsten, who had just invested in VFL's northern pioneers, the Sydney Swans, and we jumped aboard Ferrari's new dreamer of a screamer, the Testarossa.

88. May 1986 Heroes come and go in film and rock'n'roll and we reckoned it was time to ask who's the greatest, Stallone or Springsteen? Maybe your vote went to Australia's own Angry Anderson who let it all out, tats'n'all, in a ripper of an interview.

89. June 1986 When it comes to talent, Victoria Sellers inherited heaps from her father Peter and mother Britt Ekland. Her nude spread showed just some of it. Playmate Of The Year was the sensational Sydney model Ali Lynwood.

90. July 1986 We had few frontiers left when it came to John Derek's famous ladies, but a full pictorial tribute to his ex-wife, Dynasty's Linda Evans, put a new perspective on prime time viewing.

91. August 1986 We took the staple out of your centrefold this month and we couldn't have chosen better than sultry Michaela Probst for our first pull-off Playmate! Then we revealed what it takes to be Hugh Hefner's other half in a mouth-watering look at his lady, Carrie Leigh.

92. September 1986 Talking about best gals, Sylvester Stallone's bride Brigitte Nielsen showed us why she's such a knockout, and *9½ Weeks'* hot-to-trot Kim Basinger, the subject of a pictorial in March 1983, answered 20 short and curly Questions.

93. October 1986 We don't know if you caught the unexpurgated version of *9½ Weeks* but we pointed you in the right direction with a definitive guide to how to have the hottest video night of your life. And the girl who kills Aliens, Sigourney Weaver, would have to be a starter, as we realised from her candid 20 Questions.

94. November 1986 Forget the video, dating is still the best way to win over the pick of 'em, so we gave you all the clues. If you didn't take our advice, you could always follow in the footsteps of the fall guys we profiled in our coverage of those insane base jumpers.

95. December 1986 It was a sporty month: we told you why iron men go to the limit and beyond, then met the money dealers who play the riskiest game of all, gambling with our dollar.

96. January 1987 Talking about games, wooing women is an art we can all do better at, so we gave you the low-down in *Anatomy Of A Seduction.* And what better companion than a tempting pictorial of sizzling Sydney sisters, Elisabeth and Florence.

97. February 1987 No time to stop drooling: we brought you some great previously unpublished nude photos of Marilyn Monroe, an alluring pictorial of actress Jane Seymour, and an exclusive preview of the sort of machine motorists can expect to be zapping around in next century.

98. March 1987 Forget the girls (well, just for a minute) as this month we moved into top gear in a racy interview with Aussie motorcycle demon Wayne Gardner. In *Used Carmanship* we presented an hilarious portrait of those blokes on Gasoline Alley who'd sell their grandmother if they could wind her clock back.

99. April 1987 A personality-plus issue starring stunning Stephanie Beacham from TV's *The Colbys,* Janet Jones of *A Chorus Line,* a soul-searching interview with Lionel Richie, plus 20 Questions with Australia's sexiest surf spunk, Pam Burridge.

100. May 1987 Hey, here it is! And we'll be back next month to open the batting toward yet another spectacular century.

SECLUSION (continued from page 77)

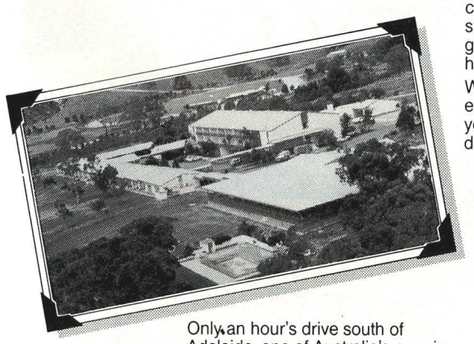
Throw away the youth hostel handbook and deposit yourself at an Indian palace-hotel.

(Bedarra Island via Townsville 4810; tel 070-68 8233). This Australian Airlines-owned complex consists of 16 snug villas accommodating 32 guests in bush-fringed seclusion. These two-storey units have been architecturally inspired by shell shapes and, like hermit crabs which scuttle in and out of stranded shells, guests can retreat to the solitude of their villas or venture out to the protected beach, the pool or the lush rainforest. **Settlers Resort** (Ferny Avenue, Surfers Paradise 4217; tel 075-59 4444) has a special two-night Escape To Paradise package which gives you accommodation, full breakfasts, dinner, welcome cocktails and complimentary access to the in-house nightclub. This resort is hidden away in hectares of tropical garden and each room has a private balcony. Other Queensland beach resorts worthy of serious consideration include **Castaways** at Mission Beach and nearby **Mission Beach Resort.** If you can tear yourself away from all that blonde sand and shimmering sea, Queensland also offers a clutch of country-style getaway spots. **Nindooinbah** (via Beaudesert 4285; tel 075-41 1070) is operated by artist Patrick Hockey and his wife. The typically Australian homestead offers accommodation for just six at a time and it's run very much as a family affair with guests joining the Hockeys for meals in the oak-panelled dining room and personally conducted tours of the pastoral property. It's a bit like weekending with your country cousins and perhaps exorcising your landed gentry fantasies. **High Tor** (Sinclairs Road, Maleny 4552; tel 071-94 2402) is set in the verdant rainforests behind the Sunshine Coast. A weatherboard house with room for two couples in attic bedrooms, High Tor also has several motel-type units snuggled in the exotic gardens. Food is homely and plentiful and it's a BYO set-up, so be sure to arrive armed with good wine. It's just a half-hour drive to the surf at Noosa. The various state tourist bureaux (offices in capital cities) can assist with further details on weekend escapes plus literature on the relevant regions.

Come to Adelaide's premier resort: Wirrina!

Wirrina has it all. The finest cuisine. First class accommodation. Facilities catering for every taste: championship golf course, swimming, sauna, solarium, tennis, gymnasium, putt putt, boating and horse riding.

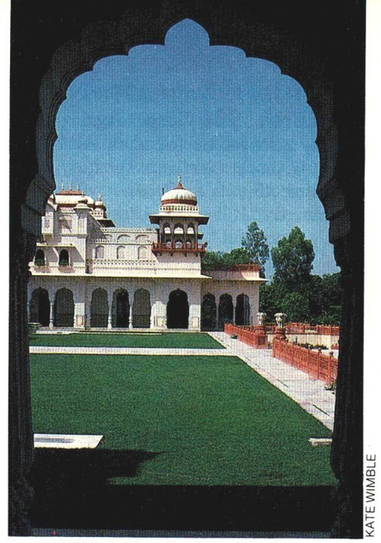
Wirrina. The South Australian experience you just can't miss. Ask your tourist office or travel agent for details.



Only an hour's drive south of Adelaide, one of Australia's premier holiday resorts nestles amid breathtaking coastal bushland.

WIRRINA HOLIDAY RESORT
P.O. Box 63, Yankalilla 5203
Ph: (085) 98 4001

HA8090



KATE WIMBLE

Jaipur's Rambagh Palace hotel.

LIVE LIKE A MAHARAJAH

It's all very well for us to tell you to cruise the Caribbean, lounge around some French chateau, check into a cool Italian villa or recline in manor-style splendor in an English country guesthouse. Unless your Lotto balls have just dropped or you have a stash of American dollars under the bed, such holiday possibilities are the preserve of the rich and reckless. We suggest you moderate your travel fantasies, develop a taste for cool gins in the heat of the afternoon and hot curries in the dead of night, and head for India. Leave behind your cheesecloth and sandals, throw away the youth hostel handbook and deposit yourself at an Indian palace-hotel. It will cost you around $80 for two per night and you'll find yourself occupying a splendid room awash with marble, mirrored tiles, brass fittings and all the pukka remnants of the Raj. There are some 30 palace-hotels in India. They were once the private palaces of the country's fabulously wealthy maharajahs; these days they function as beautifully maintained places to stay. The two best are both in the desert state of Rajasthan. First there's Lake Palace at Udaipur which featured in the James Bond movie *Octopussy*. This squat white building occupies its own little island on Lake Pichola and from a distance it looks like a turreted fairytale castle lapped by an overgrown blue-grey moat. The illusion persists on closer inspection. There are hushed corridors, bougainvillaea rioting in the courtyards, marble by the mile and staff attired in fancy traditional costumes. At the Rambagh Palace in Jaipur it's all tiffin, polo, sepia photographs of Mountbatten and slouching on the terrace in wide wicker chairs of the kind especially made for sipping gin and lime. Peacocks strut the tweezered lawns and the ghosts of crusty colonels hold sway in the Polo Bar. These are places to fall in love with whoever you're with, even if it's the sort of passion that expires the minute you return to reality. Details from Government of India Tourist Office on (02) 232 1600.

RESORT REPORT

Australian PLAYBOY rates the Pacific's frontrunner holiday hideaways.

HUKA LODGE, LAKE TAUPO, NEW ZEALAND **An idyllic sanctuary serving up hand-held comfort and fine food. Helicopters whisk guests to lakeside rendezvous with fishing boats. Have your fat Taupo trout cooked up for dinner. Hot spa under the pines. Only 34 guests in elegantly furnished cabins.** ¥¥¥¥

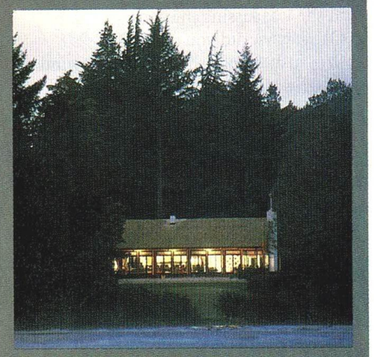
THE FIJIAN, YANUCA ISLAND, FIJI **A peaceful, palm-fringed chunk of utopia where the most taxing thing to consider is whether to have the red or white with dinner. It's a huge sprawl of a place but you won't feel crowded. Two pools, five bars, four restaurants, golf, tennis, watersports, the works.** ¥¥¥

IRIRIKI RESORT, IRIRIKI ISLAND, VANUATU **You're swept from the mainland aboard a private ferry to your stylish bungalow on the bay. You feast on local coconut crab and crisp French wine. There's coral-viewing, fishing and a host of other tropical pursuits. Port Vila is a boat hop away; the diving is the Pacific's best.** ¥¥¥

AGGIE GREY'S, APIA, WESTERN SAMOA **Started as a bar for American servicemen in the Pacific during World War 2, this is a homely, character-plus place. The flower-festooned gardens are dotted with bungalows named after matinee idols such as Errol Flynn and Gary Cooper. The bar is a legendary drinking spot.** ¥¥

ROYAL HAWAIIAN, WAIKIKI BEACH, HONOLULU **Known as the Pink Palace Of The Pacific, this strawberry Spanish-Moorish style building was supposedly inspired by Valentino's Arabian exploits in silent movies. Big band swing sessions, luaus, roped-off beach and prime position. Always stay in the old wing.** ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Top of its class
¥¥¥ Perfect drop-out territory
¥¥ Oodles of atmosphere



Huka Lodge, Lake Taupo, New Zealand.

TRAVEL COMPANIONS

Armchair travellers who make do with delving into such tomes as *Abridged Rail Timetables Of The Punjab* and *Club Med On Two Pineapple Daiquiris A Day* deserve to stay firmly planted in their lounge-rooms Real travellers deal in books which sweep along with all the thrust of a Japanese bullet train and which contain a minimum of gruff fact and a maximum of high adventure. Not for us the minutiae of timetables and tariffs. Give us Eric Newby rolling down the Ganges and Paul Theroux thundering by train through the bowels of South America. And it matters not if we're dipping into a Jan Morris travel essay on Corsica as we sit sipping sundowner cocktails in deepest Africa. The best travel writing transcends locality. It's all about mood, people, improbable situations and that much-touted travel ingredient, local color. Here are five zesty travel partners to keep you company from Tasmania to Timbuktu and back again: ***Slowly Down The Ganges*** by Eric Newby (Picador). A highly eventful account of a 2000km journey down India's holy river on an all-sorts array of craft. Spiked with good humor, memorable vignettes and crisp insights into the marvellous muddle that is Mother India. ***High Times In The Middle Of Nowhere*** by Murray Laurence (University Of Queensland Press). Subtitled *The Misadventures Of A Compulsive Traveller,* this very funny book chronicles the author's encounters on the road in Asia and Australia. The chapters on India are the best. ***The Old Patagonian Express*** by Paul Theroux (Penguin). The most literary of travel writers, Theroux is a master of that largely underrated pastime, rail travel. On this outing he boards a commuter train in Boston and follows a continuous track to far-flung Patagonia. ***The Best Of Travellers' Tales*** by Jeff Watson and Pamela Wright (Unwin) is based on the ABC radio program of the same name and consists of a swag of self-contained chapters dealing with the idiosyncrasies of roaming the globe. It's written from a very Australian viewpoint and will have you laughing out loud. ***The Kingdom By The Sea*** by Paul Theroux (Penguin). This time Theroux swaps a train carriage for a pair of stout walking shoes and heads off for a coastal ramble of Great Britain. Don't touch it if you're an ex-Pommie who's still homesick for bus queues and warm ale.

GET PACKING (continued from page 107)

for working out how much you need to take on an overseas or interstate trip. Mine is as good as any. On your bed lay out everything you think you should take in order to survive. Keep it to an absolute, intelligent minimum. When you have finished, take away precisely 50 percent. What is left is quite accurately all you need.

To pack suits, jackets and shirts so they can be worn when you arrive at your destination without being pressed you will need plenty of tissue paper. The secret to good packing is to use enough tissue paper so each major piece of clothing is protected.

To pack a garment bag, first lay it flat on the floor. Pack your shoes in plastic bags and lay them directly below the handle with the toes facing inwards so that eventually they will rest on the shoulders of your suit. I use solid plastic hangers which I nicked from a hotel somewhere in Asia during my turbulent youth.

I put the trousers on the hanger bar with the waistband hanging over about 15 centimetres and then fold the cuffs up one more time over the bar. Then I take the jacket, empty everything out of the pockets, place it on the hanger and lay it into the bag on the floor. I bring the edges of the jacket one over the other so they are about a third of the way across and then fold the sleeves up at the elbow.

I don't hang shirts because they travel better folded flat in tissue paper and carefully packed in the side pockets.

My shaving gear and other essentials (very specifically a supply of Eradicil, a sovereign cure and preventative for the clap available without prescription in most overseas countries) go in a waterproof nylon bag which goes in my pilot's case. Knickers, socks and suchlike go in there as well.

All of this careful packing may make me sound like an old woman but that worries me not. Because I use the right bags and because I pack them properly, I can travel around the world and still look presentable in my natty gent's suiting. It may be acceptable for an ex-prime minister of Australia to appear in public in the United States wearing a towel in lieu of trousers. It will certainly not do for me.

— GARETH POWELL

LITTLE BLUE PILL *(continued from page 78)*

"Want to know what's real?" she whispered. And she put my hand on her breast.

Venice, but that's it. Everything else is normal. Barbara's the one with the problem."

I told Richard everything that had happened since Barbara came into my office. He said he'd come back and keep her company until the pill wore off.

I told him not to bother, that I'd stay with Barbara. Then I did a double take.

"What do you mean, *wears off?*"

"I guess I didn't tell you, Les. I called Doc's lab guys to check on some details for our ad copy. We should have assumed this, Les. The pill's effect is only temporary. Its synthetic formula breaks down, and in about 24 hours the artificial memory is gone. Doc can keep selling the same pills over and over."

"Listen, Richard, when the pill wears off, can't you remember what the pill made you remember when it was working? For example, won't I remember being in Venice?"

"Well, you'll remember having had that memory. But you won't remember how being there actually felt. It'll be like someone told you about it, or like a movie, not like you actually did it yourself."

"Did Doc's guys say anything about these unexpected memories, like Barbara's lift thing, and you with the French?"

"They said that some rare people might have side-effects. Less than one percent of the population, according to them, but that would include highly creative people. We artistic types can sometimes pick up what the guy called 'ghost' memories that are kind of stuck on to the main memory, but most people won't ever notice. There'll be a label warning on the package."

"Thanks, Richard, I'll tell Barbara that the lift phobia won't last long, that she'll be fine by tomorrow."

"Yeah, but don't force her into a lift tonight. Really. It could be traumatic. I'll see you guys in the morning. *Bonne nuit.*"

•

She was standing in front of my window, looking down on the city and smiling to herself. The office was pretty dark except for my desk lamp, which gave the room a nice, warm glow.

I moved around my desk and stood behind her. Close. I caught her scent, a warm humidity of girl, perfume, breathing and Scotch.

We were alone, and it was all I could do to keep from wrapping my arms around her from behind. I put my hand on her shoulder, and looked out the window.

"How are you feeling now?"

"Much better."

"Richard just talked to me on the phone in perfect French."

She laughed. "So he got more than he bargained for, too."

"But he's going to be his old self tomorrow, and so will *you.* The memories wear off in 24 hours, according to Doc's lab guys."

I told her what Richard had learned, about the ghost memories, and how she could just wait out the night here. I said I'd be happy to keep her company, that maybe we could use the time to get a little extra work done on the campaign, and then I wasn't talking anymore. I was kissing her. And she was kissing me back.

Okay, what did you expect?

We just stood there by the window, kissing warmly and deeply. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw my big white couch sitting there against the wall, patiently. I never knew a piece of furniture could look so smug.

This was like being back in high school. The bonanza of a new girl in your arms. New lips. New body. The runaway excitement. The feeling of being strangled by your own incredibly shrinking underwear. The danger.

Danger! What was I doing? This wasn't the kind of danger you feel when you're in high school. This was big-time danger.

"Barbara, stop."

I walked around my desk and poured myself a drink. I gulped at it and turned away, so she couldn't see the fear on my face.

"Les?"

I looked back. She was still by the window. The outline of her body and long, blonde hair made a soft, curvy silhouette against the glow of the city behind her.

"What's wrong? We're alone. I *know* you've wanted to be alone with me." Her voice became husky and she talked slowly, deliberately. "Les, today's been so crazy. I need you to help take my mind off what's been happening."

My heart was thudding. Back there at the window, I was one step away from undoing the little buttons on Barbara's sweater. And I'd been wondering if she had lace undies like Tasha Trieste's.

Any more of this, and I'd be sunk. My wife's family is psychic about such things, I swear. And I'm the world's worst liar. I'd get home smelling of perfume and grinning like a cat with canary breath. It would be the chance they'd been waiting for. Out I'd go. And that family doesn't believe in divorce. That would be too easy. No, my father-in-law and his side-kick sons would take care of me, as sure as eggs are eggs.

"Barbara, we'll walk down."

"My God, Les, are you that afraid of me? Walk down 47 floors?"

She turned her back to me and looked out the window. I felt like the world's biggest jerk. Here was a woman I'd wanted to make love to since the first moment I saw her. She finally felt the same way, and I was brushing her off!

I could still smell her perfume. I could still feel her warmth. Those firm breasts, those full, moist lips. Was I crazy to run away from her?

"Barbara, let me explain." I walked back around the desk toward the window. She turned away from the glass and faced me. The light from my desk lamp reflected in her green eyes, which shone full and wet.

"Go on."

"Look, my wife is insanely jealous. If I get involved with you, even once, she'll know. Her father and brothers will do things to me. Terrible things. They live according to a very old Italian code of behavior. I guess I sound like a coward. But I *know* these guys, Barbara. What they've done to people. I just ..." I looked down at my feet like a school kid telling some impossible excuse to a beautiful, young teacher he'd secretly had a crush on. I couldn't look at Barbara. But at least now she knew.

At first, I couldn't figure out what that noise was that she was making. She was upset with me, I knew, but not enough to cry. Then I heard a definite giggle. She was trying to stifle it, but she was actually laughing — at me.

I looked up. She held out her arms toward me. "Come here, you idiot," she said.

She grabbed my face in her hands, pulled me forward and kissed me powerfully on the mouth.

"Haven't you figured it out, Les?"

Through the window, the city was lit up like a stage.

"Figured out what?"

"You're not *married.* You don't have any Italian wife or gangster brothers-in-law. Don't you see? It's just like my memory. And Richard suddenly knowing French. Tasha Trieste's lover must have known French. Your memory was of Venice, *Italy!* Get it? The guy who went to Venice must've had a real old-fashioned Italian wife with the father and brothers who made him scared stiff!"

"So real," I said. "They all seemed so real."

"Want to know what's real?" she whispered. And she put my hand on her breast.

"I'm real," she said. "Feel my heart?"

Over her shoulder, I caught a glimpse of us in my window as she pulled me close to her. Now, that was a good reflection.

"The whole thing's much smaller than it seemed on TV."

ANSETT *(continued from page 34)*

When one looks at our performance as a country over the past 25 years, we've been badly mismanaged.

ANSETT: Yes, I would have said that because the role Budget has taken is to expand the industry beyond a very small cottage industry, as it was when we started, with three percent of the population renting cars, to the present 20 percent. Having worked hard to build confidence in the image of rental cars it would obviously be counter to the interests of the industry to let any form of reputation emerge of people taking short cuts and not maintaining the safety factors of cars.

PLAYBOY: Those questions are not intended to put you on the spot, but to attempt to determine what sort of business aggression you think is viable. If you're not one to rush off to governments asking for legislation and regulation how do you deal with opposition?

ANSETT: What we have preferred to do, when competitors were making claims which we knew were untrue, is find a way to use our advertising to point out the fact that what they were saying was incorrect, but do it in a humorous way so the community would get a bit of a chuckle out of it. I've found that's the best way to get competitors to behave in a responsible way, as opposed to looking to governments to introduce some form of regulation to control the industry.

PLAYBOY: Budget advertisements have personified free enterprise with humor. Were they your own slogans?

ANSETT: A great many were. Others were put together collectively by ourselves and the ad agency. We generally worked as a *group* to come up with those themes.

PLAYBOY: In fact, aren't you launching into the ad agency business?

ANSETT: We've got an agency established called Ansett And Partners which will ultimately be called A Plus. We've got a team of very skilled creative people. They're doing the Budget business of course, but we've got about six other accounts and are fairly aggressively seeking new business.

PLAYBOY: Will you be writing the slogans for your new agency's accounts?

ANSETT: I probably won't be doing that but I'll be attending the creative meetings and making some input to those meetings.

PLAYBOY: In your autobiography you really shafted the AGC credit corporation. Has there been any reaction from AGC to your book?

ANSETT: Well, I didn't say so much. I think it was probably our chairman, Stan Hamley, who actually did that. I tried to portray AGC as I believe it was at the time, a very conservative company which had been very helpful to me in those early years, because I certainly could not have built the company without its financial clout. But because of its conservatism, and the board in particular was dominated by the then Bank of NSW officials, I found that it became increasingly difficult for us to maintain the entrepreneurial risk-taking attitude necessary to build the business, so we ultimately parted company. But in the book, in that section about AGC, Stan Hamley was quoted. I've never said anything derogatory about AGC. All I said was the final parting was over the fact that the senior executive of AGC and I had put together a reverse take-over for East-West Airlines, and it went to the AGC board and they knocked it back. I merely said it was now the time to sever our relationship. And that was really the only major issue concerned. There were a lot of small ones, but that was the major issue.

PLAYBOY: In your book is the following statement: "A large bank like Westpac (*the Bank of NSW's name after merger*) has to have an AGC to do things that the nice bankers don't want to do — deals with used-car dealers, scungy personal loans and things of that kind."

ANSETT: That wasn't me who said that. That was Stan Hamley and his comments are in his quotes.

PLAYBOY: Also in the book was the story about your battle with a Darwin business-man who had registered the Budget name in the Northern Territory. When you visited him to get your name back, he told you that Territorians didn't have a great respect for the law and then demonstrated to you how he got rid of a drunken customer by pulling a gun from his desk drawer. A funny yarn, but you never said what the result of the business name battle was.

ANSETT: We won the business name. We went to court and succeeded. He appealed. He didn't succeed with the appeal so we got the name. He's still in the rental car business in Darwin.

PLAYBOY: You're becoming more and more vocal on political issues, yet you profess to have no ambition to become a politician. Isn't that a bit like a drug user saying he has no intention of becoming hooked?

ANSETT: The present political situation in Australia isn't one that would encourage anyone who likes to think of himself as an achiever. It's a demeaning experience. The process of pre-selection, standing for election, doing penance on the back bench, spending hours and hours in that parliament which these days has been reduced to taking cheap shots at one another and engaging in personal vilification. This is not the sort of environment that has any attraction to me. But I do believe it is important that more citizens speak out on the issues they feel strongly about, and we shouldn't be relying entirely on parliament and our elected officials to determine our future. When one honestly looks at our performance as a country over the past 25 years, one would have to say we've been badly mismanaged. And it's really because we've allowed a political system to evolve to a point where we attract professional politicians who rarely do anything else in their lives but stand for elections, and make their decisions based on political expediency rather than the best interests of the country. They do this simply so they will get re-elected because that's where their income comes from. The system is ultimately going to break down. It cannot continue the way it is now. I think that what Australia desperately needs to do is to form a committee or appoint someone like the McKinsey Corporation to come in and draw up a strategy for Australia. We don't operate on a basis that's more than 12 months in advance when we do our budgets. But we really need a three, five or 10 year plan so instead of being constantly reactive we're proactive and can determine the direction that we want to go in this country. Also we must test our institutions. I don't think our education system is appropriate as we approach the 21st century. Our industrial system certainly isn't, nor is our parliamentary system. So there is a need for great change in Australia and it's not going to come from within parliament. It's going to come from outside, and if I can make some contribution in that regard, then I'll be delighted to do that.

PLAYBOY: You still sound like a man who's about to become hooked on politics. Are you sure you won't do a Gordon Barton and start a new political party?

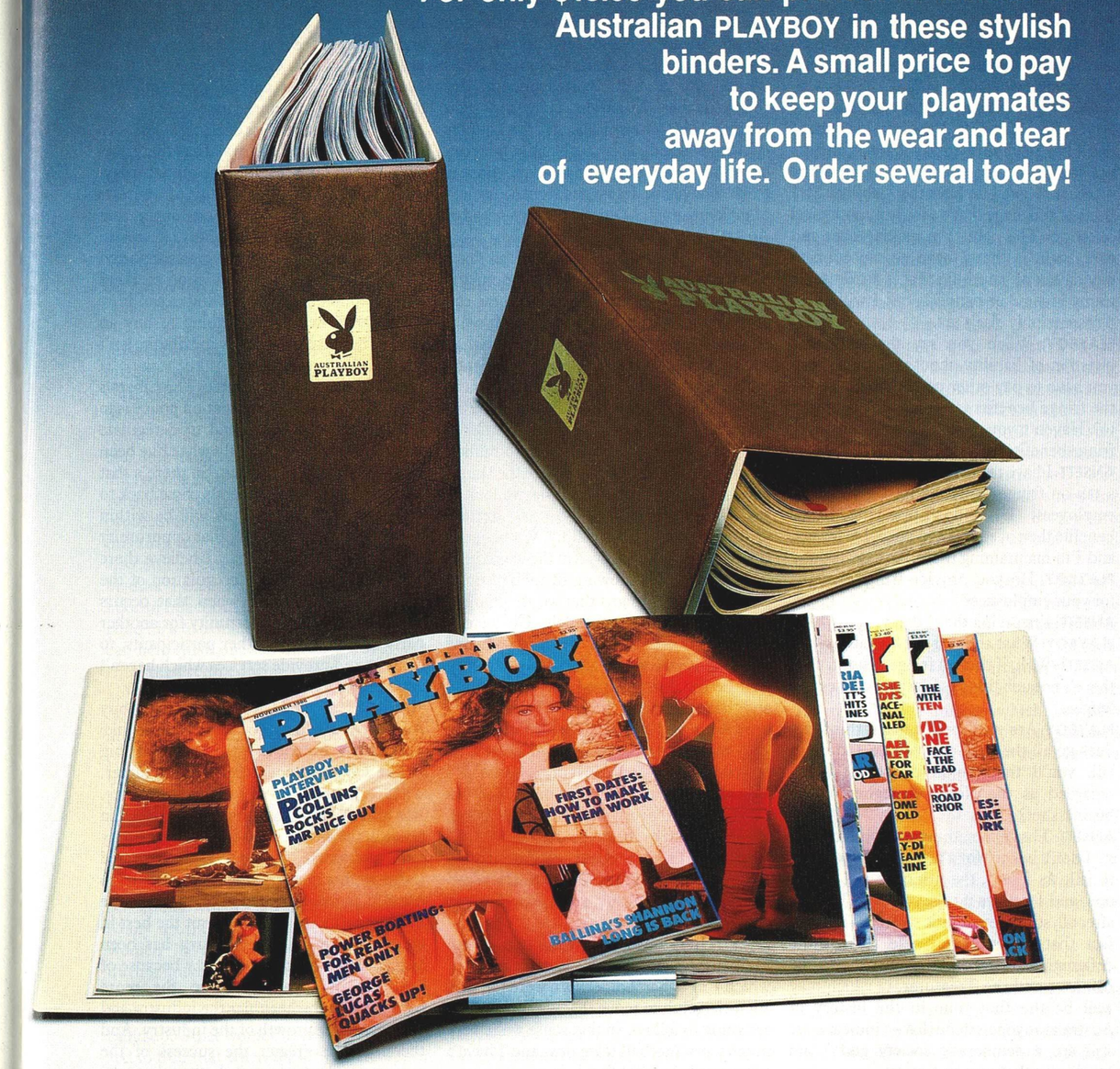
ANSETT: No, that doesn't work in Australia. There's got to be a genuine change in the system. We're only 16 million people and if we asked ourselves how we would do it if we were to start again, I'm sure we wouldn't do it the same way. And there's no reason why we can't really start again. It's not that hard. I don't profess to have the knowledge or the skill to recommend what there ought to be in place of what we've got, so all I can do is perhaps be a catalyst to some degree for public debate. That's a role I'm quite comfortable in, so far.

PLAYBOY: You're certainly a catalyst. Also, politically, you're starting to throw some heavy punches. You've sued the Prime Minister and the Treasurer for defamation. You recently said that whereas businessmen are accountable for their mistakes and can be sent to prison, politicians aren't and they should be.

ANSETT: That's all part and parcel of what I've been suggesting. Politicians are very quick to legislate controls on business people and how they equip themselves.

ARE YOUR PLAYMATES IN NEED OF A GOOD HOME?

For only $13.95 you can protect 12 issues of Australian PLAYBOY in these stylish binders. A small price to pay to keep your playmates away from the wear and tear of everyday life. Order several today!


AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY
AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY
AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW PHIL COLLINS ROCK'S MR NICE GUY
FIRST DATES: HOW TO MAKE THEM WORK
POWER BOATING: FOR REAL MEN ONLY
GEORGE LUCAS QUACKS UP!
BALINA'S SHANNON LONG IS BACK

Please send me _____ **Australian PLAYBOY binders at $13.95 each (inc. postage & handling). I enclose cheque/money order for $** _____ **payable to Australian PLAYBOY or charge my credit card as follows:**

Visa ☐ **Bankcard** ☐ **Card No.** ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ **Expiry Date** _____

NAME _____ **Signature** _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ **P/CODE** _____

POST COUPON TO: Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010.
Allow 28 days for delivery.

That's okay, but if it's good for the business person it's also good for the politician, and if a government or treasurer is committing this country to a debt that he knows very well we're not going to be able to meet, then he should pay the same consequence as a businessman who does that, and go to jail.

PLAYBOY: If you don't pay the fringe benefits tax on behalf of your employees, and you're finally given an ultimatum, would you go to jail?

ANSETT: The answer to that would have to be yes. But, of course, I'm of the view that I don't have a liability to pay that tax, and it's up to the tax department to determine whether or not I do have that liability. So I think at this stage that's a fairly hypothetical question. The point I'm making over and over again is that I have no objection to paying tax on anything that is attributable to my income or benefits, but I will never pay somebody else's tax.

PLAYBOY: When you say that there's a question of liability about whether or not you have to pay other people's tax, doesn't the fringe benefits tax mean that you have to? Haven't you been told you must pay fringe benefits tax?

ANSETT: I have to pay, under this legislation, a tax on fringe benefits that I give to my employees. If I don't provide fringe benefits then of course I'm not liable for tax, and I'm maintaining that's the case.

PLAYBOY: Do you provide fringe benefits for your employees?

ANSETT: I'm saying that I don't.

PLAYBOY: What about free gym classes?

ANSETT: Well, if that's a fringe benefit, then there's no such thing as free gym classes any longer.

PLAYBOY: Are you worried that if this thing does go all the way, and you do end up in jail, you'll then be in danger of being regarded as the Norm Gallagher of the business set?

ANSETT: That's something to aspire to, isn't it? I don't believe for a moment I'll be going to jail. As I said, the principle is a strong one, and I believe it very strongly. We are, after all, still a democratic society. The mere fact that I have been able to institute defamation proceedings against the Prime Minister and the Treasurer — which may well be the first time in the history of Australia anyone's done that — indicates we still are a democratic society and I am moving on that assumption.

PLAYBOY: What's your view of the New Right? Do you put yourself in that bag?

ANSETT: No. I've always maintained a lone position in most of the things I've done, and I'm not linked with any political party or the New Right. But, on the other hand, I feel strongly that the New Right is playing a very important role in our community and broadening the debate. We've had a very strong input from the far left over the years, and to balance that we need a strong input from the far right. Normally the country will select a position down the middle, but because of the strength of the far left over the past 25 years, we're no longer on the centre course. It's going to take the input of the right to get it back to the middle ground again.

PLAYBOY: When you first arrived in Australia you said you were disillusioned by the lack of frontier spirit, by the rules and overgoverning. Your observations remind us of a book about Australia in the 1930s written by a BBC correspondent. He reported that "Australia is bound tight within a spider-web of rules. . . this country is overgoverned. . . by authorities who can never have been born of dare-devil pioneer stock. They have descended from a long line of maiden aunts." Did the "aunty-ness" of Australian authority surprise you?

ANSETT: It astonished me, and it still does. The fact that a government in this country is permitted to legislate when a business can open for trading is extraordinary. It's not the role of government to determine when people do business. The customer determines that. The fact that that still exists in this country is an anachronism, as are so many other things. Three layers of government for a population of 16 million people is an obscenity. These are the things which have got to be tackled as we look to the future of Australia. In its present circumstances it is not healthy. We're one of the greatest debtor nations in the world with nearly $100 billion owing in foreign debt. And there are no signs that we are going to do anything to reduce that debt. Ultimately, if we don't control our destiny, someone will take it out of our hands and that may well be the International Monetary Fund and that will simply mean the funds we are borrowing will dry up. They've done that with many other countries and there's no reason why they don't do it in Australia. It's all part and parcel of this massive over-regulation and overgovernment that exists. We've just got to shake the shackles off.

PLAYBOY: Talking about over-regulation leads us fairly naturally into football. When are you going to buy your own football club?

ANSETT: In essence we've done that. North Melbourne is now a publicly owned club of which I'm a shareholder. We were the first Victorian club to move that way and others are going to follow. In that sense we're very much a pro football team now and I have a substantial shareholding in it.

PLAYBOY: You're pushing hard for a national football league. Do we need one?

ANSETT: Australia has to either export or perish, or populate or perish, or a combination of both, and the Victorian Football League is exactly the same way. It's been sheltered and protected and cossetted for too many years and as a consequence has lost its vitality. It needs new markets and it's achieving that by its expansion into Perth and Brisbane this year, and Sydney four years ago. And it now appears that Adelaide is very anxious to come into the competition too. The other reason is it's a unique Australian sport, the only sport we have that is truly Australian and it ought to be played on a national basis. It's a joke to have had it confined to Melbourne as it's been for 125 years. So it's now achieving the status that it ought to have achieved years ago. It's very positive and healthy to see that at last it's realising its potential.

PLAYBOY: But was part of its uniqueness due to its small territorial base?

ANSETT: It's all a process of change. The way it was a few years ago was that there was little else to do in Melbourne on Saturday. Now there's a whole diversity of interests and activities and there's no longer that commitment to football. The 12 teams in Melbourne simply weren't being supported by the fairly stagnant population so there was no option but to export and expand.

PLAYBOY: When are you going to buy an airline, because that's fairly inevitable, isn't it?

ANSETT: I think it is inevitable. The Liberals have now said that their aviation policy is to sell Australian Airlines and to deregulate the industry. That's exactly what I've been advocating for a long time. So there's that hope, that when the Liberals come back to government, which I think will be within the next 12 months or so, that opportunity will exist. But failing that, I believe there will be in any event a deregulation of the two-airline policy and when that occurs there will be some opportunity for another participant, or many other participants, to come in and provide services which haven't been provided in the past.

PLAYBOY: If and when you do buy Australian Airlines you'll almost be like your father, except that the only other big airline will be the one started by your father.

ANSETT: Except for one major difference. I've said all along that I'm not interested in being in the airline industry if there are only two operators. I want a deregulated industry that permits anyone who wants to come in and have a go to have a go, because it's competition that brings out the best in all of us. The airline industry has been largely stagnant in this country because of the lack of competition, so the more competition, the healthier the industry and the greater the growth of the industry. And therefore the greater the success of the company which does it better than the others. That's how free enterprise works. To have the airline industry in this country regulated to the degree it has been for so long is just contrary to all the principles of free enterprise.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean we'll be able to fly over to Perth cheaper than we can to Bangkok?

ANSETT: Yeah. That ought to be the objective, oughtn't it? That's a starting point. Okay?

SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

My wife and I have a great sex life but we do have one slight problem. My wife seems to have a compulsive need to go to the toilet before we make love. This usually interrupts our lovemaking, particularly when we start off by just a cuddle and then one thing leads to another. But in our case, it can never just happen — she always has to get up first. It really annoys me and we sometimes end up fighting — instead of making love. Crazy, isn't it? Is this a common story?

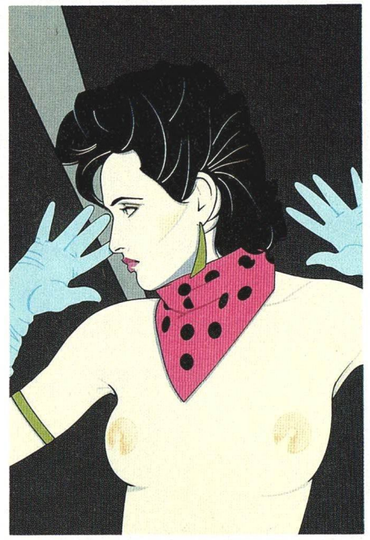
— P.L., Vic.

Many women do find intercourse uncomfortable with a full bladder. The bladder ends up sandwiched between the pressure from the man's pelvis and the thrusting penis. This can cause an urgent and uncomfortable desire to urinate during intercourse. It is irritating when your wife is constantly forced to call a halt to the proceedings but surely it is better she does this than feel uncomfortable during sex. It also isn't a good idea to have sex with a full bladder because this increases the likelihood of infections such as cystitis. It also is a good idea to urinate after intercourse as this can help flush out any bacteria which may enter the urethra during intercourse.

I must mention that sometimes women experience an urge to urinate during intercourse when there is pressure on a particular area of the vagina known as the G Spot or Grafenberg Spot. This area, on the top or front wall of the vagina, is believed to be the female equivalent of the prostate in the male. When the area is stimulated, women usually experience an initial urge to urinate which soon changes to pleasure sensations which can lead on to orgasm. Many sex therapists now believe that some women have difficulty reaching orgasm during intercourse because they are disturbed by this urge to urinate and find it hard to just relax and let the sensations build up. Other women have been embarrassed to find that when they do reach orgasm in this way, they release fluid, rather like the male ejaculate. Recent research has shown this type of female ejaculation is quite common. It is still not clear whether the fluid released is a type of female ejaculate which is stored in the ducts found in this female prostate, or whether it is urine. It doesn't really matter which it is. What is important is that women shouldn't be disturbed if they experience an urge to urinate during intercourse. If you experience this sensation when you know your bladder is empty, just try to relax and go with it and you may then experience some quite delicious new sensations and perhaps even orgasm.

One final point. Men often find it hard to understand women's concerns in this area because they function in a rather different way. In the male, the urethral sphincter closes prior to ejaculation so that it is impossible to urinate at orgasm. In fact some men report increased sexual pleasure from the internal pressure caused by a full bladder.

I'm in my early twenties and am thinking of getting married but am rather worried about my fertility. My ejaculate seems to vary



a lot in color and consistency. For instance I've noticed that if I go for a while —say a couple of weeks — without having sex, my ejaculate is far thicker and more yellow. Is that normal?

I also feel rather self-conscious about the smell of my genitals. I find that no matter how thoroughly I wash my crotch and anal areas, there is still a relatively strong odor. None of the girls I have been with have mentioned it but I wonder if they find me offensive.

— L.F., NSW.

The ejaculate is normally less viscous, thick and lighter in color after several ejaculations. The more often you ejaculate in a short period of time, the less ejaculate you will produce and the thinner it will be. So don't worry about your ejaculate — the changes you have observed are perfectly normal.

Genital odor can be due to skin bacteria or possibly a fungus that acts on accumulated body secretions such as the moisture of normal perspiration. It may be worth having a talk to a doctor to check out these possibilities. It may also be that you are simply hypersensitive about normal odors and the doctor would be able to advise if you are overestimating the problem. Just wash normally in the morning prior to visiting your doctor so he or she has a chance to see what it is you are complaining about. We often imagine ourselves to smell unpleasant when in fact our genital secretions are simply producing normal earthy smells which are actually quite attractive to the opposite sex. Maybe you are contaminating the area with faecal material from the anus and I would suggest you take extra care with normal hygiene, and specifically make sure you wipe backwards rather than forwards after defecating. Women, particularly, need to be aware of the dangers of spreading bacteria from the rectal area by forward wiping as this is a frequent cause of vaginal infections.

Apart from talking to your doctor you could also try washing daily with some type of antiseptic soap. Change your underwear regularly and do not wear clothing which is too heavy or too tight, particularly in hot weather. It is also possible that you have athlete's foot, a fungus which can also contaminate the groin, causing repeated infections. There are foot powders available for treating this condition.

Where are all the good singles bars in Sydney? I realise it depends on what one is looking for, so I'll fill you in. First off, I insist on intelligent women. That can take two directions: either bohemian or career women. I like them both.

What do I have to offer? This is a hard question to answer without sounding egotistical. I'm 30 and my emotions have finally matured along with my body. I'm good-looking (so I've been told), not overweight and tall. I'm a non-practising alternate, and love discussion. After living out my relationship fixation for the past five years,I can confidently say I'm seeking feminine company without needing it.

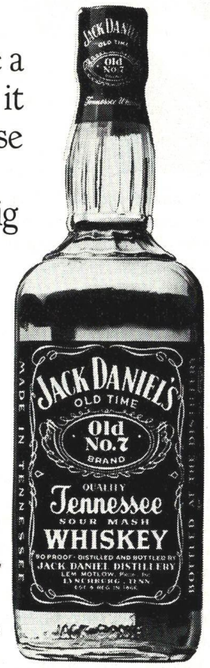
But where to go? I've found discos and cruise ships to be such a sterile scene; maybe I should try bush dances for the bohemians. This is my quandary. I do hope you can help.

— C.T., NSW.

A non-practising alternate? Hmmm. That presumably means you are a beansprout-eating banker or a businessman who avoids taxes but votes Australian

BATEMAN, BURNS AND BRANCH sound like Philadelphia lawyers. Actually, they're rickers from Tennessee.

There aren't many men who can take a stack of hard maple wood and burn it into tiny pieces of charcoal. But these three gentlemen can. And, after the charcoal is ground and packed into big vats, they make sure our whiskey is gentled down through it. If you're wondering what accounts for Jack Daniel's smoothness, give the credit to this charcoal. But don't overlook a trio of rickers named Bateman, Burns and Branch.



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A. AB4153/85 JWT644.P287K1

Democrat just for the hell of it.

Oh well, each to his own. And that's just the point when it comes to finding a mate. You have to look somewhere where you are likely to find kindred spirits and I doubt if that will be a singles bar. I really don't know very much about singles bars but I don't think you will find many professional women or bohemian types in such places. You have to have a lot of bravado to go to a singles bar and incredible self-confidence to actually meet people in such circumstances. The meat-market atmosphere is enough to put off most women, particularly when most of us are still very self-conscious about making it obvious we are on the hunt.

But there are plenty of women who are looking and are just as eager as you to find a partner. More women are now realising that you don't always stumble over your Prince Charming on the way to work or at the supermarket on Saturday mornings. I know many women, particularly professionals in their thirties, who are now taking active steps to find a partner by, for instance, advertising in an appropriate newspaper or magazine or joining an introduction agency. The *Times On Sunday* frequently carries ads for women seeking mates and from men like yourself who are looking for a particular type of woman. I suggest you have a good look through the type of magazine or newspaper you think is likely to appeal to your sort of woman and consider placing an ad announcing that you are available. It can be quite fun dealing with the response.

You could also consider an introduction agency specialising in professional and business clients. There are a number of reputable companies now offering this service in Australia. I'd recommend Yvonne Allen And Associates, which has branches in a number of capital cities. These services are discreet, well organised and do attract large numbers of professional women seeking partners. They are not cheap but they can provide a painless, efficient means of meeting the type of woman who is likely to appeal to you.

Finally I am a great believer in actively encouraging friends to act as matchmakers for you. Ask all the people you know to look out for suitable women and to invite them to social occasions when you are present. Often people are aware of various acquaintances who are seeking partners but it never occurs to them to try to put them together. Couples tend to forget just how difficult it is to meet people when you are single but they usually don't mind lending a hand when you ask for some matchmaking assistance. So work on them — and try some ads. Finding a partner requires action on your part. She won't just fall in your lap.

WHEN BOYS WON'T BE BOYS

A new book just published by Yale University Press presents research which shows most young boys who persistently act like girls grow up to be homosexuals or

BACK ISSUES

DID YOU MISS ANY? CHECK THE LIST BELOW

Need just one or two back issues to complete your collection of Australian PLAYBOY? We have a limited stock of each of the issues listed below at $4.95 each, including packing and postage. It's easy to order these back numbers. Simply fill in the coupon at the bottom of the page and send it together with the appropriate cheque or money order, to Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010.

ISSUE	PLAYMATE	INTERVIEW	SPECIAL FEATURES
JAN '84	Veronica Gamba	Mr Justice Michael Kirby	Joan Collins, Orson Welles
FEB '84	Penny Baker	John Farnham	Chappelli on Cricket Tactics
APR '84	Dona Speir	Derryn Hinch	The Betrayal of John Lennon
JUNE '84	Conie Pound	Peter Brock	Dick Smith, Grant Kenny
JUL '84	Tricia Lange	Ian Sinclair	Sex Therapy in Australia
AUG '84	Sigrid Ortner	Richard Neville	Death Of A Blues Brother
OCT '84	Kirsten Ottlewski	Shirley Maclaine	Cocaine, Tom Carroll
NOV '84	Debi Johnson	Gerald Stone	Girls Of Melbourne
DEC '84	Roberta Vasquez	Viv Richards	Michael Edgley, Men's Rights
JAN '85	Lisa Maher	Paul McCartney	Joe Bugner, The Great Pine Gap Con Job
FEB '85	Connie Dachs	Geoffrey Blainey	Single Man's Guide to Asia, Playmate Bloopers
MAY '85	Cindy Brooks	Austen Tayshus	Mark Jackson, The Girls of Sydney
JUN '85	Elizabeth Aguilar	Boy George	Rat Race Diet, Greg Evans
JUL '85	Britta Hoppe	John Button	How To Live With A Woman
AUG '85	Andrea Engel	John Laws	The Making Of An Oz Porn Movie
OCT '85	Yvonne Jaeger	Brian Toohey	Australia's First Grand Prix
NOV '85	Shirley-Jane Mercier	Niki Lauda	Jerry Hall, Rosanna Arquette
JAN '86	Regina Wild	Tony Greig	Australia's Best Bars
MAY '86	Linda Dubbeldeman	Angry Anderson	Joe Bugner, Roy Masters
JULY '86	Natalie Maline	Jack Brabham	Linda Evans, Boris Becker
SEPT '86	Sylvie Behar	Michael Hutchence	Australian Mercenaries, Brigitte Nielsen
NOV '86	Claudia Muller	Phil Collins	Shannon Long
DEC '86	Donna Edmondson	Craig Johnston	Money Market Whiz-Kids

I am enclosing a cheque/money order for $ _____ representing payment at $4.95 per copy made out to Australian PLAYBOY.

Please send me the following back issues of Australian PLAYBOY.

☐ January 1984	☐ August 1984	☐ February 1985	☐ October 1985	☐ September 1986
☐ February 1984	☐ October 1984	☐ May 1985	☐ November 1985	☐ November 1986
☐ April 1984	☐ November 1984	☐ June 1985	☐ January 1986	☐ December 1986
☐ June 1984	☐ December 1984	☐ July 1985	☐ May 1986	
☐ July 1984	☐ January 1985	☐ August 1985	☐ July 1986	

Name .....

Address .....

..... Postcode .....

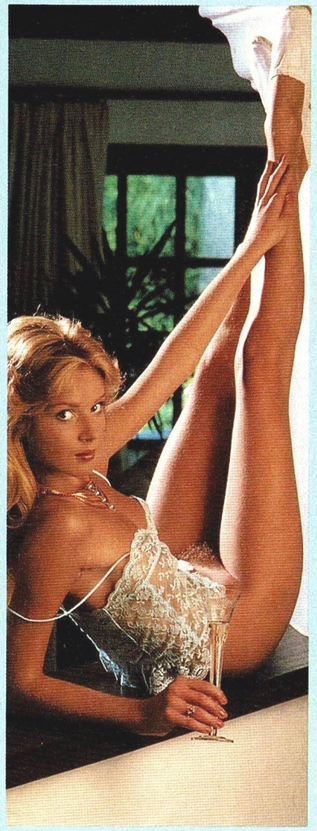
Mail coupon to Circulation Department,
Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010.
Offer open to Australian residents only.

NEXT MONTH

SIXTY SECONDS OVER TRIPOLI: HOW REAGAN'S RAIDERS FAILED TO GET GADDAFI.

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR: WE UNVEIL AUSTRALIA'S SEXIEST CENTREFOLD.

YEAR IN MOVIES: A REVIEW OF THE BIG SCREEN SIZZLERS.



MEET CLAUDIA KOPACKA, OUR DIVINE **MISS JUNE.**

VASECTOMY: THE PROS AND CONS OF GETTING THE SAC.

THE WHITE STUFF: CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING DOWN UNDER.

bisexuals. The book, *Sissy Boy Syndrome And The Development Of Homosexuality,* is written by Dr Richard Green, Professor of Psychiatry at the University of California. Dr Green is one of America's most respected sex researchers. The book reports results of a 15-year study which followed 44 extremely feminine boys from early childhood to adolescence and young adulthood. The boys came to Dr Green's attention when their parents became concerned about their persistent feminine behavior. Many of the boys said they wanted to be girls. Dr Green commenced the study assuming these boys would turn out transsexual — men who feel they are trapped in female bodies and often seek sex-change operations. Instead he found only one of the boys became transsexual, while three quarters of the boys developed into homosexual or bisexual men.

The study showed that not all effeminate boys end up as homosexuals — a quarter of these males developed as heterosexual. Green found that if the parents of the boys tried actively to discourage the feminine behavior this tended to lessen but not eliminate the homosexual tendencies. The boys Green studied were notably different from other children. While many, if not most, young children — boys as well as girls — occasionally dress up in their mother's clothes, put on make-up or jewellery, play with dolls, or assume the role of the opposite sex in fantasy play, the boys in Dr Green's study did so almost exclusively. They spurned typical boy games, rough-housing and sports, and instead would play with Barbie dolls for hours, frequently wear female clothing and nearly always assume a female role when playing house.

While Dr Green found no evidence that parents "created" feminine boys, he did find certain parental attitudes were correlated with stronger homosexual orientation. One of the earliest influences was the desire, particularly on the part of the father, that the child be a girl. The amount of time the boy spent with his mother was not found to be significant but Green found that fathers of effeminate boys did tend to spend less time with their sons than fathers of more masculine boys. Green says this does not mean that the father rejected the son and this turned him into a sissy. Rather it was the boy's behavior and his rejection of male activities which contributed to the father's indifference. These boys were less likely to want to be involved in typical father-son activities.

"It's not just a question of how parents impinge on a child; the child also impinges on the parents," Green explains.

This supports other research which shows effeminate boys tend to be closer to their mothers and more distant from their fathers but this is due to the boy's own needs rather than the parent's behavior. The researchers stress that parents should not feel responsible if effeminate children turn out to be homosexual. Green believes some children have an inborn receptivity to environmental factors which encourage a homosexual orientation, but it is not known if such a predisposition is genetic or the result of pre-natal factors or both.

Although this study examined extreme cases of boyhood effeminacy, Dr Green believes the findings may have relevance to lesser degrees of feminine behavior in boys. In his book he discusses the type of boy who dislikes sport, or prefers music to cars and trucks and has difficulty making friends with other boys. Dr Green suggests that in order to help such boys see themselves as male, parents might assist them in finding male friends who are similarly unaggressive and that the fathers might share in activities the boys enjoy, such as going to the zoo or a concert, rather than insist on taking the boys to athletic events. Dr Green believes that although the evidence is strong that you can't change homosexual orientation, boys who remain close to their fathers and share activities with other boys are more likely to be bisexual and capable of establishing successful relationships with women later in life.

IN FAVOR OF FORESKINS

In Australia, the vast majority of baby boys born this year will leave hospital with their foreskins intact. Circumcision has become rare in this country with more and more medical practitioners refusing to perform what they regard as an unnecessary operation.

This enlightened attitude is only slowly gaining acceptance in the United States. In 1986 over 60 percent of American baby boys were circumcised and the US now has the highest circumcision rate in the world. Last year a group of health professionals established a new organisation aimed at pushing along the slow-moving trend against circumcision. The National Organisation Of Circumcision Information Resource Centres has declared 1987 The Year Of The Intact Child and aims to preserve the foreskins of over one million of the baby boys to be born during the year in question.

To encourage parents in the right direction they have named the Prince and Princess of Wales as Parents of The Year for their decision to leave Prince William and his younger brother Prince Henry intact and non-circumcised despite the fact that their father, Prince Charles, was circumcised at birth. Now we will have to see if this inspires many American families to follow suit.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

Surfers Paradise, for those who think First Class is too expensive and economy not good enough.

At last.

Now we can all stay in Surfers Paradise living like kings without coming home paupers.

It's like Business Class travel in the air but now on the ground.

The only Business Class Resort in Surfers Paradise.

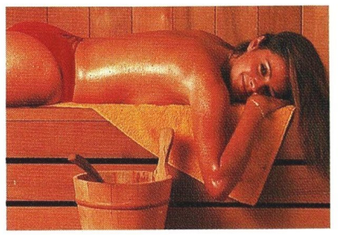
A night in a luxury hotel in Surfers can put you back $100 or more.

A night with us is just $44 (per person, twin share)*. With no skimping on luxury.

Stay at the Resort for just $44 a night.

Old Settlers Resort sits four blocks from the hustle and bustle of Surfers Paradise.

We suggest when you're looking for us that you don't look for a 20 storey monolith, but instead, a luxurious tropical jungle creeping



over 5 acres. At night, sip on an exotic cocktail in the Tradewinds cocktail bar.

For dinner you can choose from a superb sea food meal in the Portsiders a la Carte restaurant or a BBQ with your own private chef, and his services are free.

Later, dance into the early morning at the Dallas nightclub disco.

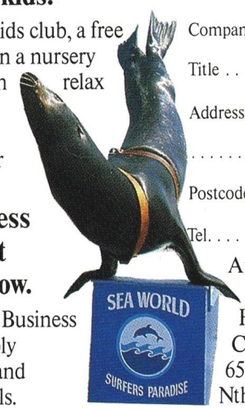
Business Class in Surfers means free tennis, sauna, gym, spa, volleyball and aerobics.

Staying at Old Settlers Resort will not only be good for your wallet but great for your body.

Every conceivable sport and activity is catered for, with activities people on duty, all day.

Staying at the Resort means we look after the kids.

There's a free kids club, a free teenagers club and even a nursery for toddlers. So you can relax around the resort or take the free shuttle service to the casino or town.

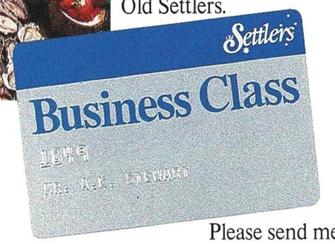


Travelling Business Class is smart business. Apply now.

Apply for your Business Class Card now – simply complete the coupon and we'll mail you all details.

Or call our Business Card Enquiry Line now on (008) 221545 outside Sydney or 959 5800 within. It will be one of the best business decisions you ever make.

Yes, I want to enjoy the benefits of Business Class with Old Settlers.



Please send me further details on (tick appropriate box)

☐ Business Class Card

☐ Old Settlers Hotels and Motels at (please specify)

.....

My name is .....

Company name .....

Title .....
(if applying for Business Class Card)

Address .....

.....

Postcode .....

Tel. .....

And send to: Old Settlers Hotel Corporation, 65 Berry Street, Nth Sydney 2060.

Settlers Resort Surfers Paradise

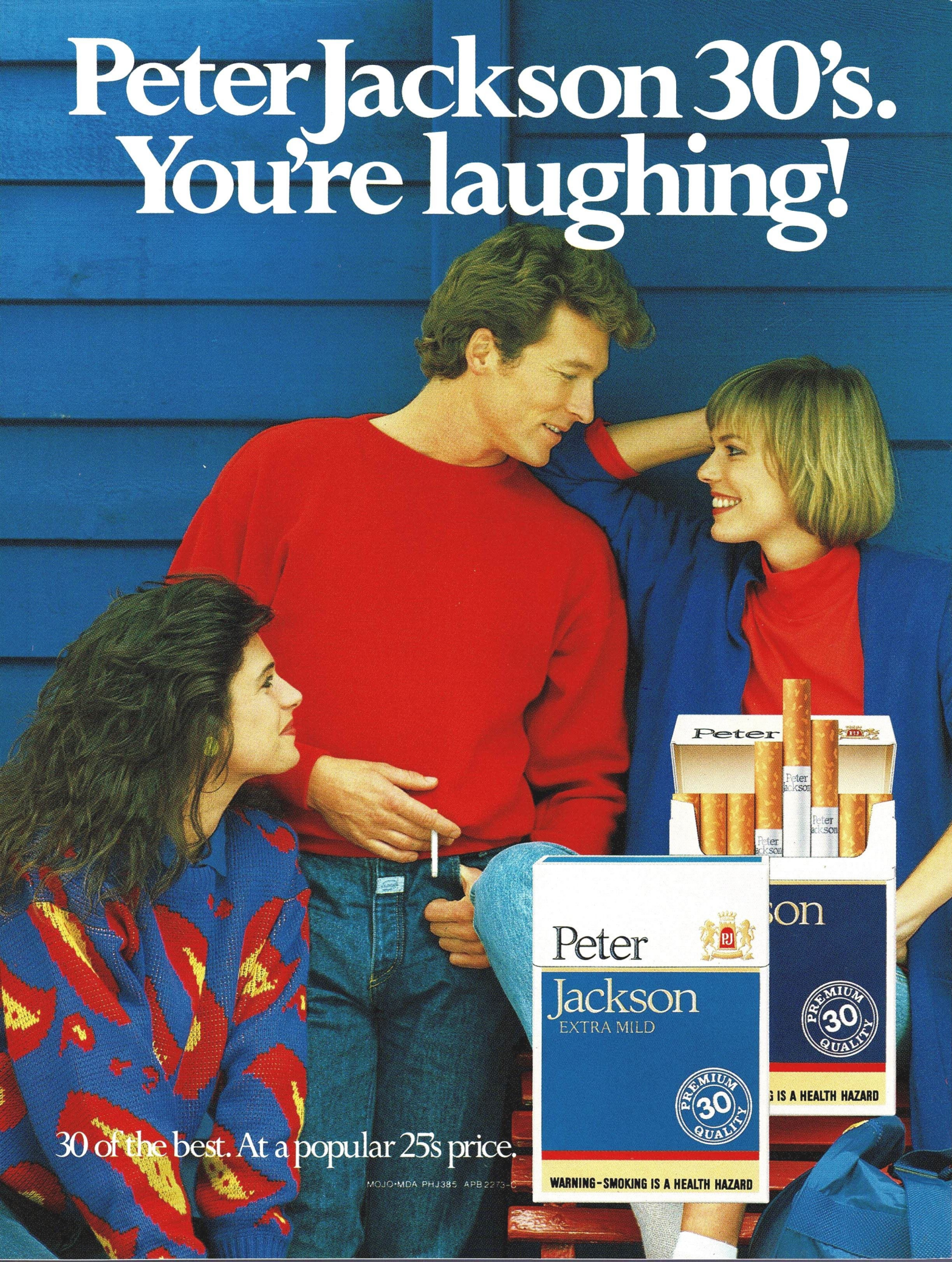
Old Settlers Resort, Ferny Avenue, Surfers Paradise, Queensland 4217.

*Even less if you have a Business Class Card.

Old Settlers Resort. The only Business Class Resort in Surfers Paradise.

Garland Stewart & Roache OLD4524B

Peter Jackson 30's. You're laughing!

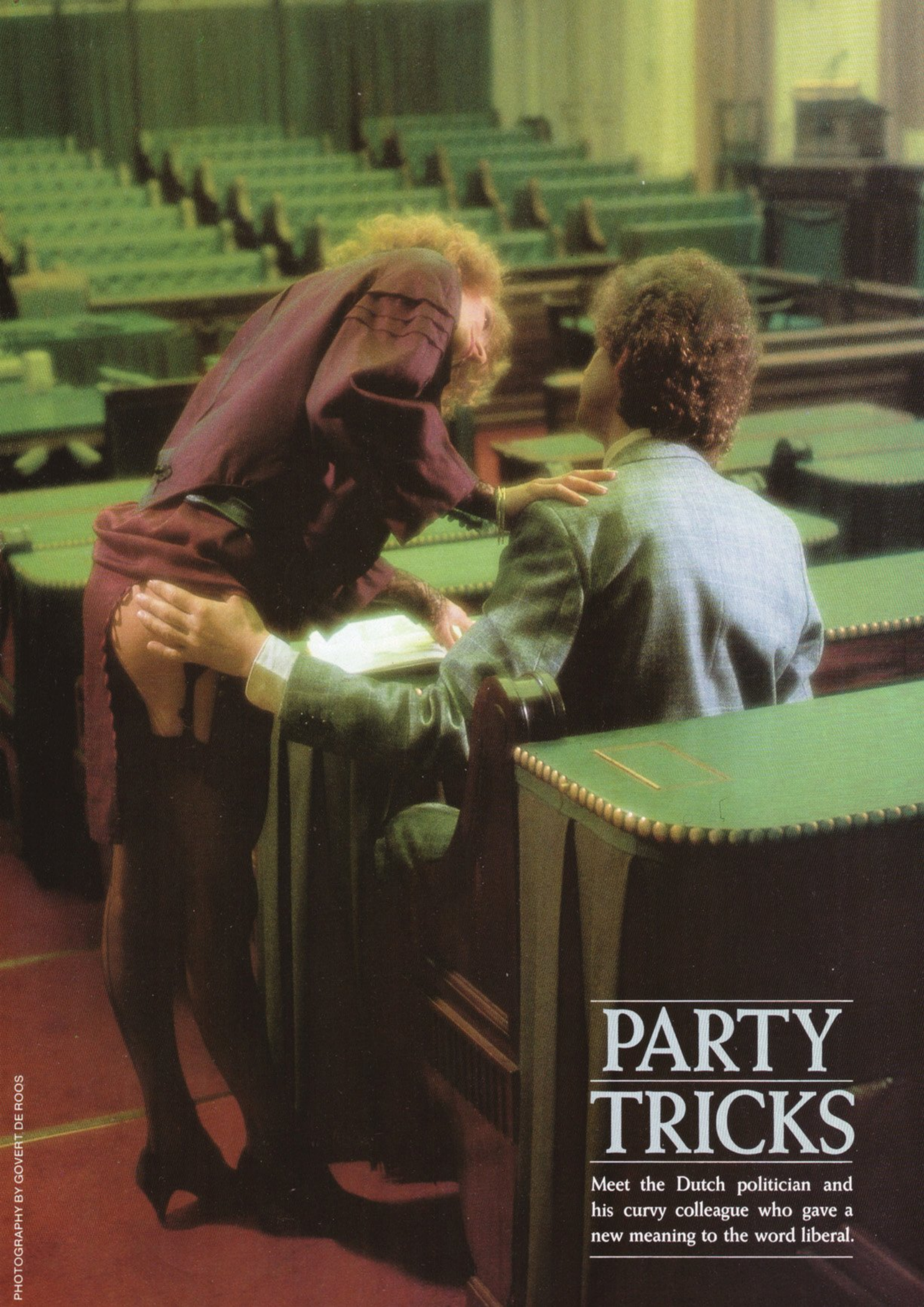


30 of the best. At a popular 25's price.

MOJO-MDA PHJ385 APB2273-C

Scans from the NSW/VIC version
(QLD version changes made due to censorship)

Pages 41-47 had different spread
Pages 85-90 more explicit
Some different Anna Clark, Jan Jardine pictures



PARTY TRICKS

Meet the Dutch politician and his curvy colleague who gave a new meaning to the word liberal.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GOVERT DE ROOS

Imagine the shock waves that reverberated through the Dutch Liberal Party when senior party member Arnoud Cevaal decided to pose for Playboy with his parliamentary colleague and live-in lover Lorette Welter. Thirty-seven-year-old Cevaal was the secretary and personal adviser to the leader of the Liberal Party while 30-year-old Welter was the secretary of a Liberal parliamentarian. When asked why he had gone ahead with such a daring move, Cevaal replied, "I want to try and give politics a little whiff of romance."

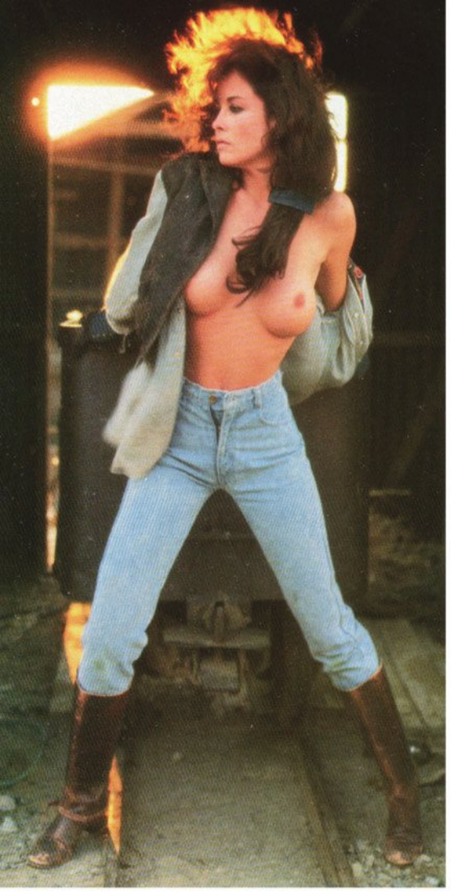
Welter's view of this very bold pictorial is a practical one. "Sex is a very natural thing," she says. "It's important to be happy with your body and to remember that bodies are beautiful. Dutch people may find it shocking that a politician could have an affair with a colleague but there's nothing wrong with it. If we were not in the public eye, no one would bat an eyelid at what we're doing." Despite this spirited defence, the red-faced senior Liberals decided Cevaal's political career had reached its, er, climax and he was ousted from the party. This move meant his name was removed from the list of candidates in the 1986 elections. Girlfriend Welter says, "It's not hard to get a bad reputation in Holland. People seem to find it hard to forget when you've done something wrong and it's been very hard for Arnoud Cevaal. He's certainly not high on any popularity lists in Holland!" Well, our Australian politicians may lose their seats, and sometimes even their pants, but frolicking nude in the chambers? We doubt the bare facts will ever be revealed!

While Anna occasionally dates, right now she's happily non-involved with any particular man. "I like a guy who isn't clingy, but who also isn't too independent," she says. Anna is a practical miss who feels quite at home visiting clubs and bars alone. Sometimes she dances by herself, other times she'll be joined on the floor by different men. "Some of them I like," says Anna. "Some are a little bit too far out, but they're easy to avoid. I don't mind dancing by myself and just being part of the scene." And the future? "I never want to be an actress!" she exclaims. "I'd much rather be in business or be a clothes buyer for a department store. I'm even using my Playmate money to invest in stocks. I wanted to appear in Playboy just for the experience. I consider this another one of my adventures."

JEAN DREAMS

An undercover look at durable denim.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



Not long ago, the fashion capitals of the world discovered that something very special happened when women started to sheathe their legs and holster their hips in denim jeans. The ads for top-line manufacturers such as Levi's, Just Jeans, Calvin Klein and Wrangler are undeniably sexy. A pair of tight jeans on, well, a tight arse kindles a cool fire. We thought it was time to turn up the heat by going undercover on designer denim.

So what's the deal with denim, anyway? Sure, it's the sturdiest fabric ever made. Yes, it breathes. Yes, it's comfortable. Denim wears (and wears out) well. It looks great, moulds to your shape, forgives the lumpish. But when did it become sexy? Why, when women started wearing it of course.

Country girls wear clothes without regard to how they are fastened. They like to feel the hot, dry breeze of the bush.

But how do country girls keep their skin from drying out? Why are there no rough spots?

Boy, we've had it. The hell with the rest of the farm chores. It's hot. We're tired. Time for a cold tinnie?